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DISCOVERY
OF
LAKES RUDOLF AND STEFANIE

VOL. I.

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PORTRAIT OF COUNT SAMUEL TELEKI VON SZEK.

DISCOVERY
OF
LAKES RUDOLF AND STEFANIE

A NARRATIVE OF COUNT SAMUEL TELEKI'S
EXPLORING & HUNTING EXPEDITION IN EASTERN EQUATORIAL AFRICA
IN 1887 & 1888

BY HIS COMPANION
LIEUT. LUDWIG VON HÖHNEL

TRANSLATED BY NANCY BELL (N. D'ANVERS)

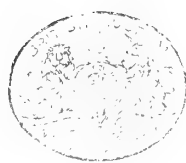
AUTHOR OF 'THE ELEMENTARY HISTORY OF ART' 'ART GUIDE TO EUROPE'
'HEROES OF AFRICAN DISCOVERY' ETC.

WITH 179 ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS AND 5 COLOURED MAPS

IN TWO VOLUMES—VOL. I.

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1894



TO
HIS IMPERIAL AND ROYAL APOSTOLIC MAJESTY
FRANCIS JOSEPH I.

EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, KING OF HUNGARY, &c.

THIS ACCOUNT OF
THE DISCOVERY OF LAKES RUDOLF AND STEFANIE
IS DEDICATED WITH DEEPEST RESPECT

BY

THE AUTHOR

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE

IN publishing this slightly condensed translation of Lieutenant von HÖHNEL's deeply interesting account of his journey with Count TELEKI in Eastern Equatorial Africa, the translator wishes to thank Mr. GEORGE PHILIP, jun. for the valuable help given by him throughout the work, especially in the scientific appendix, and Miss E. FROST for the good Indices supplied by her.

NANCY BELL (N. D'ANVERS).

SOUTHBORNE-ON-SEA: *September* 1893.

PREFACE

THE following account of the exploring and hunting expedition of Count Samuel Teleki von Szek during 1887 and 1888 in Eastern Equatorial Africa is written for the general reading public, and deals rather with the adventures and experiences met with, than with the scientific observations taken. The results of these observations are given in different separate treatises and in various scientific journals, which may be looked upon as supplementary to the present volume.

I must, however, be allowed to express here my deep gratitude to the distinguished patrons and sympathetic friends who did so much to further the success of our undertaking, and above all to His Excellency Admiral Maximilian Daublebsky, Baron von Sterneck zu Ehrenstein, for the loan of valuable scientific instruments; to His Excellency the German Vice-Admiral Baron von Knorr, then commanding a squadron in East African waters, for his influential furtherance of our wishes; to General Lloyd Matthews in Zanzibar for his thorough and efficient co-operation at the beginning of our enterprise; to the German Consul in Aden, Mr. Victor Escher,

for his hospitality and assistance before we began and after we returned from our long expedition; to the alas! since deceased Mr. William Oswald, then Consul in Zanzibar, whose influence and experience were ever at our service and of the greatest assistance to us; to the then Assistant Resident in Aden, Lieutenant-Col. Fred. M. Hunter, and Dr. Gregory d'Arbela in Zanzibar, for their ready co-operation; and last, not least, to the Lloyd's East African Steamship Company for the many privileges accorded by them to us in the transport of our stores, &c., from Trieste to Aden.

To which I must add my own deep personal gratitude to Messrs. A. Mielichhofer and Ludwig Hans Fischer, to whose disinterested and unremitting co-operation I owe the greater number of the illustrations in these two volumes.

THE AUTHOR.

VIENNA: *May* 1892.

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MAP SHOWING ROUTE, FROM PANGANI TO THE EQUATOR, OF COUNT TELEKI'S
EXPEDITION TO EAST AFRICA, 1887-88; WITH GEOLOGICAL AND ETHNO-
GRAPHICAL SKETCH MAPS, AND MAP SHOWING DENSITY OF POPULA-
TION' at end of volume

Errata

Page 22, line 29, *for* Buenni *read* Bweni

„ 24, „ 27; p. 25, line 18; p. 28, line 2; p. 29, lines 5 and 38, *for* Maui read Mawia

„ 45, last line; p. 46, line 7; p. 47, *for* Lewa *read* Leva.

„ 46, line 7, *for* Wachensi *read* Washenzi

„ 61, „ 6, „ Masai *read* Mafi

„ 70, „ 15, „ (*Anoonuna arceus*) *read* (*Anomma arceus*)

„ 98, „ 21, „ colocosia *read* colocasia

„ 113, „ 4, „ bead *read* beads

„ 135, lines 3 and 7; p. 228, line 19; p. 257, line 3, *for* Thomsoni *read* Thomsonti

„ 196, note, *for* Teleki Schueinfurth, *read* Telekii, Schweinfurth

„ 202, line 20, *for* 35 lb. *read* 300 frassilah, each about 35 lb.

„ 211, last line of note, *for* Rufu *read* Ruvu

„ 361 line 5, *for* Dianyu *read* Dianya

„ 374, note, *for* Deckeni *read* Deckenii



DISCOVERY

OF

LAKES RUDOLF AND STEFANIE

CHAPTER I

PREPARATIONS IN ZANZIBAR AND ON THE COAST

From October 5, 1886, to February 4, 1887

Introductory remarks on the Expedition—W. Oswald and G. Dehnhardt—Arrival in Zanzibar—General L. W. Matthews—First *shauri* or discussion with Jumbe Kimemeta—Issa ben Madi—Arrival of the *Bwana mkubwa*, or Great Master—The Sultan gives us audience—Dr. Gregory d'Arbela—Our day's work—Admiral Knorr—Arrival of Drs. Junker and Lenz—Qualla Idris—Purchase and packing of merchandise—Hiring of porters—Zanzibari and Mrima—Guides and Askari—Start from Zanzibar—Stranding of the 'Star' off Pangani—The start up-stream.

THE dark continent of Africa, that portion of the world which has longest resisted exploration, has now been almost completely robbed of the mystery it has known how to guard so well, and to the present century is due the honour of having sent forth the travellers who have at last succeeded in solving the riddle of the Sphinx.

Very arduous has been their work, and many are they who have fallen victims by the way; but others, imbued with a similar zeal for the furtherance of scientific knowledge, have ever been ready to take their places and to follow the rugged path leading to the heart of the great continent. And no

wonder! For mighty is ever the fascination exercised by the unknown, and, to the enthusiastic spirit, no charm can excel that of devoting every power to a noble aim.

Imbued with a similar passion for research, Count Samuel Teleki von Szek, a nobleman with an estate in Transylvania, undertook to lead yet another expedition into the interior of Africa. With ample means of his own, and inured to hardship in many a sporting trip, Count Teleki was admirably fitted to carry out to a successful issue an undertaking of this kind; and early in 1886, when he was beginning his preparations, he received an invitation to Lacroma from the Crown Prince, Archduke Rudolf, who took the greatest interest in the proposed expedition.

Luckily for me, I happened just then to be off the island of Lacroma on His Majesty's yacht 'Greif,' which had been placed at the disposal of Prince Rudolf. I had long eagerly desired to devote my humble powers to the exploration of Africa, and I lost not a moment in urging Count Teleki to allow me to join him. Thanks, probably, to powerful influence, my petition was granted, and the very next day I heard that I was to go.

In a few brief interviews the Count and I worked out a rough scheme of exploration, the chief aim of which was to penetrate to the interior of Africa from the east coast. The discussion of minor details as to equipment, provisions, &c., for a journey of several years through uncivilised districts necessarily occupied a much longer time. Count Teleki went off to England and France to make his own preparations, whilst I remained in Austria to carry out that part of the task assigned to me. We were to meet again at Zanzibar at the end of October; but it so happened that the Count was delayed, and I had a whole month to wait before he joined me.

On October 5, 1886, I was ready to start, and I left Europe

on the Lloyd steamship 'Titania,' arriving safely at Aden, whence, after a short stay, I proceeded by one of the British India Company's vessels.

It was fortunate for me that Mr. Oswald, then Consul for Austria at Zanzibar, was on his way back to his post in the same boat; for in the course of much pleasant intercourse with him he not only gave me many valuable hints, but taught me a great deal of Kiswahili, which is the language used in all trade dealings at Zanzibar.

During the latter half of my voyage I also made another very useful acquaintance in the person of Mr. Gustav Dehnhardt, the younger of the two brothers whose names are so inseparably connected with Witu.¹ Mr. Dehnhardt joined us at the coast-station of Lamu, and from my first arrival in Zanzibar gave me the constant benefit of his wide and varied experience. No better travelling companion could I possibly have desired.

We cast anchor in the picturesque harbour of Mombasa, and the next day, October 31, which dawned clear and bright, we sighted, to our delight, a low-lying strip of the coast of the island of Zanzibar, bathed in the soft mists of early morning. We neared it rapidly; gradually its form became more and more defined, the waving crests of countless palms stood out against the sky, and soon the whole of the beautiful scene was spread out to our admiring view. Our ship had now but to thread its way between a few gleaming green coral islets, before we were opposite the Custom House and surrounded by a swarm of little boats. The anchor chains rattled as we came to a standstill, and, embarking on one of the many smaller craft plying for hire, Mr. Dehnhardt and I were soon on the beach, and in the midst of a great deal of

¹ Now included in British East Africa by the treaty of 1890 between England and Germany.—TRANS.

unnecessary shouting we were landed dryshod, with the help of some of the crowd of sturdy negroes awaiting us; after which, with a motley train behind us, we made our way to the Criterion Hotel.

The island of Zanzibar has been described so often that a very few words will suffice from me. I felt as if the two palaces of the Sultan, with the fort hard by in case of necessity, were old acquaintances, and I fancied I had watched before the swaying crowds of many varied types of humanity, the eager, noisy traffic in the market-place, the stalls heaped high with tropical fruits, and that I had already threaded my way through the busy East Indian, or Arab quarter, and the Ngambu, or negro quarter, on the other side of the bridge, where walked the oft-described black dandy in his long white shirt, whilst many a dainty *bibi*¹ flashed by with roguish, laughing eyes—a very dream made real.

So great was the delight of seeing with my own eyes all the varied beauties, all the complex lights and shades of the capital of East Africa, about which I had read so much, that I would gladly have devoted to their study every minute of leisure for a week; and even in the hotel at which I had put up there was so much that was novel to me that I wished my stay could have been prolonged. As it was, however, I soon had plenty else to do, for the very next morning I found that my arrival had not been as unnoticed, as I could have wished, but was already being discussed in every quarter of the town. At the time of which I am writing Zanzibar was much quieter than it is now: only one mail steamer put in a month, and as not nearly so many Europeans arrived, the appearance of one was still an event. And when, as in my case, that one was an explorer, the news spread like wildfire in the native quarter. The East Indian and Arab traders at once scented a fresh customer, and

¹ *Bibi* means woman or girl.

the Wangwana of Ngambu, ever eager for adventure, from amongst whom the Expedition would have to hire porters, &c., had no less reason to hail with joy the advent of a new traveller. I had, therefore, no reason to be surprised when my quarters were besieged every morning by crowds of gesticulating negroes, and I received visits every day from sumptuously attired East Indians, who came to offer me the choice of their wares in high-sounding phrases. The unexpected delay in the arrival of Count Teleki, however, made it impossible for me to make any arrangements or bargains on my own responsibility, so that I had to content myself with a kind of general and informal series of inquiries.

One thing alone had been finally decided on in my interviews with the Count, and that was, that we were to endeavour to secure the services of a certain Martin, a Maltese sailor, who had distinguished himself in Joseph Thomson's journey through Masailand. Martin was now in Zanzibar, living in a beautifully situated country house belonging to his patron, General L. W. Matthews, who at one time commanded the regular army of the Sultan. There I found him, and, fortunately, also several faithful comrades of his, such as Manwa Sera, Kachechè, and Bedue, all celebrities in their way, whose names had become familiar to me in various books of travel, so that I was very much interested in making their personal acquaintance. Shall I describe the impression they made upon me? Alas! I must confess that the somewhat romantic ideas I had conceived in my study of books on Africa received a very severe shock, for they were altogether different from what I had expected, bearing in mind the share they had certainly taken in some of the epoch-making exploring expeditions into Central Africa.

Although I failed to secure Martin, who had already engaged himself to a party of English sportsmen, my efforts to do so were not altogether without results, for to them I owe my

introduction to General Matthews, whose powerful influence was absolutely invaluable to our Expedition. Thanks to his friendly efforts, I quickly got through the Custom House the 140 cases and bales, containing the chief part of the stores of the Expedition, which I had brought with me. Meanwhile my leisure was at an end; to begin with, I had to find a suitable



JUMBE KIMEMETA.

place to house our goods, then to superintend the unpacking and sorting—sometimes, in fact, lending a hand myself, for the crowd of negroes I had engaged often stood gaping and chattering, and it was hard work to keep them steadily at their task.

It was also high time to be looking out for recruits, and above all to secure a picked body of guides. And this time I

was more fortunate than in Martin's case, for I secured the co-operation of Jumbe¹ Kimemeta, the ivory-trader of Masailand, who also became well known through Thomson's journey, and was now in Zanzibar, summoned thither by the Sultan, at the instance of certain creditors, with a view to the liquidation of long-standing debts. As soon as I heard of the Jumbe's presence, I hastened to beg for an interview, or, as they say in East Africa, a *shauri*. My invitation was accepted at once, and the very next day the great trader, a so-called Mrima-man, or negro from the coast, arrived, like some Arab of rank, with a goodly and imposing following. At the door of the room in which, with Mr. Dehnhardt, I was awaiting my guests, they laid aside their sandals. Then I sat down to table with the most important of them, Mr. Dehnhardt kindly acting as interpreter, whilst the retainers squatted down on the floor. Kime-meta seemed very nervous at first, even after the handing round of the cigarettes and sherbet, to which I treated the whole party, with a view to setting them at their ease. The leader's face was deeply pitted with small-pox and his right eye had been injured by that disease, but the expression of the other was bright, honest, and intelligent. Another man who struck me as having a particularly sensible face must be mentioned here on account of the great services he rendered us later, though only in our preparations—a negro from the Comoro Islands, Issa ben Madi by name, who held the rank of captain in the Sultan's army.

The shauri soon led to a cordial understanding, and Kime-meta declared himself ready to act as guide in an expedition to Masailand; and as I was very favourably impressed by him, I did not hesitate to secure by a considerable present in money his remaining in Zanzibar until the arrival of Count Teleki.

The same day Issa ben Madi brought me three young

¹ 'Jumbe' is a native name for chief.—TRANS.

negroes—Chuma, Baraka, and Jomari by name, whom I engaged as servants, and now had to teach their duties—as well as a number of others, whom I wished to employ as collectors of beetles and butterflies. So my time was passed chiefly in brown and black companionship, and the English colony saw little of me till November 29, when the British India steamship ‘Oriental’ at last put into port with Count Teleki on board. He had made the whole trip from London by sea, and had had to wait a week at Aden for the Zanzibar mail. The news of his arrival quickly became known, and very soon, either singly or in groups, all those interested in the Expedition came to bid the leader welcome and to kiss his hands, with many deep obeisances and friendly grimaces. The *Bwana mkubwa*, or great master, was now here, and my position as an interesting European of the first rank was gone—I was now only *Bwana mdogo*, or the little master; such are the laws of etiquette in East Africa! Had there been a third member of the Expedition, either he or I would have been the *Bwana katikati*, or the middle master.

Now began days of a very different kind for me, full of a variety of occupations. Count Teleki had brought letters of introduction, and various notabilities must be called upon—a duty I had hitherto neglected. One day, of course, was devoted to paying our respects to His Highness the Sultan, Seyid Burgash, who was most favourably disposed towards us, took the greatest interest in our Expedition, and promised to help us by every means in his power. At this audience we also made acquaintance with Dr. Gregory d’Arbela, physician to the harem of the Sultan; and the value will be readily understood of the friendship of a man so trusted by the ruler of the country, and who in many years’ residence had acquired such a thorough knowledge of the customs of the people.

As already stated, we made out but a very rough sketch

of our plans when we first met, and it was only now that Count Teleki and myself decided on the course which we were fortunate enough to be able to carry out in every particular. We were able to set quietly about our preparations, and with the help of General Matthews to decide exactly what we really did require. First of all we made an agreement with Jumbe Kinemeta, according to which he undertook to accompany the Expedition for the sum of 2,000 dollars. He was also to carry the necessary articles for barter by the way, and to superintend the packing of the same in the customary way. He could not begin this work yet, however, as he had first to go home to Pangani to settle certain affairs of his own, as well as to hire a number of men and to buy some grey donkeys as beasts of burden for us.

Meanwhile we had to divide the stores brought from Europe into loads of $5\frac{1}{2}$ stone each, and to repack them in proper style. There were tents, camp-stools, tables, beds, instruments, saws, axes, knives, provisions, ammunition, boats, masts, sails, cordage, metal goods, packing-cloths, and the hundred-and-one things needed for an expedition of several years' duration; but there was no immediate hurry, and gradually chest after chest was packed of the right proportions, weighed, catalogued, sealed up, and marked with a number indicating its contents.

So we were very busy all day long in the house I had hired for the purpose, and only when the sun began to sink behind the dark blue mountains of the mainland did we relax our toil, and indulge in a ride in the beautiful environs of Zanzibar on the grey donkeys¹ Count Teleki had bought for our use. A frequent companion of these rides was the German Rear-Admiral

¹ These donkeys really are mules, and come from Muscat, in Arabia. They are, however, always called donkeys, and are held in high esteem by wealthy Arabs and East Indians on account of their fine pace. They are, of course, proportionately dear, the price varying from 50 to 250 dollars.

Knorr, then in command of some vessels lying off Zanzibar, who was much interested in our plans, and helped us greatly by letting some of the men under his command aid our preparations. The evening found us as guests at the house of some friendly acquaintance, or on board one of the vessels in the harbour sharing a merry meal with the officers, or perhaps on the roof of our own house discussing with Issa ben Madi every detail of our arrangements over and over again till the call to evening prayer compelled him to leave us, when Count Teleki often seized his sextant and began taking observations of the moon or the stars; so that it was generally long after midnight before we went to rest.

During this period of our residence in Zanzibar two great events took place which were of special interest to us, and the echo of which resounded throughout the world. Dr. William Junker, long supposed to be dead, arrived in Zanzibar, after many years' wandering in Central Africa, anxious to secure help for his friend and comrade in misfortune, Emin Pasha. Dr. Junker's healthy appearance and high spirits proved that, in spite of all the privations he had undergone, his seven years' residence in tropical Africa had done him no harm at all. And very soon afterwards Dr. O. Lenz also appeared at Zanzibar, having made his way in eighteen months from the mouth of the Congo to that of the Zambesi. He too was in first-rate condition, and we felt that the safe arrival of these two explorers was a very happy augury for us, who stood but on the threshold of the dark continent they knew so well.

The next mail steamer brought a number of men from Somali-land, whose services Count Teleki had engaged by the advice of Sir Richard Burton. That experienced traveller had most strongly urged on the Count the necessity of having with him a small but strong personal escort of men from a distance, belonging to other tribes than those of the districts to be

passed through. When at Aden Count Teleki thought it would be advisable to choose his escort in Somal-land, and he began by engaging, on the recommendation of Major Hunter, then Resident there, a young Somal of twenty-four years old from Habr-Anwal, whose name was Qualla Idris, who had been to America as a boy, and, later, was for six years one of Stan-



QUALLA IDRIS.

ley's truest and most faithful followers on the Congo, going eventually with his master to Europe ; so that he had also some acquaintance with the Old World. After leaving Stanley's service, Idris returned to his native land and acted as guide to the expedition there led by the brothers James.

Qualla had only just got back to Aden after this journey

when Count Teleki met him, and he was quite ready to enlist on a new expedition, although he had scarcely had any time for the enjoyment of the society of a charming little wife. With Qualla came six other young Somal, and a seventh joined us later.

Qualla spoke Arabic, Hindustani, English, and Kiswahili; and this was by no means his first visit to Zanzibar, so that he soon became most useful to us. 'But we could not do much with his companions as yet, for we could only communicate with them through an interpreter.

Our work now went on fast enough—faster than necessary, in fact, as Jumbe Kimemeta kept us waiting longer than he had said he would or than we approved of; but punctuality and fidelity to one's word are not among the virtues of the brown and black races of the earth. When he at last arrived, however, he set to work with a zeal we should never have expected from his phlegmatic appearance.

The next thing to be done was to decide on the kind and amount of merchandise which must be taken with us. And this is always a very difficult matter on the coast, as the information given on the spot is not to be relied on; whilst the leaders of caravans who really are experienced are quite incapable of giving an estimate; so that many and many a discussion had to be gone through before we could get a really definite idea of what was needed.

The purchase of the goods for barter was entrusted to Jumbe Kimemeta and Issa ben Madi, who had the help of the experienced East Indian staff of the well-known house of Oswald & Co.

Our list of wares included a grand collection of articles, the most important of which I enumerate below. We had 600 pieces (*djora*) of white cotton goods (*merikani*) alone, from 30 to 40 yards long; 250 *djora* of dark-blue calico (*kaniki*), of

8 yards long; 100 pieces of stuff of a fine deep red colour, called *bendera assilia*, 32 yards long; and besides these chief pieces, various lengths of first- and second-rate qualities, the former of Arab manufacture. We had a great quantity of beads, especially of the so-called Masai beads, which are of glass and from about the twelfth to the eighth of an inch in diameter, of a red (*samesame*), blue (*madschibahari*), or white (*aschanga meupe*) colour, altogether amounting to about 45 cwt.; with some of the so-called *ukuta*, which are blue-glass Paris beads about the size of a pea; common white beads, called *sambaj*; green, blue or light brown glass rings, called *murtinarok*, less than half an inch in diameter; some very fine tiny red and turquoise-blue beads for the people of Kilimanjaro; and, lastly, a great stock of large mixed beads, known collectively as *mboro*. In addition to all these, we took as an experiment some very fine pale brown, blue, and white beads, which the house of Filonardi had just begun to introduce under the name of Oriental beads. Our stock of iron wire (*senenge*), one-fifth of an inch thick, made more than 100 loads; that of strong brass and copper wire only fifteen loads. It is not possible to take metal from the east coast in the form of rods. But I have by no means exhausted the list of our goods. We had nearly 8 cwt. of gunpowder, in small cases, each containing about 11 lb., and many thousand caps for large muzzle-loaders, besides tin, lead, fine wire (*mikufu*), cowries, knives, scissors, looking-glasses, picture-books, jointed jumping dolls, gilt-wire bracelets and rings, daggers, naval and cavalry sabres, with many other miscellaneous trifles which happened to take our fancy or come in our way, and which we thought might be useful in our dealings with the black chieftains whose favour and co-operation it was so important for us to secure.

Jumbe Kimemeta, to whom the packing of the merchandise

was entrusted, began his work the very next day, but not, of course, without the prayers and incense-burning which are customary over the doing-up of the first bale. The usual mode of packing is very simple, and is rapidly accomplished. Several pieces of coloured stuff are laid between two bales of white material; the whole is then placed in cheap white merikani, or calico, which in its turn is covered with cocoanut matting, and after being beaten into the smallest possible compass with strong sticks, is sewn tightly up into a hard, firm ball. The beads were only packed in common sacks, some of which very soon burst on the journey, much to the delight of the carriers, who, of course, did not let slip the chance of dipping their fingers into them. The coils of wire, &c., were tied together and sewn up in matting like the rest of the loads. Finally, every load had to be marked with a legible number and entered in a book.

The mode of packing just described is neither lasting enough nor does it sufficiently protect the goods; in fact, the matting really only makes it more difficult to check deterioration by hiding the damage done; but, like everyone else, we fell victims to *dasturi*—or old-established custom—and our merchandise was done up in the usual unsatisfactory way.

One day, when we were busily engaged as described above, we were alarmed by the tidings that Stanley was about to start on his journey for the relief of Emin Pasha, and would want 500 men from Zanzibar as carriers. Now, although there are any number of men in the capital eager to take part in exploring expeditions, we should have to bestir ourselves if we wanted to secure really trustworthy fellows. We had waited till the last moment, as we really had not enough for the men to do, but now we had no choice, and Count Teleki lost no time in making it known in the quarters where porters are to be had that we too were ready to hire.

Our appeal was responded to with wonderful rapidity, and but an hour afterwards Issa ben Madi, who undertook the choosing and hiring of men, was besieged by an eagerly gesticulating crowd as he sat at a table in the court of our house.

To separate from amongst the number of applicants by a series of inquisitorial questions those hopelessly ineligible requires a considerable amount of tact, and to make out the wonderful names of those chosen requires a very good ear. To give one or two instances of the styles and titles assumed by these swarthy hidalgos: here was a certain Omari wadi Nassib Naddin Hamis ben Raschid, meaning Omari, son of Nassib, slave of Hamis ben Raschid; and Almäss wadi Uledi Naddim Abdallah Hamis, meaning Almäss, son of Uledi, slave of Abdallah Hamis. A good many add to their names the attribute Naddin Balosi, or slave of the Consul, which merely means that after the abolition of slavery they had entered the service of some European or East Indian. Instead of these terribly long titles, the men generally become known by quite a short nickname, indicating either some personal quality or accidental circumstance. For example, in our retinue we had twelve men owning the fine-sounding baptismal ¹ name of Almäss, meaning precious stone; but very soon one became Almäss Neussi, or Almäss the Black, another Almäss Njekundu, or Almäss the Red, their complexions justifying these pseudonyms; whilst others were even more closely described as Almäss Msangu, Manjeina Unjanweri, and so on. Yet another Almäss was called *bischibu*, because he was at one time in the service of Bishop Hannington; and yet another was Almäss *mitende*, or Almäss of the Dates, because he once carried a load of that fruit.

The men who offered themselves to us for service in such numbers belonged to many different races, and I cannot now

¹ The author says *taufname*, or baptismal name; but we doubt if all these men had been baptised.—TRANS.

enter into a description of their peculiarities, but must content myself with adding that we selected, in addition to Zanzibaris, or *Watu a ungudya*, a good many so-called *Mrima*, that is to say, inhabitants of the coast of the mainland between Suadani and Wanga, not only because they are sturdy, willing, and obliging fellows, but because they would be very useful in Masailand on account of their knowledge of its language and customs. We should have liked our caravan to consist of *Mrima* alone; but we had been told we should certainly not be able to secure enough, so Count Teleki decided to take 200 Zanzibari in any case.

We began by putting on our list of men all who seemed at all promising, and on the second day we had as many as 250—a good many more than we wanted; but we intended to weed out from amongst them later any who turned out to be ill, weak, or otherwise unsuitable. The result of this was that we had many a thrilling scene when the weeding-out was accomplished, and many were the touching appeals made by those who were to be left behind, as they urged on us, often with theatrical pathos, all they had gone through, their powers of endurance, and so on; but all was in vain, our minds were made up.

An expedition such as ours requires, in addition to the porters, or *pagazi*, a certain number of *Askari*, or guards, and of guides, whose duty it is to aid the traveller with their experience. They carry no loads, but they are responsible for order and safety on the march and in camp; they keep the people together, encourage them on the march, help them to place the loads on their shoulders, and relieve of their burdens those who have become disabled. They act as interpreters and advisers in dealings with the natives, especially in regulating the amount of tribute or presents, and in the buying of provisions, &c. When donkeys or mules are used as beasts of burden, it is the



WEEDING OUT THE SICK AND WEAK.



Askari who wait behind to lade them. It is difficult to define the duties of the guides as clearly as those of the Askari, for of course they depend very much upon the direction taken by the expedition. For the rest, guards and guides are equally willing, experienced, and trustworthy. Whilst a mere porter is content with a payment of five dollars a month, an Askari requires from six to nine, a guide from nine to fifteen, and in some cases even more, for a trip of one month only. The wages, except for an advance when the bargain is made, are paid at the end of the journey.

Although the customs as to payment are pretty well established, several efforts were made to secure more, especially a larger instalment to begin with; in fact, one day we were threatened with a regular strike. We knew the negro character too well, however, to yield, and to their cries of 'You can find other men,' we merely answered, 'It's nothing to us what you do, or where and when you go,' which was quite enough to make them all come quietly back to us the next morning. It was more difficult to deal with some of the guides, especially with Manwa Sera, the eldest of them, who, a few days after joining us, demanded nineteen dollars instead of the thirteen arranged for. When the old fellow persisted, we told him bluntly that he might give us back the instalment he had received and go about his business; which did not please him at all, and, moreover, had a capital effect on the rest of the men, for we heard no more grumbling.

We completed our preparations in the second half of January 1887. Two hundred Zanzibari, nine Askari, and the nine guides were in readiness to start, as well as 450 porters; 70 loads of iron wire had been sent in advance to Mombasa by steamer, where they were to remain till we could send for them from Taveta. After many consultations with Jumbe Kimemeta, we had decided on Pangani as the starting-point

for the Expedition, and he had already gone there to await us. In a farewell audience, His Highness the Sultan had given us a number of letters of recommendation to his officers on the mainland, and also placed his steamer 'Star' at our service for the voyage to Pangani, whilst a large sailing-vessel was to start with the men and most of the stores two days earlier than we did.

On January 21, 1887, then, the sailing-vessel lay at anchor close to the beach. We had impressed upon our men the necessity of their mustering punctually and in full force; but in spite of their reiterated assurances of '*Ewnallah*,' or 'All right, so shall it be,' we waited for them in the broiling sunshine with some little anxiety. But they came, late, it is true; all, at least, except two, who, we were told, had been taken up for debt. This is a trick East Indians are very fond of playing on Europeans when they want to evade their engagements. But with the help of Issa ben Madi we at last got even these defaulters on board, and by sunset Count Teleki was able to give the signal to start.

The light-hearted men seemed quickly to get over their grief at parting from home and wife, and from their beloved Unjudja, for wild shouts were heard on shore as the great clumsy white sail of the dhow slowly swelled in the slight breeze, and the vessel got under way.

The next two days were divided between feverish toil and the enjoyment of the eager hospitality of our friends in Zanzibar; and now, on January 23, the date of our own departure had dawned. The 'Star,' with our personal luggage already on board, loomed through a cloud of spotless white steam, and we were still sitting amongst a crowd of friends in Mr. Oswald's house; quickly, however, a last bumper was drunk to the success of our journey and our happy return; then we too left the shores of Zanzibar. We were very silent as we were rowed to

the steamer; then followed all the noise and confusion of the start, and soon night fell, hiding the white houses of Zanzibar from our sight; a dazzling brightness from the light-house flashed through the gloom, to disappear in its turn, leaving us only the recollection of the friends we had left behind us.

After a very uncomfortable night on deck in pouring rain, the new day dawned clear and bright, and the 'Star' was



EMBARKATION OF OUR MEN.

ploughing along in the open sea, far away from the coast of the mainland, which appeared as a thin blue streak only, none of its features being recognisable. It was some time, too, before the captain, a white-haired old Arab, took the bearings; but as soon as he had done so the vessel's head was turned towards the coast, which we approached at full steam. As yet we could see nothing of Pangani, for which we were bound, but the change in the colour of the sea from a beautiful clear

blue to a dirty yellow betrayed that we were nearing the mouth of the river of that name, whilst here and there patches of white foam indicated dangerous shallows. All this, however, seemed to trouble our venerable captain but little, until we suddenly came to a standstill with a fearful shock. Then ensued a terrible uproar; but we managed to get off the sand-bank on which we had struck. We had not, however, gone on smoothly for long before we were again amongst shoals, through which we wended our way in trembling till we came to a halt once more in the open monsoon-swept roadstead four miles from land. Two boats were now lowered, in one of which Count Teleki embarked with our most valuable possessions, whilst into the other stepped our captain, to fetch help for his water-logged vessel, which lay almost on her side. I remained on board, not a little exercised in my mind as to whether this mishap at the outset was or was not a bad omen for our journey. The intruding tide soon, however, relieved us from our uncomfortable position by righting the 'Star,' and it was not very long before a dhow came out to our rescue. On to this, in spite of the heavy sea, we shipped everything, and set sail for Pangani, which we did not see till we were in the mouth of the river.

Pangani, which consists of a number of dark loam-coloured huts, amongst which are a few conspicuous-looking stone houses finished off with white or yellow plaster, lies on the left bank of the river of the same name, and is bounded on the north by a thick wood of cocoanut palms. Opposite to Pangani, on the other side of the river, which is here about 270 yards wide, is the village of Buenni—a mere straggling row of huts on the low, narrow shore, behind which rise steep, and in many cases perpendicular, rocks.

Although these two places are very insignificant-looking, they are of some trading importance, for not only are many

articles of commerce produced here, but for the last twelve or fourteen years Pangani has been the starting-point of large caravans on their way to Masailand for ivory, which is brought back in great quantities to the coast by this route, its value increasing every year.

Life in the wilderness, with all its dangers and privations, has, as I have already remarked, produced a sturdy race of travellers. But the natives of this part do not care to take service with Europeans, partly because they object to the severe discipline, and partly because they are, of course, prevented from trading on their own account. But they are fond of a little speculative trading, and this leads them to insist, as a rule, on receiving half-payment at the beginning of a journey instead of only a small instalment, such as the Zanzibaris are content with. This capital enables them to do a nice little business on their own account.

There are so few stone houses in Zanzibar that we were glad to be able to secure a half-built one. Soon after we landed, Jumbe Kimemeta, who had gone on to prepare for us, came to bid us welcome, and, as usual in Africa, he was followed by a crowd of people curious to see the new arrivals, so that we were soon scarcely able to move. He had bought twenty-five grey donkeys, but he had not hired any men, and, knowing how much we should regret this, he had tried to mollify us by having a sumptuous repast ready, in which curried chicken and rice flavoured with cocoanut were the chief dishes. And truly the feast was welcome, and warded off inopportune inquiries for a while.

The fact was we had arrived at Pangani at an unfortunate time : many large caravans were now on their way to the interior, and others were about to start, so that there were very few men to be had. A visit we paid to the governor of the town, one Wali by name, was fruitless ; chiefly however, because this



PANGANI.

officer of the Sultan was a feeble personage, with little influence. We hoped for better results by advertising that a dollar would be given as an extra present to every man who enlisted under us. In spite of this, however, and although we hired some slaves who had never set foot in Masailand, we got on much more slowly than we could have wished. And to all our trouble was added anxiety about the fate of the dhow, which left Zanzibar two days before we did and had not yet arrived; but from this we were relieved at last, on the afternoon of January 25, by the sound of the firing of guns from the direction of the river.

We meant to tranship men and goods to boats, and send them up-stream at once to Mauia, the first halting-place for caravans, so as to keep our forces together, for we could not hope to do so in a scattered village like Pangani, where there were so many good nooks to hide

in. But the dhow had been detained by contrary winds so much longer by the way than we had expected that the provisions had become exhausted and the men were all very hungry and thirsty. No wonder, then, that there was a regular outcry at the idea of any further travelling by water. The poor fellows had been cooped up already for five days, and were so delighted at the thought of getting off the boat that it was only with the greatest difficulty we quelled the rebellion which ensued at our proposal. And when peace was restored the tide had turned, and it was no longer possible to go upstream by water; so we had to let the men disembark, give them food, and leave them for the present to their own devices. Very soon numbers of fires were burning in the open space in front of our house, and for the first time on this trip we saw a negro encampment by night, and watched the picturesque groups squatting round their fires, chattering and shouting as they broiled their slices of meat.

The next morning we saw the men off by land for Mauia under the guidance of Qualla; the goods were sent there by boat, whilst we ourselves remained behind in Pangani to enlist more recruits.

The next few days were monotonous enough; very few men offered us their services, and as even those few came one by one, we had to stop in all day. The outlook from the windows was not particularly cheering, and from the flat roof of the neighbouring house, on which a number of young slave girls were stamping up and down, came an unbroken and dreary chant, which only interested us until we made out its refrain, which was: 'The lion roars, yet eats not his cubs.'

The late afternoon brought us a little more variety, as Wali devoted it to the administration of justice, and disputes about money, with other interesting matters, were discussed and settled in the open air. Surrounded by some of the elders

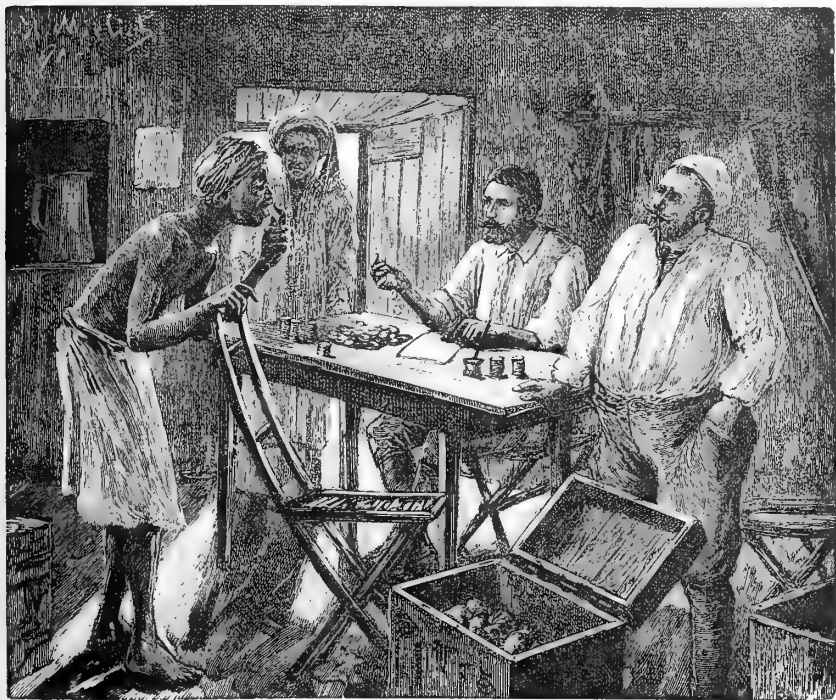
of the place, Wali seated himself cross-legged on the low step of his hut, with his writing materials near him ; whilst opposite to him, making themselves comfortable on a straw mat, were six representatives of the military power—wildly picturesque-looking *birobotos*, or soldiers of the Sultan's irregular army. As the day wore on the crowd increased ; from every side came stately figures, clothed, it is true, in rags, but bearing themselves with dignity, for were they not about to take their part in a public session of a court of law ? And it was truly charming to watch the formal courtesy with which each new-comer was received ; even the plaintiff would pause in the midst of his pathetic appeal to join in the general salaam, whilst the proceedings were all interrupted.

When some twenty or thirty people were assembled, the lean old prison warder never failed to appear, carrying a big can of coffee, made from the finest Mocha berries, which he offered to all without distinction ; after which the proceedings went on until the sound of the muezzin called the faithful to evening prayer in the neighbouring mosque.

Our men, too, took care that our days should not pass too quietly, and many of them were drawn towards the town by the attractions of love or wine ; whilst some made themselves noticeable in other ways. For the first day's rations we had given out rice, and for the second *dhurra*, a native cereal (the *Andropogon sorghum*) ; but presently came an impudent letter saying that the *dhurra* must have been served out by mistake, as it was only fit for asses' fodder. At this Count Teleki decided to go himself and bring the fellows to their senses.

I must also tell of a catastrophe which now befell us, and affected us severely, novices as we still were to the vicissitudes of travel in Africa. I mean the death, in spite of all our care and nursing, of one of our valuable grey donkeys from Muscat, after an illness of twenty-four hours.

Slowly the hiring of porters continued, and at last we felt real delight and excitement when a likely fellow appeared approaching our house; and when he actually began to ascend the steps leading to our room, we got out our chest of money and openly displayed the glittering attractions of mammon, in the hope of making a favourable impression upon our victim.



THE GLITTERING ATTRACTIONS OF MAMMON.

But in spite of everything we had only secured seventy-two men in a whole week, and of these few were ready to start.

The life of inaction began to affect us, and as we were afraid of falling a prey to the fevers haunting the coast, which had thus far spared us, Count Teleki determined to break up our camp and be off.

Two small river dhows sufficed to take us and our new followers to Mauia, and we started up the winding stream in them in the afternoon of January 28. This was really our first step into the wilderness, and was full of the deepest interest to us on that account; but the exquisite scenery would have charmed us in any case. Wild and varied vegetation clothes the banks, instead of the dense impenetrable forests usual in the northern tropics. At first—that is to say, as long as the water was brackish—this vegetation consisted chiefly of mangroves, weird-looking growths, the dark crown of leaves rising from above the bare aërial roots as if from stilts; farther on came sugar plantations, with hedges of banana-trees and betel-nut palms, the banks still retaining their primeval appearance. Here and there on the smooth surface of the water appeared the snouts of hippopotami, which had come up to breathe with much snorting and puffing. Now and then some old fellow rose right out of the water, plunging back with a tremendous splash, converting the smooth river into a rough sea of waves; and we sent a few balls after one or another, but as far as we knew with no particular result. And so the time passed very pleasantly until, as night fell, we turned into a bend of the stream, where our voyage ended. There was no one from the camp hard by to meet us or help us unload, although we had written to say exactly when we should arrive—a neglect which brought a storm of rebuke upon the heads of the offenders when we reached them. But now all hands began to bestir themselves, and everything, even a good supper, was soon ready for us, so that we were quickly restored to a good and forgiving humour.

This was the first time we were really in a camp of our own, in our own movable home, and the thought filled us with the greatest delight. With eager interest we gazed on the picturesque surroundings of our halting-place, which, with the

hastily constructed straw huts, the flickering fires, and the figures flitting to and fro, resembled a busy negro village.

The next morning we examined our situation more closely, and found that we were on a low height close to the village of Mauia, our camp marked by a mighty baobab-tree and several fan palms. We then carefully examined all the stores of the Expedition, which made quite a lordly-looking pile in the middle of the camp, in front of our tent. The following is a list of our possessions :—

Tents, tables, camp-stools, beds, cases of clothes, instruments, &c.	65 loads
Powder and ammunition	35 „
Preserves, soap, tobacco, sugar, tea, coffee, and so on . . .	44 „
Medicines, bandages, and filters	3 „
Rockets and explosives	2 „
Spirits of wine	1 load
Lighting materials	3 loads
Axes, shovels, saws	4 „
Tools, reserve stores, and fine cord	3 „
Strong cables for crossing rivers	2 „
Grease for our weapons, &c.	1 load
Rice	5 loads
Brandy, wine, and vinegar	4 „
Covers for stores	2 „
Lengths of material	80 „
Glass beads	100 „
Iron wire, cowries, and so on	80 „
Copper money, for the early part of the journey in the coast districts	3 „
An iron boat in six sections, and a canvas boat in two parts	22 „
With many other articles, making in all over 470 loads.	

We had now to get our caravan into marching order, and this was a task which occupied several days.

We had at present 283 porters and twenty-five grey donkeys, to attend upon which another seven fellows were engaged.

Of course it was quite impossible to take all our goods forward at once with this force, so Count Teleki decided to leave a portion at Mauia, under the care of the elders of the town, until he was in a position to send for it and for the iron

wire despatched earlier to Mombasa. Next we chose out the loads it was absolutely necessary to take with us, and then we divided these amongst our people.

At this juncture a strange weakness came over the whole of our force, each member finding his load too heavy, and objecting to it for one reason or another. Everyone now tried to assume as pitiable an appearance as he could, and it was really quite comic to watch the wretched expressions they all managed to put on as they were called up one by one for their strength to be tested. Of course all this had no effect upon us, and the flow of words poured out upon us ended mostly in wind, for not one was let off the double load or the square chest they all agreed in hating. We had especial difficulty in getting the eighteen porters required for the iron boat, and we had to use a great deal of persuasion and soft-sawder to reconcile the men to their burden; indeed, even then their yielding was only apparent, for they took the very first opportunity on the march to desert from the ranks.

Directly a man had received his load he carried it off to have a distinctive mark made on it, and also to get used to its burden. Many of the porters stuck a forked stick into the load, so as to get it more easily on to their shoulders; whilst others, especially the Wa-nyamwesi, liked to divide each load into two parts, fasten each half at the end of a stout stick, and carry the stick on their shoulders; but of course this could only be done with such things as wire, &c.

A strict record is always made of the division of the loads, which record is really quite indispensable, partly on account of the many desertions at the beginning of every trip, and partly because the porters who are discontented with their burdens take every opportunity of displacing their contents.

To wind up with, weapons were distributed to the caravan. For this we had 200 rifled muzzle-loaders, eighty breechloading



DIVISION OF THE LOADS.



Werndl carbines, twelve Colt's repeating rifles, each one with bayonet and cartridge-pouch, as well as a number of revolvers. Our Somal bodyguard and the servants had received magazine rifles, the former revolvers as well ; the guides, Askari, and the sturdier of the porters, Werndl carbines, the rest muzzle-loading guns. Some of the men were provided with what are known as hedging-bills, which did good service in the bush later on.

The Somal and the three Swahili had become very good shots in Zanzibar, and Count Teleki at once began giving the other men lessons in shooting at a mark ; moreover, as soon as the weapons were given out the men set to work to practise, and soon the sound of firing was continual.

The duties of the guides, Askari, and Somal had still to be carefully portioned out. Jumbe Kimemeta had nothing to do with the caravan, as he merely accompanied us in order to give us the benefit of his experience in travelling and knowledge of the country. Count Teleki had, however, acceded to his request to be allowed to take a small caravan himself, with a view to doing a little trading in ivory on his own account. Qualla Idris was responsible for what we may call the internal economy of our force ; and from the other Somal Count Teleki selected two, Juma Jussuf and Ali Hassan by name, as his own body-servants, whilst the other five were provisionally appointed as general supervisors of the whole caravan. I may as well add here, that before the end of the journey this Somal guard became the most important portion of our followers, whilst the guides sank to the position of mere ordinary members of the Expedition.

We had altogether nine guides in our service, including the already mentioned Manwa Sera, who was the oldest of all. Maktubu, a slave from Nyassaland, received the same wages as Manwa Sera, but held no particular rank in the caravan. This man had already distinguished himself for steadfastness and

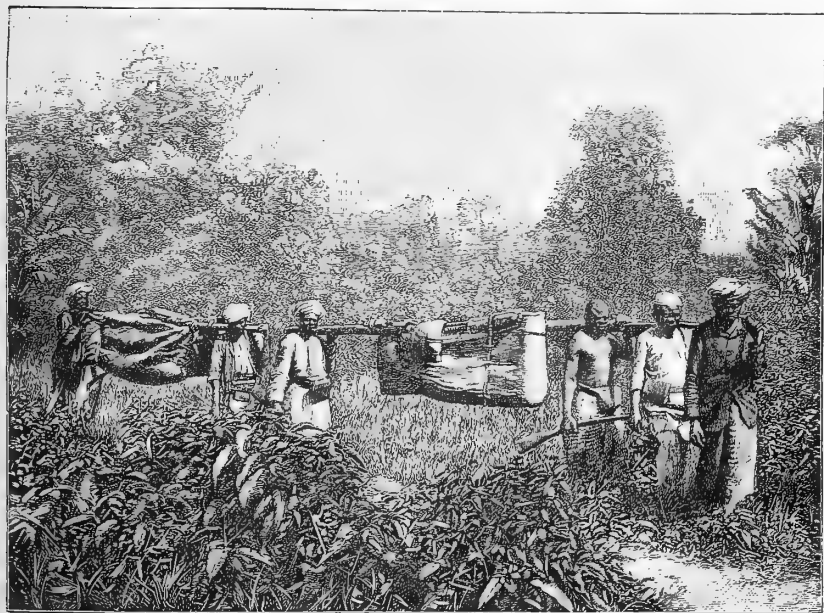
courage, but also for violence, on Joseph Thomson's journey through Masailand, and on account of the last-named quality the rest of the guides had declared before we left Zanzibar that they would not travel with him. But Count Teleki was very anxious to secure him, and hit upon the expedient of placing him to a certain extent on his own staff, so that he should not have much to do with the rest of the men; and with this the other guides expressed themselves content.

Maktubu certainly did at first prove himself to be a wild, refractory fellow, a regular tiger when his will was crossed; but he found his match in Count Teleki, and, once mastered, he became one of the most valuable men in our service, for he far excelled every other guide we had. Of exceptional physique, and with unrivalled powers of endurance, he was reliable, energetic, full of resource, excelling all others in obedience, ever ready to work, the first to begin, the last to go to rest.

I must also say a word for Ali Schaongwe, who, although wanting in energy and unable to take the initiative, yet proved himself honourable and reliable, faithfully carrying out the duties he undertook. The rest of the guides—Bedue, Tom Charles, Ali ben Omari, Nassi wadi Ferhan, and Meri—were, with the exception of the last, none of them worth a charge of powder.

We had only engaged nine Askari, as we thought we could add to their number from the main body of the caravan if need were. We did not trouble to divide the Expedition into sections, as we found the men sorted themselves, so to speak, fellow-countrymen and friends consorting together, and generally keeping with each other throughout the trip. To each of these groups, called *kambi*, was given a copper cooking-pot, varying in size according to their number, and one or more axes for chopping wood, clearing the ground, &c. Water-

gourds, however, the people had to provide for themselves. This division of the party into kambis leads to a good many bits of cheating, as the men sell pots, axes, knives, parts of their loads, everything barterable in fact, to the natives; but as the journey proceeds it lessens the work all round considerably, the leaders of each kambi being held responsible for everything connected with it. For waiting on us there remained



OUR CANVAS BOAT ON THE MARCH.

the three Swahili I had engaged when I first arrived at Zanzibar, one of whom, Jomari, Count Teleki chose for himself, leaving the other two—Chuma and Baraka—to me; and, taking into account that they were once slaves, I found them most willing and attentive; they did for me what the two Somal body-servants did for Count Teleki.

Lastly, I must introduce our cook, Mhogo, an old negro, who had travelled with Speke and Cameron already. He

was not what you would call a first-rate caterer for the table, but from long experience he was quite unrivalled in knowing how to manage in the wilds ; he always carried his own cooking-apparatus, one of the heaviest of all the loads ; so that, take him all round, he was a great acquisition.

We had brought some first-rate pack-saddles for the donkeys from Europe with us, but our people only shook their heads over them, and, what with their clumsiness in using the contrivances for fastening on the loads, and the stubbornness with which the animals themselves resisted the new style of packing, we only used these saddles until we had had some made of ox-hide in the usual fashion of the country.

Furthermore, there was no fault to find with our own personal equipment, and I will only add here that we had secured a certain amount of comfort for ourselves on the journey, Count Teleki being, as already stated, an experienced sportsman. He had also had much valuable advice from Sir Richard Burton, and he had taken every possible precaution before leaving home to lessen the inevitable friction and worry of a long journey through the wilderness.

We were splendidly provided with weapons too. The well-known English firm of Holland & Holland had supplied us with a first-rate set of good shooting guns and rifles, which never once throughout our Expedition left us in the lurch. These included two double-barrelled 8-bore rifles, firing solid bullets of hardened lead and a charge of ten drachms of powder ; one 577-bore Express rifle, for explosive and ordinary bullets, powder charge six drachms ; one 10-bore rifle ; two 500-bore Express rifles, with a powder charge of five drachms ; two so-called Paradox guns, which fire either shot or bullets ; and various other guns.

We had also a very good supply of instruments for taking observations, for although our Expedition was not strictly speak-

ing a scientific one, we were anxious to do what in us lay to further the cause of science.

Many days now passed in feverish activity, which only ended at sunset; and of an evening we used to sit with Issa ben Madi and Jumbe Kimemeta talking over again, and yet again, the details of our journey. We left our guides altogether out of these meetings, so that they might know from the first that they would not share our deliberations. For them the one aim of the Expedition was *Baringo na mbele kidogo*—to get to Baringo and a little farther—whilst our idea was to penetrate to the then quite unknown districts on the north of Baringo, as yet unvisited even by native caravans, and in which some geographers said there was one lake, whilst others thought there were two big sheets of water. Our route thither would lead us past the noted mountains of Kilimanjaro and Kenia, which we meant to visit, and we hoped to open up the now shunned and dreaded Kikuyu country.

On the evening of February 3, Issa ben Madi, who had helped us so heartily in our preparations, took leave of us, with many expressions of regret on both sides. Gladly would he have gone with us all the way, but the Sultan could not spare him for so long. Jumbe Kimemeta left us, too, to see to some business of his own at Pangani; but he promised to rejoin us in a few days, catching us up by making forced marches. And our men were told to be ready to start at daybreak the next morning.

CHAPTER II

FROM THE COAST TO KILIMANJARO

Start from Mawia—The march interrupted by an attack from bees—Mutinous scene at Leva—I go back to Zanzibar—Our books and maps are stolen—Kimemeta arrested for debt—March to Korogwe—The battle of Kwa Mgumi—The Count starts for Sembodja, whilst I follow the course of the Pangani—Mafi—Sultan Sedenga—Further wanderings—We meet again at Mikocheni—Count Teleki's account of his adventures—We part again—Character of the districts south of Pangani—I make acquaintance with an African thorn thicket—The Wapare—A 'nyika' district described—My first leopard—Along the base of the Pare and Same mountains—I join Count Teleki again—His adventures amongst the Masai—First sight of Kilimanjaro—Arrival at Taveta.

EARLY in the morning of February 4 we were roused for the first time by the noisy preparations of a caravan about to start. We soon discovered that we had been roused too late, for the greater number of the men were already some hundred paces from the camp, only waiting for the tents to be struck and the signal to be given to be off. They did not have to wait for us long. Very soon sounded a shrill, discordant blast from the *barghum*, or trumpet of Kudu antelope horn; Count Teleki placed himself at the head of the force, which as it swayed from side to side, with much shouting and gesticulating, looked more like the coils of a long serpent than anything else.

Our camp, but recently so full of life, was now silent and deserted but for the few donkey-drivers and the half-dozen men who were to bring up the rear. All the rest had pressed forward, although there was work left to be done which would take some hours. The many loads which the Count had been

obliged to leave behind lay about in chaotic confusion, and the donkeys were still grazing untethered on the plains. It was my business now to collect the remaining cases and bales with the few men still with me, so as to have them quite ready to hand over to Jumbe on his arrival, and then we set to work to catch and load the donkeys. This was really a task like that of



AT THE HEAD OF THE CARAVAN.

Sisyphus. The animals knew full well that we meant to put on the grand saddles they had already tried and made such a fuss about, so as we approached they made off. And when it came to saddling them, they behaved like mad creatures. Their burdens on, they seized the next opportunity to rush off and roll about till they got rid of the obnoxious loads, and we could see them quietly grazing again in the distance, when the whole ceremony had to be gone through once more. When they discovered that these tactics were no good, the cunning

grey fellows contented themselves with simply lying down, but the packages were disarranged all the same; they must be taken off and repacked. The donkeys were made to get up by vigorous beating, and once more loaded.

So we worked away unceasingly in the sweat of our brows till ten o'clock; but as most of the donkeys, after being loaded some two or three times, continued to lie down with their burdens hopelessly shifted, we came to the conclusion that it really was no go. So I decided to give up loading the refractory animals for the present, and to leave their burdens behind with the rest of our goods, under the care of the elders of the town, who had meanwhile appeared on the scene. I sent all the donkeys, including the few who had submitted to be loaded, on with their drivers to join the caravan, and at last I started myself, drawing a deep breath of relief at being really on my way to the wilderness after all the delays. But my joy was of short duration, for very soon I came to two loads lying on the ground, whilst the donkeys they belonged to were grazing calmly in the bush, with their saddles under their bellies. What was I to do? But Chuma and Baraka, who were the only men I had with me, quickly came to the rescue, laid down their weapons, &c., shouldered the loads, and ran with them to the village. Before the brave fellows were back again, however, I spied my own steed tied to a tree without its saddle, whilst the man who had charge of it was taking a *siesta* in the shade hard by. 'The donkey ran away and lost the saddle,' the man explained, as if he had nothing whatever to do with it. I told him he could please himself as to what he did, but he had better beware of appearing in camp without that saddle, and later he arrived leading the donkey with its saddle on.

The way now led through tall yellow grass through which wound a narrow beaten path; but my troubles were not yet over, and this time the difficulty was with the six big sections

of the iron boat, which had been four hours on the road already and had scarcely advanced a mile. The eighteen bearers, sturdy fellows enough, were squatting quietly near their loads, as if determined to see what passive resistance would do. To my question, 'What's the matter?' they at first answered nothing, and when I repeated it in a sharper tone they all growled in chorus, 'The boat is too heavy; we cannot and we will not carry it.' I tried to persuade them to go on, speaking very gently and kindly; but they took absolutely no notice of me, and, not even deigning to give me a glance, remained squatting in silence on the ground. Then I went close up to one man, ordered him to pick up his piece of the boat, and when he remained stolidly silent, I suddenly seized his stick, intending to enforce my meaning with it; but the threat was enough, and more quickly than I had hoped the whole party resumed their burdens and set off again.

So passed the first day's march; and the reader will readily imagine that I very soon gave up the idea that one can wander about in Africa in a light-hearted, careless way. And sulky porters or refractory donkeys are not the only things to damp one's spirits. It is no light matter to have to follow the winding red line our route describes. Again and again compass and chronometer must be consulted, and notes made in the log-book in the full glare of the sun; the changes in the appearance of the nearest and most distant heights must be noted or sketched; and the path, but a few inches wide, leads through thick and thin, now south, now east, now north, now west, in the most bewildering manner. More weary and worn than I had ever been before in my life, I entered the camp near the village of Kitifu at two o'clock after this first day's march.

And Count Teleki had had plenty of worries too. The men had scarcely marched an hour before they began to lay down their loads and to talk about camping. This was the

second time they had tried to interfere in the conduct of the Expedition. The bearing of the people was a foretaste of what we might expect, and a revelation of the kind of spirit by which they were animated. It was easy to see what would happen if we yielded to their demands. Count Teleki thoroughly understood all the bearings of the case, but on account of the readiness to desert, which always characterises



‘SIR, PEOPLE WANT TO CAMP.’

the beginning of an expedition, he was unwilling to proceed to severe measures as long as we were near the coast. And, truth to tell, in spite of our forbearance, this desertion soon assumed alarming proportions. But Count Teleki behaved as if he noticed nothing, and steadily proceeded on his march. And when, soon afterwards, Muallim Harun, once in the service of the Mission, who spoke English, came up to him and said, ‘Sir, people want to camp,’ the Count merely answered grimly,

‘Yes, but I want to go on.’ Fortunately the plan answered; the people were obliged, however unwillingly, to pick up their loads and follow him till the next camping-place was reached.

By the time I arrived everything was in perfect order: our tents were pitched, the loads were sorted into great piles, round about which rose the many little tents of the men. At the beginning of a journey most of the people own, in addition to a good shirt and a turban, or some pieces of dress-stuff, a small tent made of a few lengths of cotton material, for which they generally cut a stick on the spot; but as time goes on, and everything not absolutely indispensable is bartered for food or drink with the natives, whilst the remaining clothes hang in rags on the persons of their owners, the number of tents diminishes considerably.

Kitifu is an unimportant little village not far from the Pangani River, which is here called simply the Ruvu, or the river. The caravan route leading to it leaves the Pangani at Mawia, and makes towards the mountain districts of Usambara, to return after a few days’ journey to the river-banks. It was very interesting to note how quickly the character of the scenery changed as we left the river behind us. The ground became hard and the vegetation sparse, in spite of the still noticeable influence of the moisture-laden winds from the sea. The chief plants here were sturdy acacias, amongst which was one very beautiful variety with a sort of umbrella-like crown of leaves, apparently placed here on purpose by beneficent Nature as a shelter to the traveller from the intense heat and glare of the sun. Very typical, too, of the district are the greyish-green prickly euphorbia, resembling in form the well-known cactus, and the doum palms, in the branches of many of which grew orchids, the drooping flowers looking in the distance like gaily-decked birds’ nests.

We only stopped one day in Kitifu, and we saw very little

of the natives, as we had so much to see to in camp ; amongst other things, which always occupied a long time, was the giving out of the daily *poscho*, or food-money, to the men. Whilst still near the coast, where actual coin circulates, this was paid in *pesas*, eight to each man, there being thirty-two *pesas* in a rupee, the value of which is about two English shillings. Later, beads and stuffs took the place of these *pesas* ; or sometimes the food itself was distributed, and, of course, had to be collected in large quantities beforehand. At the beginning of the journey the distribution took place every day, with the aid of our list of names, and we were thus also enabled to check the desertions. The illness of many of the people also gave us plenty to do, especially as some of them knew well enough that they were not fit for service, and had only enlisted with a view to securing the advance payment, which they knew would not be taken back.

Our next halt was to be at Malago Mbaruk. The way there led first through a flat lowland clothed with tall marsh grass, and then by a gradual ascent to the hilly district of Usambara ; whilst the last stage of the journey was over a grassy height, all the vegetation of which had lately been burnt by the natives, with the result that the heat and glare made breathing difficult. But we soon gained the welcome shade of the wood, in which our camp was to be pitched. We chose a spot where a small clearing had been made in the thicket, but it was strewn with the vermin-haunted remains of huts and all manner of refuse, which we had to clear away to begin with ; and then the ground had to be thoroughly cleaned.

We meant to go from this camp to Kwa Fungo, on the north side of Mount Tongwe, but long before we got there our march was interrupted in a very unexpected manner.

On account of my having to see about other arrangements for the loads left unappropriated by the sick and the deserters,

it was not until Count Teleki had been gone some time that I was able to follow him with my troop of men. I hastened on as fast as the increasing density of the vegetation on the route would allow, and we had been scarcely an hour on the road when we came up with the rest of the caravan. We were astonished at this speedy reunion, but had scarcely had time to express our surprise before we were overwhelmed with dismay at the condition in which we found the whole party. Bearers and loads lay about the ground in hopeless confusion, the men quite motionless, with faces buried in the grass, whilst here and there a donkey, trembling convulsively in every limb and panting for breath, stamped about, every now and then kicking out wildly. Perfect silence reigned in the woods around till Maktubu and Chuma, both completely covered with bees, and with a swarm of the same insects closely pursuing them, rushed toward us. The mystery was solved, and we lost not an instant in flying to the rescue of the poor fellows, beating off the insects with clothes and cloths. It took a long time to drive off the ever-fresh swarms, which settled again on the victims without, strange to say, attacking us; but we succeeded at last. It was more difficult to deal with the other poor fellows who had been stung, and whose heads and faces were so fearfully swollen that their eyes could scarcely be seen at all. We rubbed the sores with ammonia liniment to the accompaniment of cries of pain, and although at first the adventure had rather amused us, we soon changed our minds when we saw what fearful suffering had been inflicted, deciding to remain as quiet as possible in the wood till the bees were dispersed. Then I tried to persuade the men to resume the march; but I spoke to deaf ears, they were all still in too much pain and terror, and it was not until the news arrived that Count Teleki was encamped only ten minutes' march farther on, in the village of Leva, that they began to move forwards.

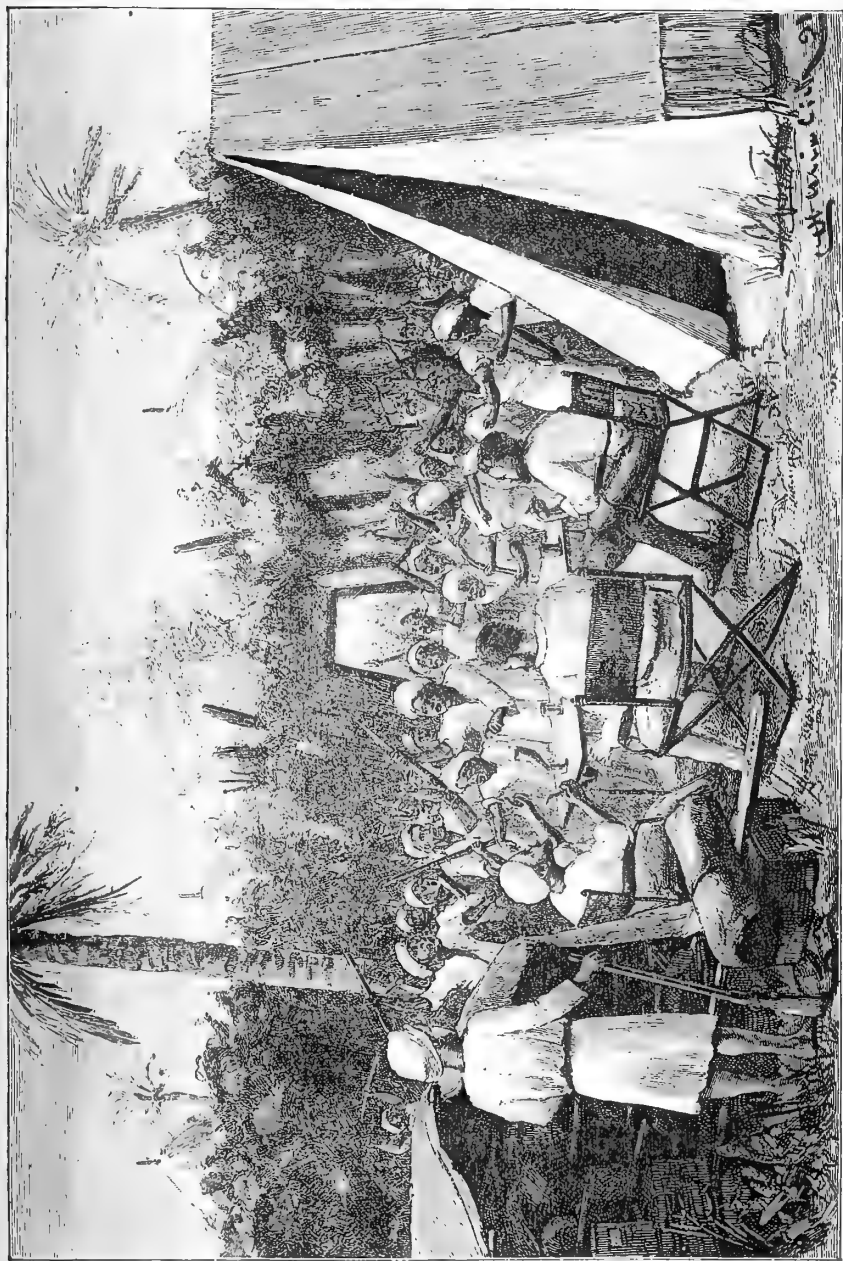
Count Teleki told me later that the caravan had been three times attacked by bees, and each time at the cry of ' *Njuki*' (bees) the wildest confusion prevailed. The last attack was the worst, as the number of the bees was very much greater. He himself escaped with three stings, but these three were dangerously near his eyes.

The little Washenzi village of Lewa is 487 feet above the sea-level, on a low spur of Mount Tongwe. The huts of the natives rose from amidst a dense thicket of thorn-bushes and interlaced plants; and the village was further protected on the side of the caravan route by a palisade with one strong gate, forming the sole entrance to the settlement. Our camp was pitched quite close to this gate, and commanded a beautiful view of Mount Tongwe and the distant lowlands.

This is the kind of camping-place, close to a village, which the Wangwana¹ love, for in such an one they can procure easily and cheaply all that the country supplies.

The Zanzibari delights, above all things, in playing the part of a grand seignior and making the natives wait upon him. So it was here. The people of the village provided huts, their wives brought food, did the cooking, &c., in short, waited hand and foot on the Zanzibari, whilst the latter amused themselves and drank *pombe*, or banana wine. The men soon became wildly excited, and the noise of revelry from the village was perpetual. We should not have minded this much if it had not led to trouble. A number of saucy fellows bent on mischief surrounded the cattle we were taking with us as reserve stock, * and, after chasing them about, flung them to the ground and played all manner of rough tricks on them. Then—we could scarcely believe our eyes—we saw blood flowing in streams from

¹ 'Wangwana' signifies in Swahili the free, in contradistinction to the 'Watuma, or slaves; but the word is also wrongly used to describe themselves by members of caravans consisting almost entirely of slaves.



MUTINOUS SCENE AT LEWA.



the poor animals ; the men had actually dared to kill them ! It was high time to take energetic action. But it is difficult to deal with drunken men, and as most of our fellows were tipsy, Count Teleki contented himself with sending for the guides, telling them he should hold them responsible for any further outbreak, and ordering them to bury the animals. This gave very great offence, and protests were heard on every side ; then the men all withdrew to the village, where wilder revels than ever were held. A little later, before the work of burying the oxen was accomplished, a feeble-looking old man came out of the village, and, squatting down on the ground close to Count Teleki, he unfolded the mission with which he had been entrusted as the representative of our men. For a long time he talked to deaf ears ; but at last he succeeded in, to some extent, mollifying Count Teleki, especially as the guides chimed in with an entreaty that he would not insist on his order being carried out. So it was rescinded. The incident was now, as we thought, over, and we forgot all about it, the more quickly as we were soon afterwards surprised by the arrival of Mr. W. Joost, an officer of the German East African Company, who was on his way to Korogwe.

Glad of his companionship, we were sitting outside my tent as the sun was setting, chatting away, without thinking that the gathering of a number of men round us meant anything. We knew well enough how inquisitively the Zanzibari stare at any new-comer, or at anything at all out of the way. But the number of men continually increased, until at last the whole caravan was assembled, most of the men having their weapons with them. Things began to look serious, so Count Teleki asked them what they wanted.

Then one man stood forth from amongst the crowd and made a speech, the upshot of which was that they were all discontented with the way they were treated—with the food,

and with the weight of the loads. This first speaker did not seem to meet the approval of those he represented, so out stepped another and made the same complaint, winding up, however, by saying that they all meant to go back to Zanzibar, an assertion confirmed, when the second spokesman concluded his harangue, by a general howl from the bystanders.

Threatening as was the scene, we did not fear any overt act of violence, and felt sure that, even if any were attempted, a few lashes from a whip would bring the men to their senses. As, however, most of the mutineers were still muddled with drink, we thought it best to stay our hands for the present and try what words would do. So Count Teleki contented himself with replying that if they really wanted to go to Zanzibar he would himself lead them there, and give them over to the Sultan to be punished. The quiet manner in which the Count spoke led the rebels to think at first that their cause was won, and this made the howls of disappointment the louder when he concluded his speech, especially as he rose at the last words and advanced upon the spokesman as if to seize him. Raging like a lot of devils let loose, and even firing their guns, the men drew off to the village, from which mad cries continued to reach us.

As long as it was only powder that they discharged we did not mind; but presently we heard the patter of shot, and some foliage from the trees fell upon our tents. The joke was being carried too far now, so we at once seized our own weapons and called to the Somal guard—who had taken no share whatever in the disturbance—to disarm the men, and in case of any resistance to fire upon them. Of course we did not mean to proceed to extremities if we could help it, but the order did not fail to have the desired effect. Peace was restored, and the guides interceded for the Zanzibari, declaring that the whole affair was but the sport of saucy, overgrown children,

such as the Zanzibari ever were and ever would be, and that they never would have behaved as they had but for the pombe they had drunk. So we did not insist on the taking away of the weapons, especially as the men, worn out with fatigue, were soon reduced to absolute quietude by falling asleep.

The next morning we were, as usual, roused by the noisy preparations for the day's march, the monotonous cries of the Askari as they saddled the donkeys, and the loud shouts of the guides as they gave their orders. As usual, Count Teleki gave the signal to start, and when everything appeared ready placed himself at the head of the people, who seemed to file forth into a long line more quickly than ever before, as if they were anxious to make up by extra zeal to-day for their misdeemeanours of yesterday. But, alas! the fact could not long be disguised, as the village became empty, that fifty loads were left upon the ground, their bearers having availed themselves of the darkness of the night to slip off. And round about the bales and cases squatted the villagers, protected up to their chins from the early morning freshness by their kaniki cloths, gloating upon the position in which I was left. Vainly I offered them large sums if they would but help to take these loads as far as Kwa Fungo, our next halting-place; the fair sex alone, with their natural tender-heartedness, were ready to help me, tested the weight of the packages, and even began to bargain with us about taking them; but in the end they did not dare go against the orders of their lords and masters. At last I begged the chief of the village to find me some porters; but he only shrugged his shoulders scornfully, and said he had no porters, nor could he get any. There was nothing for it but to leave these loads behind; and even that this chief would not agree to. Then I quite lost patience, seized the man by the arm, and shaking him as hard as I could, I told him through an interpreter that he would either take the loads at once to a

dry hut, or come on with me himself in chains. This was the right line to take; the hut was found in no time, and everyone began to help us at once.

We now marched through a hilly and here and there well-wooded district, dotted with wayside villages, to Kwa Fungo, where the main body of the caravan was already encamped. The first thing I did was, of course, to tell Count Teleki of the mishap about the porters, and we both realised the urgent necessity of pushing on as rapidly as possible, to avoid any more desertions *en masse*. Now the question was, how was this to be done? and we soon decided that, with a view to catching up the fugitives, or perhaps even outstripping them, I must make for Zanzibar at once, and at the same time try to secure fresh porters at Pangani. I might also hurry up Jumbe Kimemeta, with other loiterers, and, lastly, bring back with me the goods left at Mawia.

So, very early the next morning I was off with ten men only, headed by Maktubu, and a very little light luggage. I made very rapid forced marches to the coast, and though we thoroughly searched every village by the way, we reached Mawia the same evening. Jumbe Kimemeta was, most fortunately, there already, and he got us a boat at once, so that we were able to go on that very night.

We had travelled some thirty-one miles in the heat of the sun, and I was dreadfully tired; but for all that I could not tear myself away from the beautiful scenes through which we passed in this night trip. In the narrow backwater through which our course first led us it was the fairy-like beauty of the banks, lit up by myriads of fire-flies, which held me enchained; and when we turned into the main stream it was the magic charm of the utter stillness, broken only now and then by the mysterious voices of Nature, and I remained awake until we landed at sunrise at Bweni.

I now sent some of my men on, as if they, too, were fugitives, to hunt for their lost comrades, securing their fidelity by promising two dollars reward for every runaway brought back. They very soon returned with the news that they had already handed two defaulters over to Wali. Of course the reason of my return thus became known, and I was able to go to Pangani myself and secure the further co-operation of Wali.

The best course seemed to be to blockade the coast, so as to make it very difficult for our deserters to reach Zanzibar. With this end in view, Wali had to write and send off despatches to the chiefs of the most important places on the coast, an arduous task ; but he seemed willing enough to serve us in every way, the more, perhaps, as he knew we were ourselves bound for Zanzibar. This greatly lessened the work I had to do, and I was able to begin to think of pressing forward. I left Maktubu, with eight men, on the look-out at Pangani, whilst I started myself with the remaining two the next night for Zanzibar. As there was no better vessel to be had at once, and we were eager to be gone, we had to make the passage in an open boat ; but it turned out a very bad sailer, and we were thirty long hours upon the sea before we reached our destination.

My sudden appearance of course took all our friends and acquaintances by surprise ; and I could not have arrived at a more unfortunate moment, as two events had just taken place which were fully engaging the attention of everybody in Zanzibar. A German trader, Dr. Jühlke by name, had been murdered by some Somal at Kismaju, at the mouth of the Juba river, and the German authorities demanded of the Sultan the execution of the murderers. Now Sultan Seyid Burgash had a superstitious horror of inflicting the penalty of death ; he had never yet signed a death-warrant, and it went to his heart to have to do it now. But he was obliged to yield, and General

Matthews was just about to start for Kismaju with 250 soldiers of the Sultan's army, escorted by the German Imperial sloop-of-war, 'Olga.' Besides this, an ultimatum with regard to some frontier disputes with the Portuguese had just been received by the Sultan, so that the political horizon was considerably clouded.

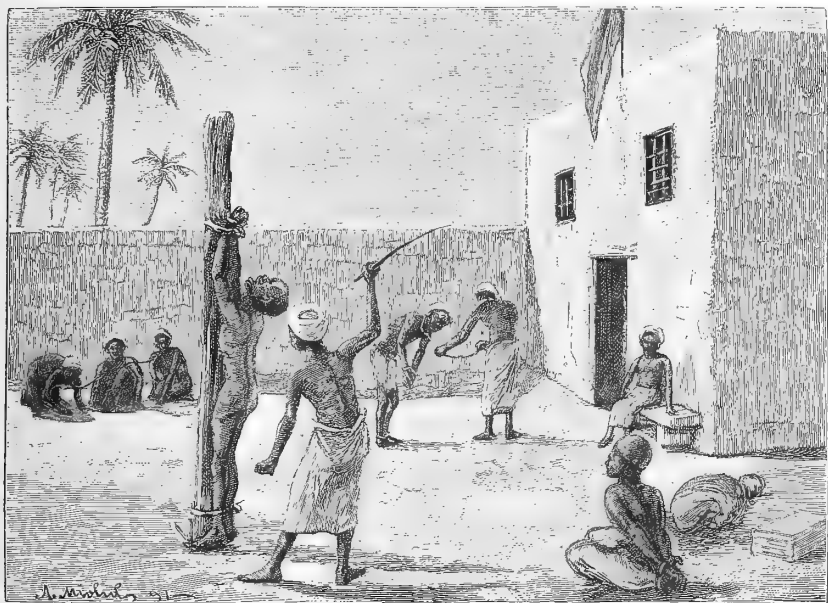
I naturally thought that I should not get much attention for my small affair; but Mr. W. Oswald and Dr. Gregory accomplished all I wanted much more quickly than I had ventured to hope. The best thing they did for me was to get the Sultan to order all the dhows in harbour to be searched, with the result that the very next day seven of our men were apprehended. His Highness was at first very much against these fellows taking any further share in our Expedition, saying he would keep them in prison till we returned, and have them bastinadoed every Friday; in the end he consented to my taking them back with me in chains, as an example to the rest of the men, a fate which five of them, however, managed to elude by escaping from the prison the night before I left Zanzibar.

After five days' stay I left Zanzibar once more. The dhow in which I was to go back to Pangani was to have started at two in the afternoon, but the captain did not come on board till sunset; I am thankful to say, however, that he looked after the steering of his ship, and twenty-four hours afterwards I was at the landing-place, although from three to six days are generally allowed for the trip at this time of year.

I had hardly stepped on shore before I was met with the good tidings that the number of fugitives under lock and key had risen to seventeen, so that I could devote all my energies to hiring other men. The difficulties in this direction were, alas! as great as ever, and, in spite of all my struggles, I only secured some forty porters in the six days I remained at Bweni. I was equally unsuccessful in my efforts to hasten the prepara-

tions of some of the men we had hired on our first visit to Pangani, but who had not been ready to start when we did. Some were really ill, others had always meant to cheat us. But with the latter I made short work, and sent them, with the exception of those who were able to pay back the whole of the advance-money received, to Zanzibar to be punished.

On February 21 the guide, Ali Schaongwe, accompanied by

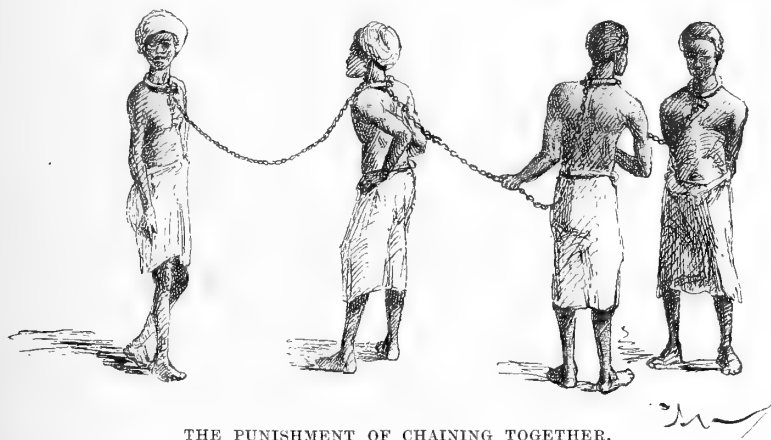


FLOGGING THE FUGITIVES AT PANGANI.

twenty men, arrived, to our great astonishment, like the messengers of Job, with the news that a day or two before a porter had run away with one of the most valuable of the loads, that containing all our scientific books and maps. According to Ali's story, Count Teleki had halted in Kwa Fungo on February 8, in order to send back to Leva for the goods left there. The next day he had pressed on to Mruasi, a little Washenzi village on the Niusi stream, some natives helping as

porters. As there was a chance here of buying some ox-hides to make saddle-bags for the mules, the caravan halted yet another day, and it was then that the misfortune occurred. Count Teleki at once sent out his most trustworthy men to scour the country after the thieves, himself going on to Kwa Futo, the next village; but, alas! the scouts soon returned without any news of the fugitives, in spite of their having been spurred on to exertion by the promise of a very high reward. On the 14th the caravan pushed on to Korogwe, a station of the German East African Company, where Count Teleki decided to await my arrival. Meanwhile the Count missed thirteen other loads, and sent off my informer, with twenty trusty men, to try and recover them. Ali Schaongwe and his party had thoroughly searched the whole district on either side of the line of march down to the coast; but it was in vain, and we had to give up all hope of ever seeing our books, &c., again. Nevertheless, I brought all the influence I could to bear on the search, and in a letter I wrote to the missionaries stationed in Maguila I begged them to use their influence on our behalf, and by promising a considerable bonus to the finder of anything I roused up the whole population of Bweni and Pangani. In another letter to Zanzibar I laid special stress on the recovery, above everything else, of our books and maps. But it was all labour lost; and though my newly hired porters could not be got to advance, I did not like to keep Count Teleki waiting any longer, so I decided to start again on February 24. One thing, however, must be done at once, and that was, punish the fugitives as an example to the rest; so I went to Wali, and he carried out my instructions by having them publicly flogged by the gaoler of the prison, the red flag of the Sultan floating from a wall hard by. Then they were chained together in groups of four and sent to Mawia with Schaongwe and the rest of the men. I was very

anxious to get Jumbé Kimemeta to go on with me, as I knew Count Teleki wanted to get the whole caravan together. Living, as I did, in Kimemeta's house, I had plenty of opportunities of watching him. I knew his preparations were not completed, so I gave little credence to his repeated assurances that he would go on with me; and the very last day an incident occurred altogether hostile to our wishes, namely, the arrest of Kimemeta for debt. Two men appeared with a warrant procured by some East Indian merchants of Zanzibar, to whom he owed money, and marched him off to prison in Pangani. A few hours



THE PUNISHMENT OF CHAINING TOGETHER.

later he was back again, but only to tell me about it all. Of course I protested earnestly against his being locked up again, and declared that His Highness the Sultan, who took so great an interest in our Expedition, could not possibly wish the one man we wanted most of all, and whom we had already paid, to be taken from us. Wali kindly lent a favourable ear to my representations, and Kimemeta was set free. I hoped that he would himself now be anxious to get away from the scene of his arrest; but not a bit of it, and at last I was obliged to start for Mawia without him.

In Mawia I was kept two days at the weary task of dividing loads, &c. ; but at the last minute I got a few more men, and then I was off. The clanking of the fetters of the chained men exercised a wholesome influence, and after one day's march I reached Leva, the unlucky spot whence I had started to go back to Zanzibar. There I got disquieting news from Count Teleki, which made me push on more eagerly than ever. There had been a regular fight with guns between his men and the people of the big village, Kwa Mgumi, near to which he had camped, and not a few had been killed and wounded on both sides. A kind of truce had now been patched up, but the position of our party was anything but secure or pleasant.

I did the thirty-seven miles which separated me from Count Teleki in forty-eight hours, reaching his camp on the second day. The way there led first through an undulating district, dotted with trees growing singly, as in the orchards of Europe ; and then, just at the hottest and most glaring part of the day, across parched and barren plains. On the left we had all along our course the dark vegetation-fringed shores of the Pangani, whilst on the right rose the precipitous heights of Usambara, and in the distance before us we could see the pleasant-looking bluish-green woods lining the banks of the Lwengera stream, which seemed to be advancing to meet us. At last we reached the cool shade of the trees, feeling almost chilly after the great heat we had passed through ; but we had not long revelled in the march beside the rushing water before we were again on unsheltered, arid steppes. Another half-hour's march, however, and we were opposite the island in the Pangani from which rose the village of Kwa Mgumi. Crowds of natives at once appeared, and we advanced with caution towards the bridge connecting the island with the mainland ; but we soon found that the men

were animated by curiosity only. Without halting at all, and in perfect silence on both sides, not so much as a cry being raised by the natives, we quickly passed close to the village, and at the same moment we heard, to our delight, two shots fired, as a greeting to us, from Korogwe, the German station, occupying a low height hard by. Then came a messenger to tell us that Count Teleki was just then at the station; so my men went on to the camp by the river, whilst I hastened to Korogwe, and very soon I had the pleasure of meeting Count Teleki once more, in the presence of Messrs. Braun, Joost, and Bauer, then occupying the station.

Count Teleki had heard all the latest news from Herr Braun, the superintendent of the station, and was enjoying a happy discussion as to the prospects of sport, &c., when the quarrel with the natives put an end to his lightheartedness.

The beginning of the difficulty was the carrying off by a Paris belonging to our camp of a black Helen from the village, the result of which was that the natives refused to trade with our people, picked quarrels about everything, and finally came to blows. Our old Manwa Sera, who acted the part of Paris and Achilles alike in the imbroglio, was not content with clubs and fists, but rushed into the camp, and, in the absence of Count Teleki, called on the people to rise against the Washenzi, as the natives of the districts behind Pangani are called,¹ and led the men down then and there to the bridge leading to the village, where the natives, fully armed and prepared, awaited their onslaught. Manwa gave the order to fire, and hundreds of guns were let off on both sides. Count Teleki, who was just then leaving the station for the camp, of course heard the uproar, but thought at first that it merely indicated the

¹ 'Washenzi' is also used as a term of contempt for the natives of what the Germans call the *Hinterland*—that is to say, all the districts of Africa not yet appropriated by Europeans.—TRANS.

arrival of a fresh caravan. However, he hastened to the bridge with his Somal guard, to find the conflict at its fiercest. The natives had broken down the bridge, and drawn back into the village, from which they had driven out all our men, who, though quite unprotected on the banks or in the river itself, were returning their fire with interest. Supported by Messrs. Braun and Joost, who had hastened to the rescue, Count Teleki, not without great risk to his own life, at last succeeded in making the men stop firing, but not until there had been many casualties. Two of our people were killed and two seriously wounded, whilst seven of the natives were mortally injured. Manwa Sera, who throughout kept his station at the end of the bridge and continued firing into the village, escaped unhurt; and our people were so enraged and eager to go on fighting that it was only when he threatened to shoot down those who did not obey him that Count Teleki induced them to cease firing and draw off.

The natives now broke off all intercourse with our people, and every day hundreds of armed men flocked into the village to their aid, till there were thousands against us. Under these threatening circumstances Count Teleki of course prepared for further hostilities, the more reluctantly that there was scarcely anything left to eat in his camp; but fortunately Herr Braun managed to patch up a peace, and re-established something of a semblance of friendliness between the two parties.

Count Teleki, who was eager to continue his journey, determined, as there was now nothing to prevent it, to go on the next day, but certain circumstances rendered it necessary to divide the forces. General Matthews, eager to help us in every way, had of his own free will bought a lot of things for us which he thought would be useful; but we had not yet received them, for, thinking we should go to Masinde, the head-

quarters of Sultan Sembodja, of Usambara, he had sent them there; moreover, soon after his arrival at Korogwe, Count Teleki, with a view to lessening the difficulties of transit, had sent a number of loads up-stream in advance of the main body. So we had to part again, the Count going to Sultan Sembodja's, whilst I was to follow the stream to Masai; Mikocheni, a well-known camping-place on the Pangani, being decided on as our rendezvous.

On March 1, then, Count Teleki started with eighty men to skirt along the Usambara highlands to Masinde. I indulged myself and my men in a day's rest—necessary, too, for reorganising the caravan—and the next morning I took leave of the friendly gentlemen of the station, near to which such an unlucky incident had occurred. The station, though on a hill, is surrounded by swampy meadows, and cannot, I fancy, be very healthy. I noted in the course of this trip that nearly all the stations of the German East African Company are in similar situations. Probably the luxuriant vegetation surrounding them is the attraction.

So far we had been in districts occupied by Washenzi, but at the village of Kwa Mgumi begins the Usegua country, which, especially on the banks of the Pangani, forming its northern boundary, is thickly peopled. On this river live the Wasegua—that is to say, the natives of Usegua, a single inhabitant being M-segua, whilst the language spoken is Ki-segua. M and Wa are very usual prefixes to denote numbers in all Bantu dialects, whilst Ki often serves to indicate the language. For instance, we have U-ganda, M-ganda, and Ki-ganda; Ta-veta, M-taveta, Wa-taveta, and Ki-taveta. The Wasegua on the Pangani are also sometimes spoken of as the Waruvu, or dwellers on the river, Ruvu, as we have already seen, meaning the river. Most of their villages are on islands in the river, which gives them a very strong position. I suppose there are

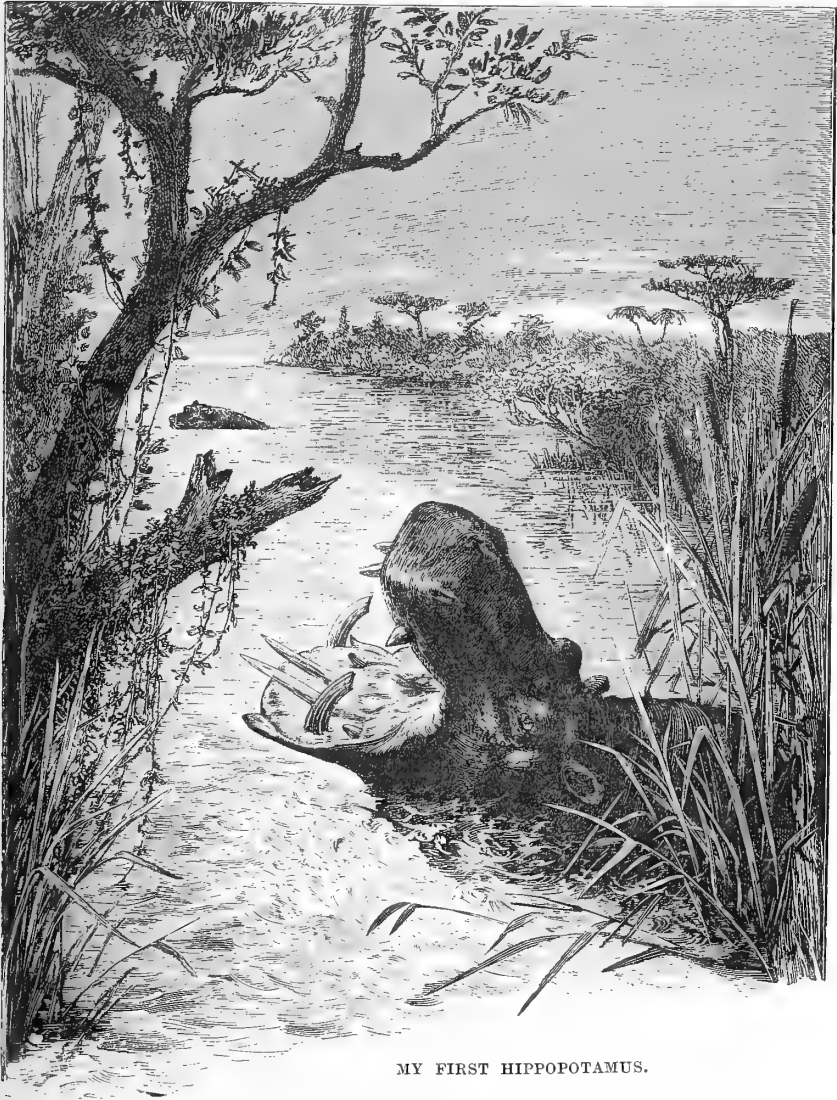
some twenty-five or thirty such villages on the Pangani, the people of which are agriculturists and cattle-breeders.

Our march to Mafi, which took three days, was in a north-north-westerly direction as far as Mautui. Here the Usambara mountains approach quite close to the river; but they soon seem to draw back into the distance, again rising up some nine to eleven miles off as a massive wall unrelieved by any peaks. Three isolated mountains, known as Ukunga, Mafi, and Ngai, however, varying in height from 1,150 to 1,500 feet, rise up from the plains between the Usambara range and the river.

On the second day we camped near the village of Mualeni, the road there leading us across the Mkomasi stream, which we crossed close to its mouth in the Pangani. A frail bridge made of the strong midribs of the water palm was the only connection between the banks, but it would not bear the weight of heavily-laden men. Some had to wade through the water—a difficult matter, on account of the dense overhanging foliage and the uneven bed, full of hidden holes and pitfalls. It was some hours before we could leave Mualeni, where for the first time I got a good shot, such as I had eagerly desired for so long, at some big African game.

A native lad, who was minding some goats hard by, told me that there were nearly always a lot of hippopotami amongst the islands and rapids of the Pangani, and I eagerly acted on his hint, as I had so far seen next to nothing of the wild animals of the country. The place the boy led me to bore unmistakable traces of being a favourite landing-place of the thick-skinned river-horses, and though there were none in sight at the moment, there was every chance of patient waiting being rewarded with success. And very soon, some ten paces from where I stood, the huge bulk of a hippopotamus rose almost completely out of the water. My charge from my Express rifle hit him in the middle of the forehead, there was a

great crash, and with a fearful cry the animal, wounded to death, rolled over into the depths of the river. I saw him no more.



MY FIRST HIPPOPOTAMUS.

On the morning of March 6 we reached the large village of Mkarama, the residence of Selenga, Sultan of Waruvu, not

far from which was Mafi, our next halting-place. When Sedenga heard we meant to go on he did all he could to persuade us to camp near him; but I held to my original purpose, in spite of the great heat and the passive resistance of my men, who had counted on all the revelry of a reception at such an important place. The last bit of the road led across a bare sandy steppe, which was, however, peopled with numerous cranes, the first I had seen. A good hour had passed, and we were beginning to long to be in sight of our goal, before we at last spied a palisade, in front of which stood a European in white clothes. This was Herr Brausche, the superintendent of the station of Mafi, on whose invitation I had my tent pitched and the loads piled up inside the fence, whilst the men camped by the side of the river in the Waruvu village of Kalole.

The station was enclosed in a very strong palisade some forty paces square. On one side were the dwelling-house, a kitchen, and a store-house, miserable looking mud huts, not at all worthy of the neat and carefully kept surroundings. But soon from the kitchen issued appetising sounds of preparation for my reception, which quickly cut short my architectural strictures.

The station, which was, however, soon after abandoned, was situated at the foot of the well-wooded Mount Mafi, at a height of 900 feet above the sea-level, and was, according to Herr Brausche, perfectly free from fever, although there was a wide-stretching swamp hard by, haunted by many different kinds of birds.

I decided to stop here two days, as I could procure ox-hides for making the saddles required, and the loads would have to be re-arranged to take up the forty packages I had to carry forward from Mafi.

The saddle used by the natives in this part of Africa is a very simple but most practical affair, so that it was really better to stick to the old fashion. The back of the animal is

well protected by a big cushion stuffed with grass, on which the saddle is placed. This saddle is a half-tanned ox-hide from which the hair has been removed, forming two big bags, which hang down on either side of the animal. All that is necessary is to take care that the weights on either side are equal, and the animal, once laden, gives no further trouble, as the saddle



ASS WITH LADEN PACK-SADDLE.

never slips. Such loads as wire or beads are simply put into the pockets and left there, even when the saddles are taken off.

The next morning Sultan Sedenga appeared at the station with a large following of men. Herr Brausche, who had not expected him, and was, in fact, on bad terms with him, took absolutely no notice of his arrival, and as I was at the moment very busy dividing the loads, I had not much time to spare for him either. He did not, however, seem at all disconcerted by our coolness, and when I at last bade him welcome in good Kiruvu, he responded pleasantly enough.

Waruvu etiquette demands that the following dialogue should be gone through at every meeting. For instance, if M-ruvu A. meets M-ruvu B., they do not part till the following conversation has taken place:—

<i>A. to B.</i>	<i>B. to A.</i>	<i>A. to B. again</i>
Kilo vedi ? (Did you have a good night ?)	Hm !	Hm !
Si vedi ? (Did you have a good day ?)	Hm !	Hm !
Ho kaja ? (Is all well at home ?)	Hm !	Hm !
Ho kaja kilo vedi ? (Did they all have a good night ?)	Hm !	Hm !
Mzima ? (Are you well ?)	Hm !	Hm !
Sana (Very well)	Hm !	Hm !
Yambo (Bless you !)	Hm !	Hm !

And when A. has finished his questions, B. begins, and the whole thing is gone through again.

When Sedenga and I had duly performed this ceremony, he explained to me that his visit was to me alone, as he was no friend of Herr Brausche. After my last long-drawn-out Hm ! I looked at Sedenga more closely, to see what manner of man he was, and noted that he was short and plump, wearing an ordinary Arab shirt, and a turban pushed carelessly over the left shoulder. His face was deeply pitted by small-pox, and his expression was solemn but not particularly intelligent. He had prominent eyes and full lips, whilst his hands and feet were small and well formed. After a short silence I invited Sedenga into my tent to make him a present, which I had asked Herr Brausche to get for me meanwhile, as I was not yet very well up in the requirements of native etiquette in the matter of gifts. When I was about to present Sedenga with the things—a few yards of merikani, a fez, and some *lessos*¹—he began, instead of taking them, to storm about in such a manner that I could hardly help laughing. ‘What !’ he cried again and again, ‘this for me !—for me, the Sultan of Waruvu !’

¹ A *lesso* is a coloured handkerchief, about the size of a small tablecloth, made in various colours and designs. The Swahili women wear them in winter, one round the body, and another on the head and shoulders.—TRANS.

contemptuously holding up now the fez, and now the stuff; and so on.

Later I saw what a mistake had been made in offering to a man of the Sultan's position goods worth no more than a few shillings, but in my ignorance I controlled my amusement with difficulty. Reflecting, however, that I should ill serve Herr Brausche if I widened the breach between him and his neighbour, I set to work to try and mollify his irate Sultan-ship, with speedy results. I explained to him with a solemn air that the Wasangu, or Europeans, were ever openhanded with their friends, but how was I to know that he, Sedenga, was my friend, when he had brought me no such gift as was everywhere customary—not an ox, not a goat, not even a little fowl? This speech of mine made a deep impression, and it was now Sedenga's turn to look crestfallen, as I rubbed my palms together in an effective pantomime, meaning that I had been welcomed with absolutely empty hands. And the Sultan presently observed that he would leave me now and return the next day; so for the present the shauri was over.

Herr Brausche, who had been for months at daggers drawn with Sedenga—a most unfortunate position for him, as the Sultan had forbidden any of his men to do him the slightest service—now begged me to try and bring about a reconciliation, which, of course, I was very ready to do; and when Sedenga returned the next morning, bringing with him two fine oxen, I made it my first care to try and get him to make it up with Herr Brausche.

It appeared that the Sultan's quarrel was not with Herr Brausche, but with the German East African Company, who had promised him a big present, but never sent it. Herr Brausche admitted the truth of this, and brought out some goods and money at once, so that everything was soon amicably settled between the two. But Sedenga was not satisfied

with my increased gifts, and kept on demanding more, till I put an end to the discussion by a decisive 'Either —— or ——.'

In such difficulties with native chiefs much patience and time are needed, and the delays would be endless if the traveller dealt with them himself; but, as a rule, we had nothing to do with them, Jumbe Kimemeta and Qualla settling everything for us.

On March 9 I started again with a happy heart, for only two men had made off this time, although nothing could have been easier than flight from the camp at Kalole. We soon passed Kwekongwe, the last Waruvu village; and thence the route led along the river-bank, through districts partly uninhabited and partly tenanted only by wandering tribes of Masai. We halted at midday by the stream.

Now that we were really approaching the desert the caravan kept together much better. The little tents of the men were pitched closer together, and the hedge of prickly bushes protecting our animals at night grew higher and thicker; whilst in the stillness of the evening rang out the cry of the herald of the camp, Tom Charles, calling on the men to keep good watch and feed well the fires. The many flickering fires, about which the men gathered ever more closely, the pitchy darkness of the night, the warning cries of the watchmen, the increased precautions taken for our protection, all made me fancy that we were at last in the real unexplored wilderness, and I was filled with delight at the thought; but, alas! we were still far away from it, and its actual appearance turned out to be very different from what I expected.

In the night we were surprised by the arrival of Jumbe Kimemeta, the Askar, Muyni Bori, from Pangani, and our two latest fugitives. Kimemeta explained that when he heard of the fight at Kwa Mgumi he had hastened forward, in the hope of making peace and preventing further bloodshed. I

was the more delighted as I had felt sure he had been arrested again, and had given up all hope of seeing him.

A little *contretemps* occurred early the next morning, three men having run away; but I wrote at once to Herr Brausche, asking him to have them pursued. We now followed a path which soon led us away from the river and got rapidly worse, ending, finally, in an impenetrable thicket. Bedue, who had gone on in front as the chief guide of the party, and had evidently lost his way, calmly halted here, and said we could go no farther. Then out stepped the porter, Muhinna Kidiwa (so named on account of his well-built, sturdy figure), and with the cry 'Follow me!' placed himself at the head of the caravan, and calmly forced his way through the thorns, which tore his clothes to pieces, back to the river. An hour later we were camped once more by the Pangani. Whilst there another porter of gigantic stature, Bakuri Wadi Seiff by name, attracted my attention by the way in which, without any instructions, he got the loads into order after they were, as usual, flung down here, there, and everywhere, in hopeless confusion. This really was the business of the Askari and guides; but I saw Bakuri toiling on alone for an hour and a half, only indulging now and then in a quiet curse at the laziness of the rest. He did not pause till all was done. Such a sight is wonderfully cheering to the traveller, who knows too well how untrustworthy most of his followers are; and it is of men such as this that he eventually forms the bodyguard he depends on in emergencies.

At eleven o'clock on the following night I was roused to be told that three of the chained men had escaped; the fourth of the group had not been disturbed by the proceedings of the other three, and knew nothing about the matter. Their flight was, however, soon discovered, and I of course lost not a moment in sending some men after them; equally of course

they returned without having seen a trace of the fugitives, for one crow does not peck out the eyes of another. Through this delay in starting we got no farther in the next day's march, in which we skirted along a small swamp, than to Buiko, a very uncomfortable halting-place. From some of Count Teleki's men who were wandering about in the neighbourhood I heard, however, that we were only an hour's journey from Mikocheni, the place appointed for our reunion, and as the Count had already waited there four days, I started very early on March 12 to join him.

On March 1, the day he had left Korogwe, Count Teleki had reached Kwa Sigi, where the path leaves the Pangani and leads to the foot of the Usambara range. During the one night the caravan halted there they were attacked by driver ants (*Anoonuma arceus*) and put to flight. It is astonishing what havoc these little creatures can make when they attack in force. As the cry of '*Siufa!*' or ants, rings through the camp nearly everyone runs away, and it is always a long time before the few who retain presence of mind enough to attack the enemy with hot ashes and glowing embers restore tranquillity and the night's rest can be resumed.

The next day Count Teleki marched to Makuyuni, a beautiful and fertile district, which he reached at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. One of the little streams with which it is watered was full of leeches, and directly the men stepped into it dozens of these creatures attached themselves to the poor fellows' bare legs. From Makuyuni the caravan pushed on through a swampy tract to Mombo, where a midday halt was made beneath the shade of fine trees, chiefly euphorbia and fan palms. The camp was soon surrounded by men and women, who brought food for sale. Oxen and sheep were also offered, and Count Teleki bought several animals for actual money, a cow costing from thirteen to eighteen dollars, and a goat from four to six rupees.

In the afternoon the march was resumed across dried-up swamps, overlooked by rugged heights, to a picturesque little stream, where the camp was pitched for the night at about five o'clock in the afternoon. On this day's journey Count Teleki shot a great many guinea-fowl and a large, queer-looking bird, name unknown, not unlike a dodo. It was about the size of a pelican, with a big black saw-like beak, a red crop, and short black feet. But for a few white feathers with black tips the plumage was all black. The men avoided it, as it was evidently a rapacious bird. The neighbourhood was very unhealthy, for six Swahili and three Somal were taken ill here with fever.

On March 4 Masinde was at last reached. The capital of Usambara consists of a large number of huts surrounded by a strong palisade with well-defended entrance-gates. The residence of the Sultan is really a collection of huts differing in nothing from those of his people except that a separate hedge fences them round.

Sultan Sembodja sent word that he was eagerly expecting the visit of the Europeans, so Count Teleki went to pay his respects in the afternoon in full state, preceded by the guides and Askari, with the Somal guard bringing up the rear. Arrived at the residence, they were shown into a hut called a *baraja*, which served the purpose of a council-chamber. I leave Count Teleki to give an account in his own words of the rest of his experiences :—

‘The hut,’ he says, ‘in which Sembodja awaited me was already full of negroes, and a most horrible stench greeted me as I stooped to enter. Sembodja was seated on a *kitanda*, or native bed, on one side of the long space, and I seated myself on a similar one opposite to him. There was no other furniture, but the hut was decorated with a few European curiosities, such as a looking-glass in a gilt frame and a picture of a steam-engine going at full speed, which were probably presents from

previous visitors. Sembodja was dressed in Arab style, and resembled an Arab the more as his complexion, like that of all the Wambugu, was light brown. He talked principally about the Germans, who, he said, were anxious to settle in his country ; and, as far as he was concerned, they were welcome to do so, and probably would if they could get the consent of His Highness the Sultan of Zanzibar ; at which he pointed to the red flag floating over his house. Then he congratulated me on the victory at Kwa Mgumi, and offered to punish the natives further if I were not satisfied with the vengeance already taken on them. And so the audience went on until I rose to take my leave.

‘The next afternoon Sembodja sent a message to say I might visit him again. As I had not yet made him a present, I collected the things I meant for him, and made my way again to the council-hall, where he was awaiting me. The bales were then opened in his presence, the valuable contents of which were four djora merikani, two djora kaniki, several lessos, two coarse brown caftans, two cases of gin, 15 lb. of fine gunpowder, a pocket watch, a bottle of Eno’s Fruit Salt, a few picture-books, and an empty metal flask. Sembodja, who watched everything eagerly as the contents of bale after bale were laid before him, seemed anything but satisfied, and after fidgeting about for some time on his kitanda, he suddenly jumped up, called to Qualla to accompany him, and left the hut. Outside he said to Qualla, in a most unabashed manner : “Tell your master that I am a great Sultan, and I want money, lots of money, hunting weapons, and medicine, and not all that rubbish.” Qualla, who held all negroes, whether high or low, in much the same contempt, did not hesitate to answer the Usambara chief briefly and drily, to the effect that his master was a very much greater Sultan than he, and that he had already received a great deal more than enough. Then Sembodja returned, with some little loss of assurance, squatted

down near me, and began talking about the Masai, and the dread he was in from them; after which he proceeded to beg. I cut him short at once, told him to produce the two grey donkeys he had promised me, and which had cost me dear enough already.

‘Sembodja declared that he could not send to Taveta for the goods waiting there for me, so I had to spare Qualla to fetch them in the evening. It appeared, moreover, that my valuable stock of brandy and wine had been tampered with, so that I did not feel disposed to have anything more to do with the Sultan. Quite early the next morning, however, just as I was getting up, Sembodja himself appeared in my camp, this time with a turban on his head, a coloured cloth about his loins, and wearing a jacket decked with different kinds of buttons. About his neck hung the watch I had given him; in the buttonhole of the jacket a soup-spoon was stuck, as a flower might be; whilst from the pockets peeped the necks of empty bottles. One of the men with him was also dragging along a basket quite full of the latter.

‘After Sembodja had watched me performing my toilet with apparently great interest for some time, he began to tell me that he had been warned in a dream that we were all soon to be attacked with small-pox, and he had turned out early in the morning to tell us of a cure he knew of. “To begin with,” he said, “you must let three of your men eat a white hen; then seven must eat a black one; then you must shoot a guinea-fowl, and divide it amongst all your men.” This wonderful recipe Sembodja offered me with the greatest solemnity, and then he began to beg, chiefly for brandy and medicine; so, to get rid of him, I had all his bottles filled with water, sat down to breakfast, and gave orders that the camp was to be broken up at once.’

Wandering along the swampy districts at the base of

the Usambara range, Count Teleki came the same day, after passing Kumbaja and Kimungu, to Kambula, the place of residence of Kimueri, a son of Sembodja. Kimueri himself and numerous natives visited the camp, affording the leader an opportunity of noting the differences in the complexions of the inhabitants of Usambara, which varied from pale yellow to the deepest brownish black. Amongst the visitors was a Masai warrior, who amused himself, in a perfectly unabashed manner, by brandishing his spear and showing us how he killed the Wangwana. This performance, accompanied by wild gestures and horrible yells, was watched with anything but pleasure by the men, so Count Teleki thought he would take his pride down a bit by showing him the working of our 'spears.' He therefore had a few shots fired at a tree hard by; but this did not have the desired effect, for the self-satisfied warrior was sure he could have protected himself quite well with his shield. Then Count Teleki persuaded the Masai to let his shield be placed against the tree, and ordered the Somal to fire at it with their repeating-rifles till it was riddled with shot. Silent and crestfallen, the Masai took back his now useless shield, and slunk out of the camp.

At Kambula the base of the Usambara range was left behind, the path leading across a burnt-up, arid steppe. On the 7th the Mkomasi river was reached, and the next day Mikocheni, our appointed rendezvous. Already, on the way there, ostriches, giraffes, and zebras, with a few buffaloes, had been seen, and Count Teleki did not find the time hang heavily at all, in spite of the enforced inaction, for in the wild districts round about the camp there was plenty of game, and he succeeded in bringing down no less than five rhinoceroses and a leopard; but he only shot two Mpala antelopes, one waterbuck, one wild boar, and an antelope with a very small body and big legs.

Mikocheni, where we were now camped, is on the shores of the Pangani river, 1,800 feet above the sea-level, and is overshadowed by many trees, chiefly doum palms; hence its name, which signifies, near the doum palms.¹ Outside the thicket, on the banks of the stream, the view extends on the north to the precipitous Pare mountains, rising from 2,618 to 2,945 feet above the plain, and on the east to the isolated Mount Lasa, whilst beyond them both is the still visible Usambara range.

Mikocheni is often visited by caravans, and the ground is strewn with the rubbish left behind by them, so that there is of course plenty of vermin; scorpions abound, and there are such countless fleas that the luckless traveller does not get a moment's peace.

Here a plan was ripened which was the result of our separation. The tract of country on the Pangani, some forty-three miles in extent, between Mikocheni and Upuni was still quite unknown—that is to say, it had not yet been explored by Europeans. Count Teleki was very much interested in this district; but it would not do to attempt to traverse it with the whole Expedition, so I was to be sent on by the ordinary caravan route, skirting the Pare range to Same, where we were to meet again. Count Teleki started on March 13, with about eighty men, to follow the course of the river, and I remained encamped another day, to give my people time to rest.

I turned this pause to account by climbing one of the lower heights of the Pare range, so as to look down upon the

¹ This is how most of the caravan halting-places get their names. For instance, *Mikwajuni* means near the tamarinds; *Mibuyuni*, near the baobabs; *Miwirimi*, near the medlars. Other names of frequent occurrence are *Mtoni*, or near the stream; *Massimani*, near the water-hole. Other places are named after the wild animals in their neighbourhood; for instance, *Malago kanga* means the home of the guinea-fowl; *Malago tembos*, the elephant camp; and *Malago faru*, the rhinoceros haunt; these names being retained long after all the animals are exterminated. When the camp is by the path it is called *Indyiani*; if it is in a wood it is *nsitoni*, and if it is on a thorny steppe it is *nyikani* or *porini*; and so on.

basin of the Pangani, which resembled a wide-stretching ocean, dotted here and there with isolated island-like blue mountains; whilst in the west rose the Lasiti mountains, the outlying spurs of the Pare range, on which I stood, shutting out the horizon.

After a short march along the bank of the Pangani, we halted in a very picturesque bend of the river. To our surprise, we saw clouds of smoke issuing from a thicket not far off, which it turned out proceeded from Count Teleki's camp. He had had a good day's start of us, but he had sent some men to buy food in a village near, and they had not yet returned. It was not until the afternoon that the dawdlers turned up and he was able to resume his march.

The Count's camping-place was called Mabirioni, a very usual name, signifying boundary, and in this case appropriate, as it is here that the caravan route branches off from the river for the Pare range. The next day we started in the same direction, and reached Pare Maboga, also known as Massangu. The farther we got from the river the more sterile became the country, till we reached the base of the mountains, when we were again amongst green thickets and marshes. We camped by a clear brook, which we reached at last. A troop of apes, which fled terrified at our approach, enticed me into the thicket, and I pressed on and on, in spite of being dreadfully scratched and torn, till I could get no farther.¹

¹ East Africa abounds in a kind of *Sansevieria*, which grows at the edge of thorn thickets, springing up between the bushes, and making it all but impossible to get through them. The stems of these plants are about one and a half inch in diameter, and grow to a height of from two feet to five feet. They are very stiff and upright, cylindrical in form, of a greyish-green colour, and end in a sharp, hard point, which inflicts a severe wound. We frequently met with two kinds of *Sansevieria* in our travels, but seldom saw one bearing flowers or fruit. Both kinds have very strong fibres, which, after being beaten and dried, are used by the people of caravans for making fishing-lines, &c. If possible, the thin, almost thread-like creepers are even greater impediments to progress. Belonging mostly to the *Smilacææ*, they too bear thorns, and though they look innocent enough, and you

The apes had long since been out of sight, and I had not only given them up, but also all wish to pay a visit to the natives living on the mountain; in fact, I did not see how either to advance or retreat, but just stood still, wondering how I was to get out of this horrible thicket of thorns. I had certainly no fancy for returning by the way I had come. Presently I heard the murmuring of a brook flowing towards the plain on the left; at last I had found a way out! I was soon wading through the cool water; before long the thorn bushes on the bank became thinner, and all of a sudden I stepped out into the open country again, on to a path leading towards the mountains. There was not a sign of a village, but some of my people, who had fortunately joined me, thought it could not be far off, and as a matter of fact we very soon reached it, and were quickly surrounded by a crowd of natives of all ages. Although it was beginning to rain we were soon trading briskly; but the only food to be had was maize, and with it I had to allay the pangs of hunger. Not until I had devoured a couple of green ears could I attend to anything else.

The natives, who were called Wapare, seemed poor half-starved creatures. Their only garments were loin-cloths made of goats' skins, and round their necks they wore a few strings of white or blue beads. They had also thick rings of brass and iron wire. Bracelets, anklets, and earrings seemed the fashion. Some of the women also had necklaces made of twisted iron wire, such as those worn by the Masai; and all, without exception, had their teeth filed to a point, looking like

fancy you can easily break through them, you soon find yourself, like a fly in a spider's web, unable to move backwards or forwards. Every effort to get through only increases the danger, and a second person is needed to take the thorns out one by one. In East Africa every plant seems to bear thorns, and even the bark of large trees is provided with them. It does not do to travel in these parts in the light clothes suitable for the tropics, as they are sure to be torn to pieces, whilst the whole body becomes covered with wounds.

those of beasts of prey. Their only weapons were bows and arrows.

A little later I brought our marketing to an end, and returned to camp in pouring rain. Arrived there, the first thing I had to do was to send after a group of four of our chained criminals, who had made off with their loads containing our stock of rice; then the *poscho* had to be given out for four days to each man, consisting of a so-called *schuka* or *upande* of merikani. We now also discovered that a man who had been taken ill with fever in the morning was missing. The men I sent to seek him soon found him and his stick, but no load, near a swamp not far off; he had evidently taken a wrong turn in the delirium of fever, for the next morning he was gone again, and this time he could not be found.

The country we passed through on the next stage was called *nyika* by the natives—that is to say, it was an uninhabited, barren, waterless, bushy steppe. The glare from the red laterite soil was terrible, and the dust was fearfully deep. The thorny acacias were almost bare of leaves, the patches of coarse grass were few and far between; the euphorbia alone seemed to flourish and to be in its element. There were many pitfalls, from nine and a half to thirteen feet deep, often several in succession, so carefully concealed that the greatest caution was needed to avoid them. These pitfalls and the footprints of wild beasts proved that there was plenty of big game in the neighbourhood, but we saw none. I noticed, however, several gallinaceous birds, and I went after some of them into the bush with my gun. An incident happened now which brought forcibly before my mind the fact that I was in Africa, for just as I was going to pick up a guinea-fowl I had shot, and which had fallen among some bushes, out came a fine leopard, striding rapidly along. Unfortunately I was not quick enough in pointing my weapon, and I missed the beast with both barrels.

After a long, hot march we reached the Makuyuni stream in the late afternoon, and decided to camp for the night in a



OUT CAME A FINE LEOPARD.

shady thicket on its farther bank. Although but a narrow thread-like rivulet, it flowed through a cleft some thirty to forty-three feet deep, with crumbling, precipitous sides, which

made crossing it a matter of considerable difficulty. Once over, we followed its course a little farther, and halted at the entrance to the valley through which it flows from the Pare mountains to the plain.

Although there was no village in sight, natives soon appeared with maize and potatoes for sale, followed by Mpesa, the chief of the valley, dragging along two refractory goats.

Some of the pack animals arrived that evening, but others not till the next morning, so that I was obliged to remain here for a day. I employed the time in climbing a steep mountain called Bibirri, near my camp. The ascent could only be made from the farther side, and the denseness of the vegetation rendered it in some parts extremely arduous. Thorny creepers and thickets of prickly euphorbia compelled us again and again to cut our way with axe and knife; but at last we reached the comparatively unencumbered summit, and were rewarded by a splendid and widespread view. At our feet lay the wood of Makuyuni, the rising smoke and loud cries from which betrayed the presence of our camp. Near to it rose the Kwa Nduyu mountains, a chain of heights on the west of the Pare range; whilst beyond, divided from them by a stretch of nyika, or barren steppe, we could see the Lasiti and Sambo mountains, with an apparently interminable, slightly undulating, bush-clad plain as a background.

The graceful-looking masses of dracena which surrounded us were just then in flower, and the air was laden with their scent. In a word, the summit of the mountain would have been a perfect spot but for the number of bee-like stinging flies, which attacked us in such a manner that I should have had to beat a retreat at once if I had not been able to protect my head and neck with a silk veil I had fortunately brought with me.

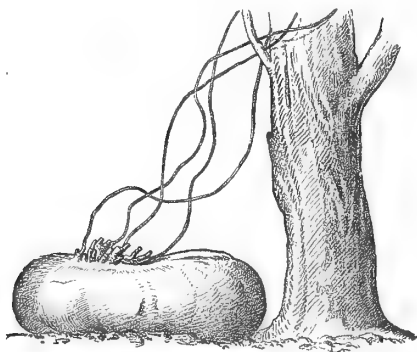
In the afternoon the rain poured down; but this did not

prevent the natives from overwhelming us with their visits, and the chief, Mpesa, who was, however, quite a young man, sat in my tent nearly the whole time. Amongst other things, he begged for poison, to aid him in dealing with the Masai, who often came to him as uninvited and unwelcome guests. I got him off this topic pretty soon, however, by asking him to show me how to get fire by rubbing two sticks together. It was really wonderful, considering the moisture-laden atmosphere, with what rapidity he did as I requested. The materials employed were such as we saw wherever we went: two simple bits of wood, one flat, about six inches long and not quite one inch wide, with a row of grooves in one side; the other was about twelve inches long, and of the thickness and shape of a lead-pencil. The latter was fixed in one of the grooves of the former, held tightly between the palms of the hands, and whirled rapidly round and round. In a very few seconds the wood-dust produced by the friction, and which fell through the grooves, began to smoke; this dust was carefully nursed into a blaze, and then fed with fine grass and bits of cotton stuff. The whole thing is done so rapidly that our men, even the lazy Wasungu, always employ this method, on quite short halts, for lighting their pipes; and the caravans trading in this district never carry matches, but get fire with the help of a blank cartridge.

On March 19 we were off again, no longer skirting the mountain-base, but going through the wide valley between the Pare and Kwa Nduyu ranges. In an hour's time we passed Mpesa's dirty little village, then crossed a number of deep brooks, and at eleven o'clock in the morning stopped at a wayside pool to cook our food. These marches, broken by a mid-day halt for food, are known as *telekesa* marches, and are made when there is a long stretch of waterless district to be traversed. After a good rest, the caravan moves on late in

the afternoon, to camp again for the night without water, which is not found until the next day. On this occasion we pushed on until near sunset across a steppe with scarcely any trees, and there being nothing to cook, and no water to cook with, there was soon perfect silence round the fire.

On this march we met with specimens of the same peculiar and huge growth we had already noticed at Mafi, a kind of *Aristolochia*. From a rough, knotty stem, from 20 inches to 5 feet in diameter and from 12 to 20 inches high, spring a number of long, thin, almost leafless branches, which mostly



ARISTOLOCHIA SP.

attach themselves to some bush or tree hard by. The quaintly-formed root is almost entirely exposed to view above the soil, and is not unlike a carrot in consistency. It has a thin, greenish-brown epidermis, with a sort of silvery sheen about it. We did not find this strange plant farther inland than Kilimanjaro.

The weather looked very dull and threatening the next morning, and the rugged mountains near by were shrouded in thick mist. Our march led us across flat plains, and then beside the all but dried-up bed of a stream, till we came to the village of Muanamata, also called Mwemba. Very few natives came to our camp, and the chief did not appear till early the next morning. When he approached, with some ceremony, bringing with him two oxen and a goat as his present, we were already on the eve of departure, and the camp presented a very lively appearance. I was only able to give him a bale of goods in return. Muanamata, after whom the village is named, was a shrivelled old man, and even with Jumbe

Kimemeta's help I could not get much out of him, though I tried to ascertain whether the Wapare practised any religious ceremonies. The inquiry was quite incomprehensible to him, and as he seemed altogether indifferent to everything I said, I very soon broke up the shauri.

A tramp of five miles across a bush-clad steppe brought us to the swampy mouth of a brook flowing from a valley dividing the Pare Same, or north end of the Pare range, from the Pare Kisingo mountains. This was where we were to join forces again, but Count Teleki had not yet arrived. We pitched our tent close to the edge of a small reed-grown swamp, beneath the cool and pleasant shade of a mighty tree, but the noise of the concert the frogs gave us at night was positively deafening. The ground about our camp was riddled with countless holes, the footprints of elephants; and a little farther off were the traces of many burnt-out fires, scorched bushes, and so on. Here and there grass was sprouting up again, but the general appearance of the district was melancholy in the extreme.

Our days were fully occupied with making topographical observations and in unfruitful shooting expeditions until the late afternoon of March 23, when, to my delight, Count Teleki arrived. His men had not had a drop of water since the early morning, and many had dropped down exhausted by the way. Water was at once sent to them, and their loads were carried for them, a service of love which the Wangwana were eager to render.

As will be remembered, Count Teleki had been unable to leave Mabirioni before noon, so he only made a short march on the day we parted. The next morning his course was north-westerly, and he for the first time met some of the Masai, the dreaded inhabitants of these districts—four warriors, who hastened forward, eager to show the leader of the caravan a

good camping-place on the Ruvu near their own kraal. There was, for once, no talk of presents from the white man; on the contrary, Alkomai, the chief man of the place, brought two fine oxen as a gift from himself. Count Teleki, who did not happen to have with him any of the iron wire the Masai set so much store by, declined to accept the oxen, but in spite of all he could urge he was compelled to receive two goats. The next day the journey was resumed under the guidance of two Masai warriors. For two days the course was in a northerly direction from two and a half to three and three-quarter miles from the banks of the Pangani, which were here very swampy, across flat plains with a few isolated acacias, past the Lasiti range to Mount Sambo. On the second day the monotony was broken by herds of oxen and goats, whilst Masai men and women hastened to join the caravan, behaving in a most peaceable and friendly manner, and pointing out a good camping-place near a water-hole. Then a further march northwards, across districts encumbered with reeds, making walking very difficult till the swampy region was passed, when a detour westwards was made back to the river, on the banks of which the camp was pitched. On this march the caravan passed very near the Sambo mountain, which presented a very rugged, barren appearance, and, according to the natives, was only visited by the herds of cattle, &c., in the rainy season. The district in which the Count now found himself was called Angata Lesulenge, the first word meaning, in Masai, pasture or meadow lands. The river was here from 43 to 55 yards wide, and flowed at about the rate of two miles an hour. Countless crocodiles haunted the stream, and in a few minutes after his arrival at the camping-place Count Teleki had shot three, as well as a python some $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards long. The Count decided to rest here a day, and from far and near the people flocked in in such numbers that the caravan almost

disappeared amongst them, and the leader was not only stared at and touched by everyone—the girls especially being immensely struck with his shoes, which they took for hoofs—but he was expected to work miracles as a doctor by healing all the natives sick with fever, and hundreds of oxen smitten with anthrax. He found alum, of which he had a large quantity with him, very useful; he also recommended better grass for the cattle, and discovered that strips of paper and old discharged and discoloured rockets made first-rate charms.

The next march, which only took two hours, brought the party to Upuni, a well-known halting-place for trading caravans, already visited in 1883 by Dr. G. Fischer; but beyond this point the course of the Pangani was quite unexplored. There were plenty of big game in the neighbourhood, and Count Teleki shot one zebra, one water-buck, and three Mpala antelopes.

Accompanied by many Masai warriors, Count Teleki now made a forced march to Same, our appointed rendezvous, across dreary sandstone districts with here and there some fairly luxuriant vegetation, but entirely without water—a terribly severe strain upon the as yet untrained men, who vainly sought for the precious fluid in the dried-up holes, many of them, as we have seen, succumbing altogether.

The mountains near Same were uninhabited, so that the men had to get their food from Muanamata, which delayed us two days more. We employed the time in shooting expeditions, with very small results, for I only brought down an eland or two; but our hunting led to a very unexpected result. I had killed one old male and sorely wounded another, which, however, went off with the rest of the herd. I followed the animal a long way, but at last had to give him up, as he was taking me too far from the camp. On my way back I

was slinking over a sterile sun-baked bit of ground, bordered by a low thicket, into which I peered as I went, thinking that perchance I might find my wounded game, when I suddenly heard a horrible snort close to me on the left, whilst at the same moment past rushed a huge brownish black rhinoceros, nearly frightening me out of my wits. This apparition so startled me that I did not at first remember the gun in my hand; but I soon sent two shots after the fugitive, apparently without result. The spell was broken now, however, and I quickly followed the animal, which I could easily trace by the deep footprints he had left. But these prints led into just such a thicket as the one from which I had roused my game, and I had not forgotten certain previous episodes of a similar kind. Remembering also that I had so far had no experience in dealing with rhinoceroses, I decided that it would be best after all to make for the camp, which I accordingly did.

On March 26 we were at last able to be off again, our route being first eastwards, crossing a low saddle connecting the main Pare chain with the Pare Kisingo mountains, then northwards along the base of the latter. We camped for the night in one of the eastern valleys of the Kisingo heights, the last stage of the march having been made through a down-pour of rain which soaked us to the skin, and converted the plain we were crossing into a lake with water an inch deep.

The next morning we did not start till half-past nine, as we were obliged to let the people cook their food first. We should reach no water till the day after, the nearest being Lake Jipe, too far away for one march. We started in high spirits, as we expected to have our first view on this march of the snow-clad peaks of Kilimanjaro, the view of which was at first shut out by the heights filling in the valley between the Kisingo and Kwa Mdimu mountains. When these were left behind there was nothing to impede our vision. The



THE REARGUARD OF THE CARAVAN.



whole extent of the valley was now spread out before us; on the west rose rugged mountains, gradually increasing in height, for the Kisingo range is succeeded by that of Ugweni. And near the base of the latter, in the wide plain stretching away to the east, we could see Lake Jipe, which looked like a narrow gleaming streak of light, far above which lowered a dark unchanging shadow, encircled by greyish-white clouds. This was Kimawenzi, with its rugged buttresses and pinnacles, the lower of the two peaks of Kilimanjaro; but unfortunately the ice-crowned peak of Kibo, which rises considerably higher than Kimawenzi, was hidden now.

We started along the valley at the base of the Kwa Mdimu mountains, camping at about four o'clock in the afternoon near a dried-up rainwater pool.

On this day's march Count Teleki had started earlier than the caravan, so as to do some hunting. Besides a successful double shot at two Mpala antelopes, he had an interesting adventure with a leopard. He had seen one in the high grass, but it disappeared too quickly for him to fire at it. At the same moment he heard a growling near by, and saw some animal approaching him through the long grass. Thinking it was a wild boar, or something of that kind, he changed his rifle for a gun and fired, little dreaming of what he had done. There was a rolling over and over in the grass, and then he saw the paws of a great leopard. Quickly the rifle was seized again; but the danger was past, the animal was quite dead.

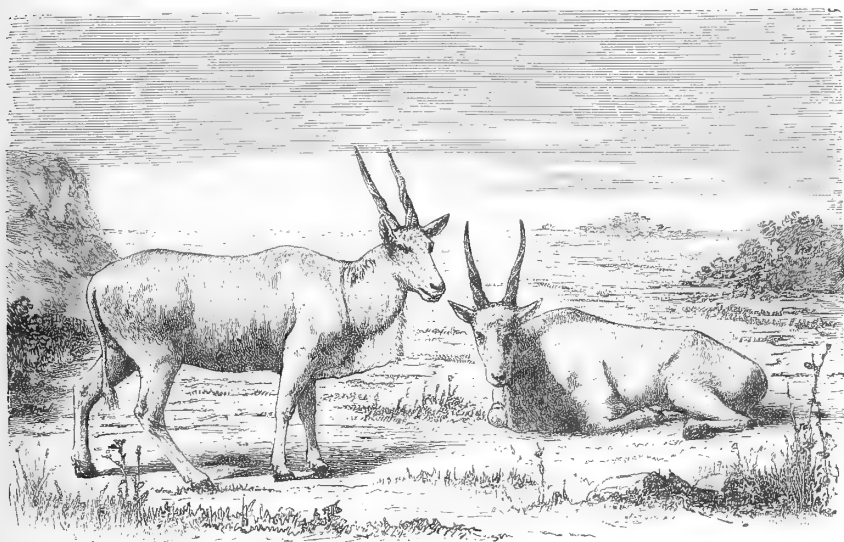
Late in the afternoon Kibo also became visible, and the beautifully serrated line of the saddle connecting the two peaks of Kilimanjaro was also fully revealed. The setting sun touched them for a time with glory; then a thick mantle of white cloud shrouded the rugged form of Kimawenzi, leaving only the snow-clad dome of Kibo rising up in solitary

night, like some incorporeal vision, far above all things earthy and material.

As we approached Lake Jipe it disappeared from view, and even when we were marching along its eastern banks the next day, and could feel its presence, we were unable to see it, on account of the dense and high growth of reeds between it and us. The oppressive heat in which we had marched across the sterile steppes made us look with longing eyes at a wood of fresh green acacias near the lake, and in another hour we were camped in their shade, able to feast our eyes on Lake Jipe; but, alas! its water turned out to be turbid, tasting of mud, and what we got from the middle of the lake, where there were no rushes, with the aid of our boat, was not fit to make tea, even when filtered and boiled. A march of three hours next day along the banks of the lake brought us to the northern end. We had not been able to see the water, for the same reason as on the previous day, so that we were the more surprised at the lovely view from a little hill near by, overlooking the whole extent of the quiet lake, with the dense, impenetrable-looking forests on the north, from which, however, the rising smoke here and there bore witness to the presence of inhabitants.

Charming indeed was the appearance of the lake, with the acacia-woods lining its shores and the rugged heights of the Ugweni mountains forming a background; but very dreary was the view on the east of the monotonous bush-clad steppes stretching away to the coast, a waterless, and therefore uninhabited, wilderness. The immediate neighbourhood of Lake Jipe is, however, haunted by lions and leopards, giraffes, hyenas, ostriches, and other wild creatures, who come down to the water to drink, so that it is a very paradise for the hunter. The lake itself abounds in crocodiles and hippopotami, as well as in catfish and perch.

But a few hours' march now separated us from the first goal of our journey, the forest-girt Taveta. Often the very sound of the name had acted like a magic spell upon our men, filling them, weary and worn as they were, with fresh hope, fresh energy. What wonder, then, that now we were so near it we were all, Count Teleki and I included, intoxicated with delightful anticipation! How much we might hope for in the beautiful quiet forest, into the depths of which we tried in vain



ELANDS.

to peer from the hill near the lake! What peace, what rest in the cool shade of this African paradise, beside murmuring streams, after our long tramp across the arid steppes! Till quite late at night the men were carousing in honour of our near approach to the much-longed-for goal, and when the morning dawned there was a joyful stir in the camp such as we had never seen before. Many had put on their best clothes in honour of the occasion, others had washed their shirts the day before. The guns were loaded to bursting with powder,

ready for firing in an imposing manner the customary salute on entering Taveta. Everyone worked hard and eagerly in the preparations for the start, and the caravan got under way amidst loud shouts of rejoicing. As we neared the town the vegetation became greener and more luxuriant, the trees grew higher and closer together, the undergrowth denser, the parasites more numerous, until at last we were altogether immersed in the dark, humid shades of the forest. The trees rose many feet above our heads, casting their long dark shadows across the path. Rank undergrowth, thorny bushes, and creepers filled up the spaces between their trunks. Many a stem lay right across the track, which wound in and out and backwards and forwards. We had to stoop and twist, to creep and crawl in single file, to avoid the many impediments in the way. There were long and continual delays, our men were getting exhausted and out of heart, when suddenly there was a shout of joy at the sound of distant firing—the signal that the head of the caravan had reached the actual entrance to Taveta, a wooden door made of tree-trunks closing the pathway to the settlement. And now, like rolling thunder, the sound of the firing of guns echoed on every side, whilst the smoke rose up in clouds from the woods, startling hundreds of birds and terrifying the apes, which had been peering at us at close quarters as we made our painful way along, but now scuttled off to the topmost branches of the trees as fast as they could.

The people of another caravan camped in the wood were roused from their happy *dolce far niente* by the noise, and they too wasted a vast amount of powder in giving us a return salute. So there was cracking to the right, cracking to the left, cracking above us, the really peaceful greetings sounding like the roar of a battle. When we had made our way on all-fours through the narrow entrance, we found ourselves in somewhat freer quarters: we could see better, and the path

led between hedges of banana-palms and across numerous little rivulets. Idle natives stood about here and there, and gazed at us in friendly fashion, whilst the women at work in the little wood-encircled fields paused, as the Wangwana hurried on, their smoking weapons in their hands, to shout a greeting to us as if we were old friends, crying: '*Yambo, Yambo, sana! Sabalcheir! Uhali ghani? Habari ghani?*' and so on, which meant, 'Good day! God bless you! How are you? What's the news?' On we pressed, however, till we came to a good-sized clearing, overgrown with weeds, and found ourselves in the very heart of the paradise called Taveta.

CHAPTER III

STAY IN TAVETA AND TRIPS TO MOUNTS KILIMANJARO AND MERU

April 30 to July 15, 1887

Taveta an El Dorado—Meeting with the English hunting party—Hut-building and life in camp—Our ape Hamis—The Wataveta—Qualla Idris—The wild animals of the forest—Two caravans return to the coast—We start for Mount Meru—Rhinoceros hunt—Three days on Kilimanjaro—Along the base of Kilimanjaro to Mount Meru—Further hunting adventures—Meeting with Masai—By the Engilata—Weather conditions and state of the road in the rainy season—Buffalo hunt—First acquaintance with the Wameru—We make peace—Life among the Wameru—Lake Balbal—Sultan Matunda—On the Dariama—Across the Ronga to Little Arusha—Kahe—Back again at Taveta—Overhauling of our stores—A hunting expedition—Start for the ascent of Kilimanjaro—A night with the thermometer at -11° Centigrade—Attempt to ascend Kibo—Return to Taveta—The start for Masailand.

It is but a short time since the grandparents of the present inhabitants of Taveta, driven from their previous homes by their powerful neighbours, took refuge in the shady woods by the Lumi. The absolute quiet reigning in the depths of the forest, the clear waters of the stream, the fruitful soil, which repaid a hundredfold the tillage bestowed on it—in a word, everything combined to tempt them to found a new settlement here, and so with eager haste they quickly made a clearing with axe and fire, sowed their crops, and settled down.

Here, cut off from all the world, the woodlanders led their simple, peaceful life till they were one day discovered by some traders from the coast. Henceforth they were constantly visited by caravans, and Taveta, with its shady banana-hedges,

became a favourite halting-place. The natives welcomed the traders, as they felt safer whilst they were with them; and they gladly exchanged for stuffs, beads, weapons, and ammunition the superfluous produce of their fields, and the new settlement rapidly increased in prosperity, till it became what it now is—a beautiful, thriving, Arcadian colony, eagerly looked forward to alike by outgoing and home-returning caravans, for it is the last link with civilisation to the former and the first halting-place in the final stage of the wanderings of the latter.

The forest, which is in case of need so great a protection to the people of Taveta, is carefully preserved by them. They have plenty of weapons, and they are really pretty safe from attack, as it is well known that there are generally people from the coast with them. The clearings are picturesquely situated in the depths of the wood, so that they are surrounded on every side by impenetrable vegetation. Only three narrow, tortuously-winding paths lead through the forest, and even these are carefully patrolled by wood-beaters and closed to passengers at night. The huts of the natives are hidden amongst the shady trees like the nests of birds; one has to hunt for them, as well as for the equally well-concealed plantations of maize, yams, and sugar-cane. The banana-palms, however, the fruit of which is the staple food at Taveta, cover vast tracts of ground, forming thick, shady groves, the protection afforded by the background of trees preserving the huge leaves intact; whilst a perfect network of rivulets intersect the whole settlement in picturesque fashion.

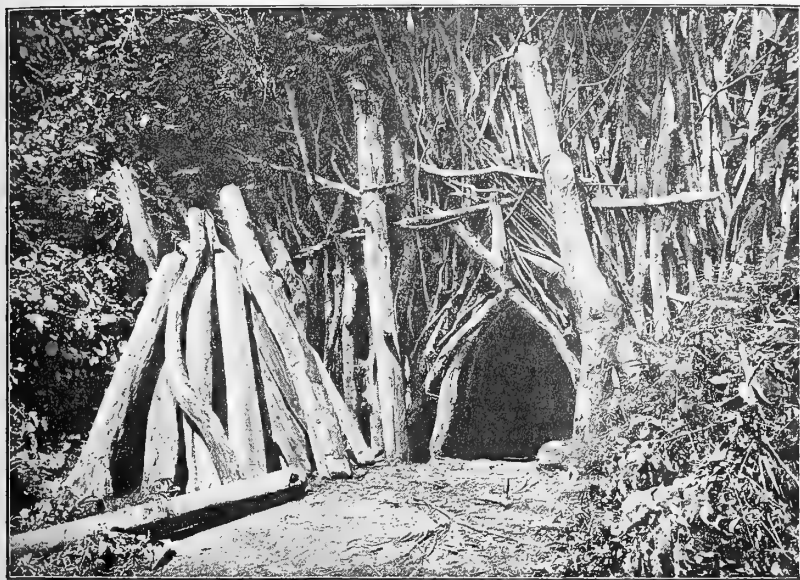
The clearing on which we were to camp, and to which we were guided by natives, was less than a hundred paces from the left bank of the Lumi. It was bounded on three sides by the forest, and on the fourth side by a banana-hedge. A few monarchs of the wood, with their mighty crowns of leaves, had been left standing; beneath the grateful shade of one of them our daily

market was generally held, and it became to us what the spreading chestnut-tree was to the Village Blacksmith.

Our men, who were almost out of their minds with delight, now became nearly unmanageable, as they rushed about surrounded by countless natives. The firing and shouting never ceased, and it was no easy matter to keep order, so we handed the control of the caravan over to Qualla for the day, and went ourselves to visit Messrs. Harvey, Willoughby and Hunter, the English hunters already mentioned in our first chapter, who were camped but a few minutes' walk from us by the side of the Lumi. We were most heartily welcomed by these gentlemen, whose acquaintance we had already made in Zanzibar, and soon after we had exchanged the latest news with them we sat down to a sumptuous repast, including fish from the Lumi, buffaloes' tongues, antelope steaks, and a guinea-fowl ragoût, actually succeeded by a regular English plum-pudding. The best part of the meal, however, was, without doubt, the lively talk we all kept up, our hosts entertaining us with anecdotes of their hunting adventures with the terrible big game of Africa, which seemed the more thrilling when listened to with an accompaniment of the clinking of champagne-glasses. We did not retire to our own camp to rest till long past midnight.

As we intended to stop for a long time in Taveta, our first care was to get our camp into order, and the next day our clearing was as busy as any European building-yard. Some of the men were cutting away the weeds overgrowing the ground, others were dragging along the tree-trunks and palm-leaf ribs with which the huts were to be built; whilst our architects, Manwa Sera and Maktubu, with an air of great importance, marked out the sites of the huts. The work went on, with a short break at mid-day, from early morning to sunset, and with but little effort on our part we were in a very

few days the owners of a complete village. Near our own tent, which was pitched beneath a shady tree, as far as possible from the thatched huts of the men, was Qualla's residence, containing our stores of ammunition; and near to it again, but standing alone, was a big wooden hut, thatched with reeds, containing the greater portion of our other goods. This was protected by an encircling hedge, as in case of fire in the camp



ONE OF THE ENTRANCES TO TAVETA.

there would be a danger of our losing everything, or at least of having everything damaged. Opposite to this hut were the stables for the donkeys and goats, a big workshop, and the kitchen; whilst the tents of the men were arranged in circles round this central nucleus, the paths between our quarters and theirs being usually pretty full of natives. The first of them generally appeared quite early in the morning, bringing fish for sale—plump fellows caught in baskets in the Lumi,

during the night. As the sun rose higher the number of our visitors increased, till every shady corner was crowded with a chattering mob. The open space between our tent and the warehouse was particularly popular, and was always full of women and children offering their wares for sale, who were none of them in any hurry to go, the pretty ones especially not dreaming of returning home till sunset. And another eager group was generally gathered beneath the spreading shade of our village-tree. Every day great bunches of bananas of different kinds were brought to us, some ripe and golden, others still green. The latter were skinned, cut in slices, and fried. There was plenty of pombe, or banana wine, too, in anything but appetising-looking earthenware vessels. Our Zanzibaris, however, tossed off the contents, taking a pull, first from one and then from another jar, with the air of experienced connoisseurs, till the women selling the wine became impatient and gave vent to shrill cries of protest. Amongst other things offered for sale were flat straw spoons filled with a finely ground white flour made of maize, or a kind of red-coloured meal of bananas and dhurra mixed together; skinned and dried manioc, yams, potatoes, tomatoes, *colocosia*, tobacco, dhurra, maize; a kind of eleusine still in the husk, packed in cylindrical-shaped wooden vessels with leather covers; and quantities of long stems of sugar-cane, which were set up against the trunks of the trees until they found a purchaser. Honey, too, was brought into camp almost every day, and now and then a little fellow would appear with a hen tucked under his arm.

Our men received every six days about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of stuff or thirty strings of beads, and were very happy and contented in being able to pick and choose for themselves amongst all these wares. The market was open all day long, and everything went on fairly quietly until the afternoon, when the arrival of

a few aboriginal Wakwafi women and children with fish, &c., from Lake Jipe would cause considerable excitement; everyone rushed to secure his own *kitoweo*.¹

When the day was nearing its close our men would invite their young lady visitors to have a dance, a proposal they readily agreed to, and the couples would form in two long rows, the gentlemen opposite the ladies, and foot it nimbly to the measure of some Masai song without words.

A few days after our arrival the English huntsmen started in different directions to continue their sport. As they meant to be absent a short time only, and we expected to see them back soon, we bade them a very light-hearted farewell; but, alas! we never came across each other again. The chief result of their departure was that the curiosity of the people of Taveta was now concentrated on our camp alone. This was by no means an unmixed advantage, as our tent was the chief object of attraction, and we were literally besieged all day long. The good fellows did not like our wanting to get rid of them at all.

It will be remembered that Count Teleki had already several times played the part of a medicine-man or conjurer, and at Taveta he gladly exercised his craft, for the natives were very attentive to his instructions and grateful for his help. When we really were too tired to answer any more questions our visitors would turn to our pet ape, Hamis, whom I quite forgot to mention before, but who had now become very dear to us, and was generally disporting himself outside our tent. Hamis, as we had dubbed him, shared all our wanderings, and even went home with us to Vienna. He was terribly impudent, and made no secret of his contempt for all black people. He recognised so well the distinctions of rank that he owned no one as his master but Count Teleki, and if no other victim was handy, he

¹ 'Kitoweo' means a tit-bit of anything, such as meal, fish, rice, panada, &c.

would grin, show his teeth, and scowl at me. If I made him understand that I would not put up with this, he would revenge himself by flying at the first coloured man who passed, pinching him and pulling his hair. Hamis often made us angry ; but he was so very amusing that, whatever his misdeeds, we always ended by forgiving him.

Never did our little pet have a jollier time than in Taveta. The women and children, whom he never bit, plied him perpetually with bananas and sugar-cane, whilst the boys gave him locusts and beetles ; and with it all Hamis maintained an air of condescending grandeur which was irresistibly comic.

We got to know the people of Taveta very well in our long, almost uninterrupted intercourse with them. The first impression they always make is, that they are extremely primitive in their ideas and ways, which seems the more surprising considering how many visitors they have from the coast ; but nearer acquaintance proves that, like all the other tribes living near the Masai, they really, in many respects, more or less closely resemble that well-known type.

This is the less surprising as some fifty years ago the Tavetaners were joined by a considerable number of Wakwafi, originally a branch of the great Masai family, who, after being decimated by a long and bloody civil war, had dispersed in every direction. Deprived of nearly all their cattle, they had been obliged to give up their pastoral life, and were now scattered about all round Masailand as tillers of the soil, many of them having settled down in the woods between Taveta and Lake Jipe.

The Masai style of costume is, however, servilely copied only by young people of both sexes. The young men, as a rule, wear one garment only, a short mantle made of hairy goatskin or of some brownish red cotton stuff, which covers the left side of the body, and is fastened on the right shoulder.

Now and then, however, a kind of leather apron to sit upon is also worn hanging down the back. The hair is generally twisted into a number of thin spiral locks, which fall low on the forehead, sometimes down to the eyes. At the back the hair is lengthened with plaited bast, which hangs down like a short pigtail. The lobes of the ears are artificially widened, and decked with heavy ornaments of different forms, made of



WATAVETA.

iron or brass wire, beads, or iron chains. A few ornaments round the wrist, bracelets and anklets, mostly made of twisted wire, or strips of leather sewn with beads, complete the costume. On the right side they wear the *simé*, a short straight sword with a broad, gradually-widening blade, and on the other a finely decorated wooden club. If we compare this with the description of the costume of a Masai warrior given farther on, we shall see that a young spark of Taveta is as like to him as

two peas, especially when, prepared for the dance, he is smeared with red grease, and carries his shield and spear instead of his gun.

The girls wear a petticoat of tanned and dressed goatskin, which sometimes hangs down below the thighs. The upper portion is often quite prettily trimmed with beads. These Taveta maidens are particularly fond of neck ornaments, and sometimes wear necklaces made of more than a hundred strings of beads twisted together. In the widened lobes of the ears they insert a piece of fresh banana-leaf rolled up like a quill, or a round bit of wood; and, of course, the usual bracelets and anklets of brass and iron wire are not wanting. Like the men, the young women smear the nude portions of their bodies with a preparation of red earth and fat, presenting in our eyes a most terrible appearance; but in that of their fellow Wataveta a thick layer of grease gives a delicate finish to the get-up.

The older women wear, in addition to the petticoat, a second garment, partly covering the upper portion of the body; and some few ancient dames have lately adopted the cotton drapery, wrapped tightly about the bust in the style of the bibis of Zanzibar. One much-admired ear ornament worn by married people of both sexes consists of thick brass wire wound round in spiral fashion till it forms a circle about four inches in diameter. These coils being too heavy for the lobe of the ear, from which they hang, are connected by a band, which rests upon the neck and keeps them in position.

It is difficult to estimate the number of the inhabitants of Taveta, for they are very much scattered in the forest; but they must exceed 1,500. As we noted when the compulsory *longos*, or presents, were given at the beginning of our stay amongst them, the Wataveta are a patriarchal community, in

which the eldest and most respected men are consulted and deferred to on every occasion.

Our by no means insignificant hongo, which consisted of two loads of cotton goods and beads, was divided amongst these elders, but about a hundred of the younger men, who were present at the distribution, also received their share.

The language of the Wataveta scarcely differs from that of the Wapare and Wagweno, and proves them to belong to the Bantu stock. In spite of constant intercourse with the Wakwafi, who use the Masai idiom, the people of Taveta rarely understand their language, though many are acquainted with the Kiswahili, or Zanzibar dialect.

Circumcision is universally practised amongst the Wataveta, in the same manner and with the same attendant ceremonies as amongst the Masai. Boys generally retire after undergoing it to the forest for a time, whilst girls, on whom a somewhat similar operation is inflicted, remain secluded for a month in their huts. If a stranger approaches, they are expected to hide their faces. The mothers of the girls meanwhile can easily be identified, as they go about with their faces smeared with alternate streaks of red and white colour.

With regard to the morality of the fair sex in Tavéta, I am scarcely in a position to pronounce an opinion one way or the other, but in the interests of the truth I must relate an incident which occurred during the first week of our stay.

One day we were surprised to find that all the natives kept away from us; not a man, not a woman, not even a child, was to be seen in our quarters, but each entrance to the camp was guarded by several youths, who would allow no one to pass in, and were specially eager in turning back those bringing food for sale. What had happened? Just this. The young married men of Taveta were enraged against our followers because of certain liberties taken with their women. We

were, in consequence, to be boycotted, starved out, which is the usual revenge taken amongst all negroes when they are annoyed. We rejoiced in the one day's quiet, and were not sorry that our men, who were getting spoiled with good living again, should have short commons for a bit ; but for all that we set to work the same evening to try and set matters right again. The ten elders of Taveta were invited to our camp, and after making them a little present, we assured them that if they on their part would look better after their wives and daughters, we on ours would take care they had no further cause for complaint. Peace was restored, and the next morning we had more visitors than ever.

Soon after our arrival at Taveta we had taken the guns and ammunition away from the men. We were no longer in such dread of desertion, so one fine day we decided to relieve our captives of their chains. When the time for taking their fetters off arrived, all the gangs of four were assembled in front of Count Teleki's tent. Chisels, files, hammers, and pincers were brought ; but before they could be used one Jibu wadi Kombo, who was much beloved in camp for his oratorical powers, suddenly cried, ' But why all this fuss, Bwana ? The chains would not have kept me from running away from you again if I had wanted to.' With that he bit through a scrap of thin thread, and sprang up, full of joy at being completely free once more. His fetters had long since been broken !

We were now fairly settled in camp, and there was not so much for the men to do in one way ; but we had now to see to all the equipments of the caravan for the further journey, and everything had to be overhauled and repacked. The beads, for instance, which so far had been carried loosely in sacks, and were most of them very badly strung on rotten thread, had to be re-threaded in lengths of some twenty-one or twenty-two inches, and with the quantities we had with us this would take

weeks, even when hundreds of hands were busy with them. Moreover, we had to stitch away at *naiberes* and *schukas*—that is to say, at mantles for the Masai, traders from the coast having accustomed them to receive stuffs, especially white cotton stuffs, in one form only; so we had to meet the necessities of the case by transforming some of our wares into the required shape. Naiberes, or war mantles, consist of about two yards of *ulayti mfupi*, which is a common and narrow sort of merikani brightened up with a strip of calico, generally red, some six or eight inches wide, sewn down the middle, whilst the edges are frayed out for some four or four and a half inches, the fringe thus formed being headed with a very narrow strip of some reddish-purple stuff. For old married Masai about two yards and an eighth of somewhat wider *ulayti* were also cut off and treated in the same way, but without the broad stripe in the middle, and thus prepared they became *schukas*. Jumbe Kime-meta advised us to make 1,200 such naiberes and *schukas*, and for the work we set up a big shelter, in which some eighty to a hundred of our men were always busy. To check thefts the beads were weighed before and after stringing, showing the very first day a slight deficiency. The culprits were for the first offence only debited with the amount stolen against next pay-day, but they were told that another time the stick would be brought to bear upon them, and there was no repetition of the offence. It was such an expensive business to do all this work on the route that we felt it would have been much better to have had it done at Zanzibar before starting.

Qualla Idris, the invaluable chief of our Somal guard, considered himself responsible for the conduct of the whole caravan, so we did not trouble ourselves very much about details. Every day we learnt to value Qualla more; he was such a sympathetic fellow, so thoroughly to be relied upon, and although he did not look particularly strong, he had wonderful

pluck and powers of endurance. He had a clear dark skin, almost black in parts; his eyes were jet black, and though their usual expression was earnest and penetrating, they often sparkled with merriment. He had finely cut nostrils, and from between his lips, which were generally apart, gleamed two rows of regular ivory-like teeth.

Qualla was exceptionally intelligent, and very quick to learn. He could soon distinguish all the different bottles in our well-stocked medicine-chest, and had the contents of the various bales at his fingers' ends. And as he had a good deal of vanity, he was generally very well dressed. He was the most zealous Mahomedan in the caravan, and never once neglected the prescribed purifications and prayers. His influence over the natives and our men, not excluding Jumbe Kimemeta himself, was great and salutary, indeed almost magical, and we never once had cause to regret the confidence we reposed in him.

Only one or two of the other Somal shared any of Qualla's good qualities, but they were all younger, and had not, of course, had his experience. They were, however, all alike remarkable for unusual decision of character, for their *esprit de corps*, and their proud, reserved bearing towards the rest of the caravan; on this account, and also because to them was entrusted the infliction of the flogging which was often absolutely necessary, they were almost as much feared and loved—which amongst negroes is the same thing—as ourselves.

But although Qualla relieved us of a great deal of work and responsibility, there remained plenty for us to do. To begin with, the condition and rate of the chronometer had to be determined afresh, as the original data had been lost. It then became apparent that the soil of Taveta was remarkably easily thrown into a state of oscillation, so that even at a distance of

several hundred paces from the camp it was quite impossible to make observations with the artificial horizon. To accomplish this we had to betake ourselves to a somewhat distant clearing, and, by placing guards all round, to prevent even single natives from passing.

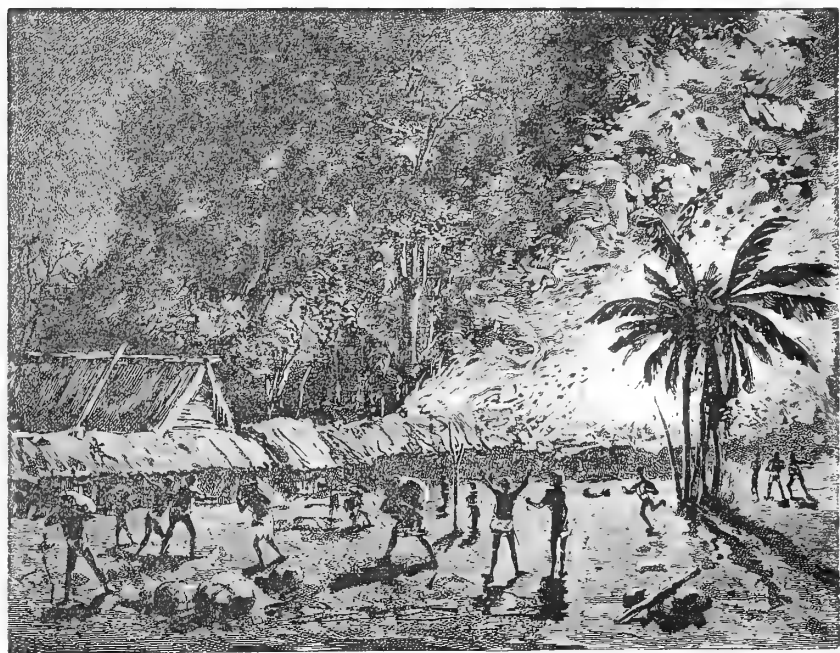
Many hours a day were occupied in making and arranging collections. As the rainy season was approaching, insects and butterflies were especially numerous; so were sauria, including big lizards and several kinds of chameleons. Specimens of one shining brownish-black variety, about the size of an earthworm or blindworm, were caught in camp almost every day.

The forest round about Taveta is a perfect mine of wealth to the ornithologist, but it is extremely difficult to get at the birds, as they avoid the close-growing lower branches of the trees, which impede their flight, building their nests on the very highest accessible point, beyond the range of grape-shot. And if by chance one is fortunate enough to bring down a bird, one may be pretty sure that it will remain hanging on some branch, or fall to the ground where it cannot possibly be got at.

We had to take photographs, too, and that under many difficulties, for the appearance of the apparatus in the distance was always the immediate signal for the dispersion of the natives, however many happened to be gathered together at the time. The only thing to be done was to set up the camera in some much-frequented spot, and then to wait patiently. For a long time after this place would be shunned by everyone, but by degrees the dreaded object was forgotten, and it became possible now and then to take off a group unawares. Meanwhile, however, the apparatus often got shifted, or the plates had become injured by too long an exposure to the heat of the sun, so that many of them were quite useless.

The monotony of our life in camp was also relieved by various incidents, such as the arrival of a messenger from Miriali,

a Kilimanjaro chief, bringing an ox and a goat as presents ; an occasional afternoon hunting expedition, generally in the direction of Lake Jipe ; the arrival of thirty Wangwana from Little Arusha, on a visit to Jumbe Kimemeta, whom we, however, had the honour of entertaining ; and, most thrilling of all, a big fire in the camp, which, thanks to the way the wind was blow-



THE CAMP ON FIRE.

ing at the time, we were able to get under before much mischief was done.

Lastly, we had to despatch caravans in different directions to collect our scattered goods. One hundred men must go to Pangani, and another hundred to Mombasa. There were plenty of volunteers for this service, for everyone was eager to go back to the coast ; some had purchases to make or business to attend to in Pangani, others in Mombasa. We

listened to all that was put before us, and decided to send those who wanted to go to Pangani to Mombasa, and *vice versâ*. Great was the astonishment and dismay amongst the men when their several destinations became known, and although we had carefully weeded out all whom we thought likely to run away, we could not hope that every one would return to us.

We decided to leave Taveta for a month, with the rest of the men in good health, to pay a visit to Miriali and have a look at Mount Meru. We had several other ends in view besides exploration. It was necessary that we should make friends with Miriali, as we should have to start from his territory for our proposed ascent of Kibo; and we were also anxious to get him to take charge of our donkeys and cattle, the Taveta forest being most unsuitable and unhealthy for them. Our visit to Mount Meru would also afford us an excellent opportunity for buying pack-animals of the Wakwafi, who are settled at its base in Arusha-Wa-Ju, or Great Arusha.

The caravan with which we left Taveta on April 12 consisted of sixty-six porters and servants, whilst to guard our camp and goods there remained behind only Qualla and a dozen sick men. Jumbe Kimemeta, who, though very ill, would not hear of being left behind, was carried with us in a hammock.

Our trip had been so hastily decided on that there was a great deal left to do at the last minute, and the last of us did not leave the camp till ten o'clock in the morning for the rendezvous on the skirts of the wood. Our men had gone off one by one as they were ready, and as none of them knew their way through the wood, they most of them went astray. Some one thousand and ninety-four yards only in a straight line from the camp had to be crossed to reach the edge of the wood, but it was four o'clock in the afternoon before we were all together again.

Weary of the long delay, we started again immediately, and proceeded in a north-westerly direction, up an almost imperceptibly ascending plain, towards the northern side of Kilimanjaro. Groups of acacias or isolated trees of a soft green colour dotted the steppe, whilst here and there rose a knotty greyish-yellow ebony-tree. There were no palms, but the general appearance of this natural park was extremely pleasing, especially as it was tenanted by a great variety of game.

Timid ostriches fled with great strides across the plain at our approach, their quills erect to accelerate their speed, whilst gazelles and larger antelopes jostled each other as they gathered about us in quite a confiding manner, so that we might easily have shot them as we went along. And it was difficult to resist such a temptation; so, although as a rule we refrained from mixing up hunting with marching, I let the men go on, and lingered in the rear behind the herd of antelopes, for I felt I must secure one or two animals. But, strange to relate, directly I left the track the confidence of the wild creatures was destroyed. They were quick to gain wisdom by experience, and in spite of all my caution they sped away and were soon out of the range of my weapon. It was impossible for me to reach any cover from which to take aim without the alarm being given by one or another animal, and before long nearly the entire herd of antelopes had disappeared. They were succeeded, however, by a number of fine zebras, who approached slowly, grazing as they came. Up went my rifle again, but only with the same disappointing result; the zebras, too, disappeared in a cloud of dust. One very inquisitive hartebeest had, however, lingered behind his comrades, so there was still a hope of some venison. And with all the patience and caution known to none but a hunter once disappointed of his prey, I crept on all-fours through the long grass to the friendly shelter of an acacia, feeling this

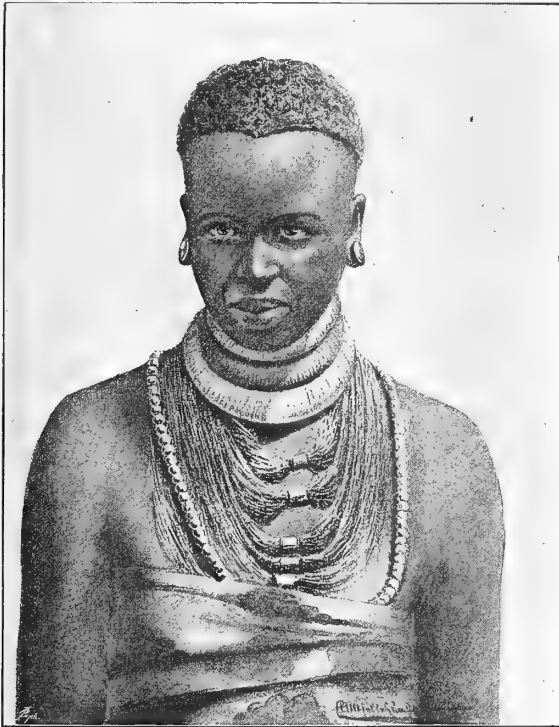
time quite sure of my victim ; but at the critical moment up flew a lot of small birds, screeching loudly. Of course I sprang forward to send a flying shot after the retreating antelope ; but now I made a very unexpected discovery, for I all but fell over the body of a great rhinoceros, which was taking a nap in the long grass under the acacia. A whispered '*Faru!*' (rhinoceros) revealed the position to my black companion, Muallim Harun, and then, following his example, I slunk like a snake along the ground and made for the shelter of another tree. Arrived there we felt safe, but the long grass prevented us from seeing more than one ear and the tip of the nose of the rhinoceros. To make him get up we now both shouted at the top of our voices, 'Holla ! Holla !' but the sound died away on the plain without result. The rhinoceros wanted more than the noise we could make to rouse him from his slumbers, and I was just about to fire at him when a dozen zebras suddenly appeared, crossing the plain in single file. As a matter of course, I now pointed my weapon at them, and hoped, so to speak, to be lucky enough to kill two birds with one stone, and it fell out just as I wished. Crack went the shot, there was a cloud of dust ; but this time one of the beautiful creatures lay on the ground, whilst the rhinoceros started up and revealed the whole of his huge bulk. As if annoyed at being disturbed, he tossed up his head, sniffed the air, and stared in our direction, but without shifting his position. Of course there was no chance of shooting him thus ; but the sight was so new to me that I should have gazed at him for some time longer if a sharp shower of rain had not come to our assistance. The rhinoceros lost scent of us, moved away, and thus exposed his whole flank to us. I was not very well up in the subject of rhinoceros shooting ; but I thought a good volley would not be amiss with such very big game, so I got my 500 Express rifle into position, and taking careful aim I fired. The rhinoceros shuddered, but

remained standing as if rooted to the spot; it needed a second shot to bring him to his knees, and we presently found him dead where he had been sleeping. Meanwhile the caravan had long been out of sight, so we had to leave our victims on the ground and hasten forward.

It was quite dark when we reached the camp, which, on account of a storm of rain, Count Teleki had pitched earlier than he had intended on the north side of the hill. The next day Jumbe Kimemeta took the men a couple of hours' farther march to the Sagana stream, whilst we remained behind to hunt; but we had no luck, and got back to camp late in the afternoon dead tired, and with absolutely empty hands.

From Sagana the route led straight to the mountain, and the dry yellow steppe grass and thorny acacias were exchanged for a varied flora reminding us of that of Europe. Soon after we had crossed the Huna stream, which flowed rapidly along in a deep bed, we came upon the first natives. Under their guidance we went on, under the shade of thickly growing hedges, flanked by banana-trees, till we came to Miriali's home. The crowds of natives who had watched our approach parted to make room for us, and then Sultan Miriali, chief of the little State of Marangu, wearing a bright-red flowing toga, appeared, and, offering us his right hand to shake, bid us welcome with the words, 'Yambo, Bwana.' In fluent Kiswahili, but with some little hesitation, he next inquired if he should show us where to camp, and led the way, followed by the whole community. We halted in a meadow with soft greensward, watered by a little gurgling brook about one foot wide, and surrounded by banana-trees. Miriali saw how delighted we were with this charming camping-ground, and, with almost Spanish politeness, he placed it at Count Teleki's disposal. He struck us as being a young man of a highly nervous temperament, and he now left us; but not so his followers, and we were soon surrounded by crowds

of natives. Very soon, too, we were honoured by a visit from the barefooted mother of the ruler of the land. In default of the purple she was distinguished from other old women by an extra number of strings of bead and copper chains. This, then, was the worthy matron whose piercing glance had nearly blinded Johnston! Although remembering that scene, we were



A KILIMANJARO BEAUTY.

very glad to welcome our visitor. Our politeness was not very long proof against her perpetual begging for *kilengele* (beads), and when breakfast-time came she was dismissed by our Somal with a short '*Tonga mbuya!*' ('Off with you now, friend!') like any other mortal, and bowed out of our tent.

Miriali came again in the afternoon, and we offered him

coffee and cigarettes. He tried both, and seemed to begin to feel more at ease. He was, of course, accompanied by his very numerous court, and his people squatted round us, taking the greatest interest in our interview. Miriali, who was only about twenty-four or twenty-five years old then, though he said he was a hundred, was a very intelligent-looking young fellow, with very little of the negro in his mobile features. According to the custom of the country, he wore in the pierced lobe of the right ear a round bit of wood some four inches long and about the thickness of a lead-pencil, whilst in the unusually distended lobe of the left was a decorated wooden ring, some four inches in diameter. Round his neck he had only a string of blue beads.

He seemed altogether simpler-minded than his people, and we were able to converse with him in Kiswahili without an interpreter. We had many a pleasant chat as he became more at home with us. If we told him a story or explained anything to him, he generally translated into Kijagga for the benefit of his followers. Miriali was fond of talking, and was apparently witty, for his sallies were constantly greeted with shouts of merriment.

As far as we could judge, the natives of Marangu were very devoted to their young *mangi*, or chief; but of course his real power depended upon the fighting-men of the community, and waned or increased according to their good pleasure.

In the afternoon Miriali invited us to go with him to his quarters, and led us there by a different route to that taken when we first arrived. Through a low, narrow plank door, we came first to a little wood of banana-trees, then through a second opening into an avenue of lofty *dracæna*, leading to a group of huts surrounded by a strong palisade of sawn planks. Then, without the slightest embarrassment, our host's whole harem—three wives and three slave-girls—came out to greet us, one of the former being, as Miriali informed us, a daughter

of his notorious neighbour, Mandara, whom, as a matter of policy, he had bought for 300 cows. Miriali had shown better taste in the choice of his slave-girls than in that of his wives, for they were pretty little things, even from the European point of view. They were charmingly confiding with us, nestling up to us like young kittens, and pushing up the sleeves of our shirts to look at our white skin. They were all most anxious to serve us, and one of them persistently held up rather a big looking-glass opposite to us; but of all their endearing chattering the chief refrain was 'kilengele.' The wives were all wrapped in long purple mantles, whilst the girls wore the simple but picturesque costume, represented on page 117, common to all unmarried women of the Kilimanjaro district. We would gladly have lingered much longer with them, but Miriali was impatient to take us on to see his palace, of which he appeared to be not a little proud. It greatly resembled the negro huts of Zanzibar, and was, in fact, built by men from the coast, many of whom attach themselves like parasites to all the Kilimanjaro chieftains. Like the worthy burghers of old with their town-hall, the architects had forgotten the windows, so that it was quite dark inside. But Miriali had brought with him a couple of fine candles, so to please him we crept after him through all his apartments. The most beautiful thing about the house was its site, for it commanded a grand view of the country south of Kilimanjaro. We therefore gladly sat down here and enjoyed a positively idyllic hour gazing at the scene spread out before us.

At our feet squatted Miriali's wives and slave-girls, who dragged themselves nearer and nearer to us, whispering every now and then a soft 'kilengele' in our ears. The chief himself was drinking pombe, a sour and weak concoction made from eleusine¹

¹ The eleusine so often mentioned by the author is a cereal native to East Africa.—TRANS.

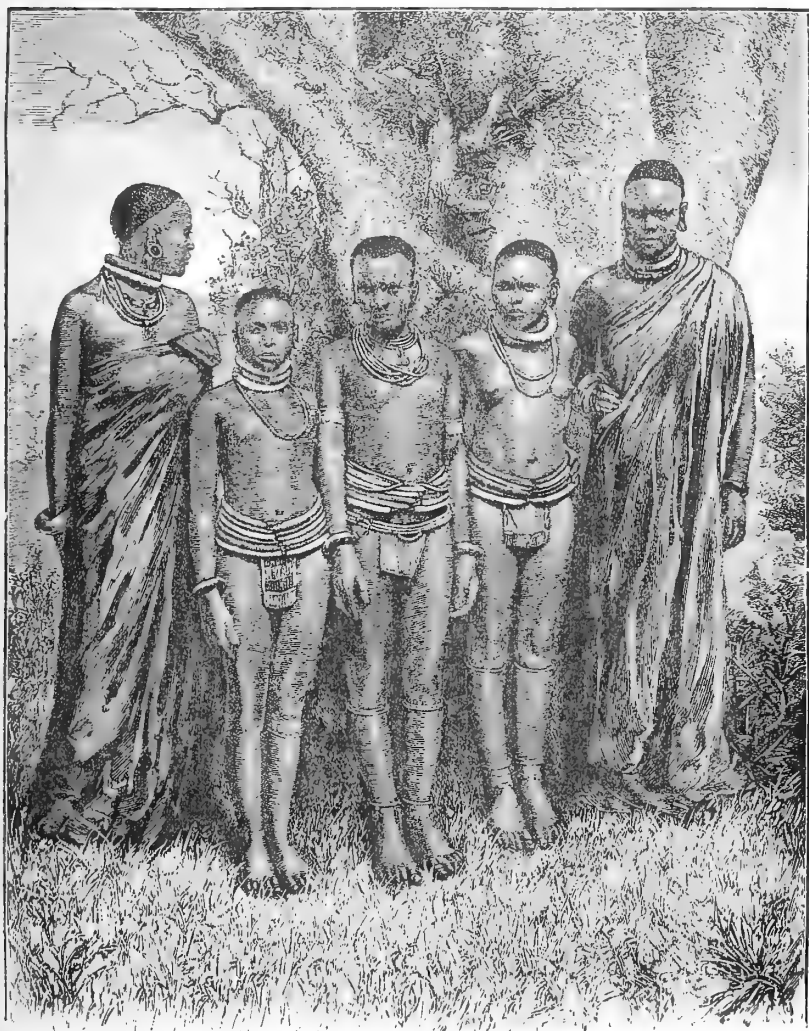
and bananas, which we did not much care for. He became more and more communicative and friendly, and our questions elicited a good deal of geographical information. The bluish-grey forest, he told us, with the clouds of smoke above it, was Taveta, the gleaming water was Lake Jipe, the lofty mountain on our left was Mount Teita; and so he went on naming every height included in the lovely view, till he came to snow-capped Kibo, and we knew it was time for us to go.

Later in the evening Miriali came to our camp, bringing with him an ox, a fine spear, a sword, and three colobus skins.¹ As a return present Count Teleki at once produced a good revolver, whilst the usual gift of a quantity of stuffs, beads, wire, gunpowder, &c., was, according to custom, handed over late in the evening in perfect silence.

During the night it rained in torrents, and the next morning, which broke grey and dull, we had our first opportunity of watching the metamorphosis of termites. We had passed a good many 'white ant' hills on our way to Kilimanjaro, but so far we had never seen their inhabitants. But to-day the early morning mist was alive with myriads of them, looking like snow-flakes as they fluttered about on their newly acquired wings. In spite of the great size of these wings, they could only fly very slowly, and they seemed chiefly anxious to get rid of their new appendages. Presently they all sank down, and alighting on the ground, on grass, leaves, or on the tent, they doubled themselves up, and with their hind legs stripped off, first the hinder, and then the front wings. Now and then they bit off each other's wings, the whole thing lasting about an hour; and soon the now creeping termites had all disappeared, leaving nothing

¹ The *Colobus guereza* is a beautiful monkey, native to the dense forests near Kilimanjaro, its most noteworthy peculiarity being the bushy white tail and streaks of white hair on its sides.—TRANS.

to show what had taken place but the countless wings with which everything near was covered.



MIRIALI'S WIVES AND SLAVE-GIRLS.

In the course of the morning the weather brightened, the sun came out, and with it Miriali and all his people, big and little, including his mother and one of his sisters—the latter,

so unkind rumour said, was a great flirt ; in fact our tent was besieged. But this did not put us about much, though it hastened our departure, as we saw we should not get another moment to ourselves.

We meant to start again early on the 16th instant, but it poured so with rain that we had to wait some hours. Miriali, who seemed eager to make the very elements yield to our wishes, was greatly distressed, and told us he had instructed his *mganga* (medicine-man) to stop the rain the evening before. Then he went home, probably to drown his regret in wine, for when we passed a few hours afterwards he was sitting on a heap of dried banana-leaves, quite tipsy from the pombe he had drunk.

To avoid a very bad bit of road we had to go back in the direction we had come, not turning westwards till we had passed very near our old camping-place on the Sagana stream.

We halted at an abrupt bend of the Huna river, beneath beautiful and lofty trees. A number of straw huts in good condition, old corks, bones, &c., proved that we had chosen a spot lately occupied by the English hunting party. These relics had attracted a great number of butterflies with brilliant gleaming red and green wings. Late in the evening some men arrived from the chief of Mochi, bringing an ox as a present for Jumbe Kimemeta. This was meant to induce Kimemeta to get us to go to Mochi ; but the leader of our caravan knew Count Teleki did not wish to open relations with Mandara, so in spite of the risk of hurting his feelings the ox was sent back.

During the next day we followed a westerly course on a wooded plain at the foot of Kilimanjaro. On the 17th we crossed several ravines and camped by the Kirua stream. We now left the beaten track altogether, and followed a mere game-spoor, none of our men knowing the way. Rain fell

constantly, fortunately generally at night ; but the path became very slippery, the meadows grew swampy, the little streams were converted into rushing waterfalls, and the grass and bushes reeked with damp, so that our clothes were always wet. The chief trees were baobabs, which gave a weird character to the landscape. In many hollow trunks hung the beehives peculiar to the country, and, taught by our previous experience, we gave such trees as wide a berth as possible ; but, for all that, our rearguard made closer acquaintance with the bees, and fled in every direction. It was several hours before we were all together again on the banks of the rapid Kirerema, which is from eighteen to thirty-three feet wide, and flows through a very deep channel, though the water itself is but from half to three-quarters of a foot deep. On account of the bee episode we camped here, but there was not a dry spot to be found, and we were glad enough to be off again. A march of three hours and a half brought us to another stream, some twenty-one and a half yards wide and of little depth, but so rapid we could not have crossed it without a rope. We had got rather too near the densely wooded base of the mountain now, so we bore a little south the next morning to get into a more open district. We crossed two more small brooks, and then came to a mountain torrent some sixteen and a half yards broad, which brought our march to an end for the day. Huge masses of rock encumbered the bed, making the water seethe and foam, so that we could not hope to use our canvas boat. So we made a strong rope taut well above the fall, and our bales being provided with slip-nooses, we swung them across the water as quick as lightning without a single mishap. Jumbé Kimemeta made the transit in his hammock in a similar manner. The other side of the torrent was so thickly overgrown that we had to make a clearing before we could camp ; but we had better shelter for the men, of which we were glad, as they were

grumbling very much at the continuous rain. Here Count Teleki had a very dangerous visitor—a puff-adder with poison-fangs nearly an inch and a half long.

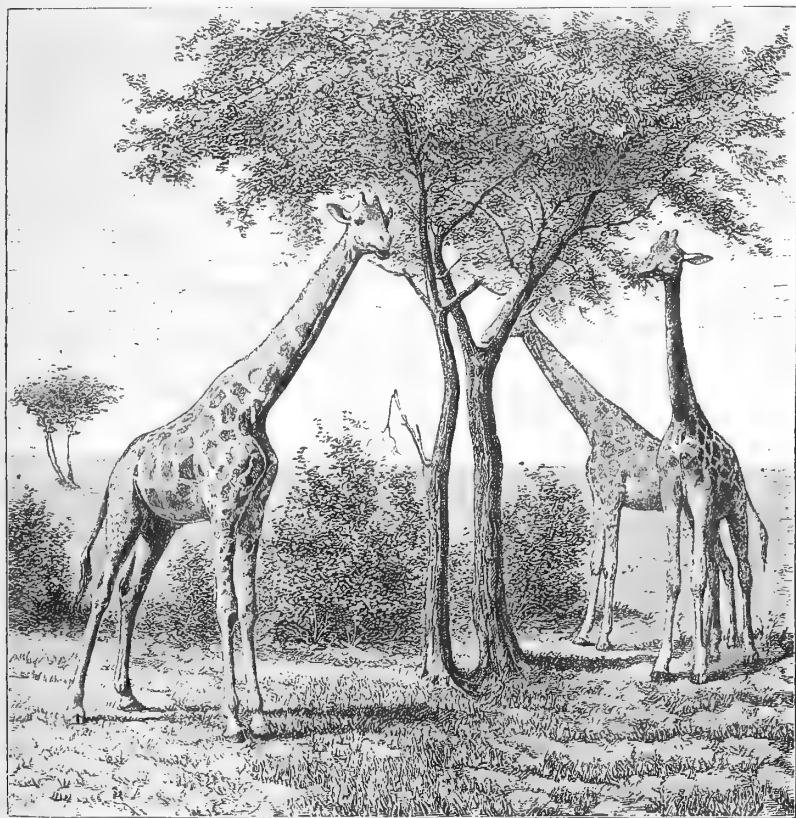
On April 20 we reached the Weruweru river, the largest of the Kilimanjaro tributaries of the Pangani, which is here a little more than twenty-two yards wide, and of considerable depth, flowing rapidly southwards. The whole Expedition was ferried over it in our canvas boat, but first some of the men had to swim across with a rope, a rather perilous task, as all these rivers are full of crocodiles. There is not much risk in deep water, because the monsters cannot strike a really formidable blow with their tails unless the body rests on the ground. The chief danger was on the banks, so we always fired a volley before we sent the men into the water. We had only one boat with us, and it took two hours and a half to get the men and bales over. The cattle and donkeys we simply drove into the river, and the former swam over bravely enough, but the latter, though they knew perfectly well how to swim, seemed to lose their heads in deep water, and drifted dangerously downstream. Sheep and goats always have to be carried, even over quite shallow brooks.

After crossing the Weruweru we bore westward, and camped at one o'clock near a little stream called the Kikaso. The districts traversed were now much more open; baobabs, with low bushes and thickets of *sansevieria*, were almost the only vegetation.

In the densely wooded districts through which we had lately passed we had hunted in vain, all the large game preferring the open plain. The only traces of wild animals were the heaps of elephant dung, which were often the height of a man, and were extremely useful to us, as they generally remained dry, and served us for fuel when nothing else was to be had. Although our cook had grown grey in African travel, and was

quite an adept at fire-making, it was often a very long business, most trying to our patience, and, generally speaking, a shelter had to be erected to begin with.

We had nearly exhausted the food we had brought with us, and as we were anxious to save our cattle, we had to fill the



GIRAFFES.

men's pots with game. So in the afternoon we went off hunting, Count Teleki in a southerly and I in a westerly direction, the other side of the stream, whilst the men tried their luck at fishing.

I found an open steppe on the west of the Kikaso, with some pretty thick vegetation in the distance. The first glance

was not particularly reassuring, and only after a long search with the help of glasses did I spy a small herd of giraffes browsing far away to leeward. Giraffes are very difficult to stalk, as their long necks enable them to see over the bushes, and, besides, they always keep a good look-out. With very little hope of a satisfactory result, I set to work to hunt the shy creatures. As the wind was unfavourable to me, I had to make a wide detour; but I had hardly stepped on to the plain, leaving the bush behind me, before I came quite suddenly upon a rhinoceros. A shot from my rifle, calibre 8, made it whirl round several times and dash off with a speed no one would have expected from such a heavy animal. When it was some 200 paces off it stopped, swayed to and fro for a few moments, then, as the blood poured from its mouth, it fell down dead. *

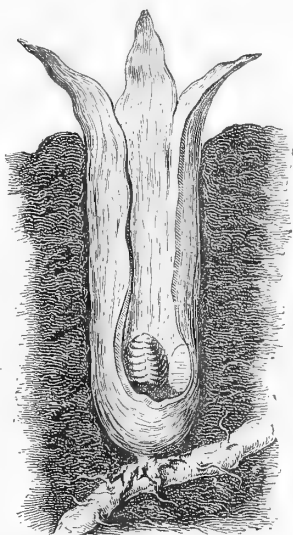
A little later I came upon a pair of rhinoceroses standing carelessly at the edge of a thicket, one completely caked with brown mud, the other of a black colour. This time I fired with my 500 Express rifle, at a distance of some seventy paces, at the shoulder of the larger of the two animals. The wounded creature dashed away, whilst the other, after hesitating a moment, followed it, and I found one lying dead in the bush, the other standing beside it. For the third time I fired, bringing down my third rhinoceros. In each case my charge had taken effect behind the shoulder-blade and pierced both lungs. I felt I had done enough now, and, leaving my gun-bearer beside my trophies, I returned to camp to send men out to fetch the meat.

Count Teleki had not been so successful, as he had only brought down two fine water-bucks, and had sighted no other game. The so-called water-buck is one of the finest of the antelope family. Except for the antlers, it greatly resembles in form, colour, and size the noble stag of Europe. It takes its name from the fact that its habitat is always near running water.

As we had now plenty of meat for the men, Count Teleki decided to rest a day and enjoy some more hunting. After a rainy night the morning broke clear and bright, and we started off this time together in high spirits, but only to be disappointed, for the morning slipped away without our having seen any big game at all; on the other hand, we had a very pleasant ramble in beautiful scenery, the vegetation at its freshest and greenest, the shrubs in flower, and even the baobabs, generally so bare and grey, were now putting forth new shoots. The soft air which swept across the steppe was laden with sweet scents, the birds were chirping happily, and we ourselves felt a kind of intoxication in the midst of all the beauty surrounding us.

A baobab that has, if I may so express it, died of old age presents a very singular appearance. It splits open, and the silver-grey bark, with the brittle white inner wood, falls off in strips, making a heap of wreckage which, bleached by wind and sun, looks from the distance so exactly like ruined tents that we were quite deceived till we examined one of them closely.

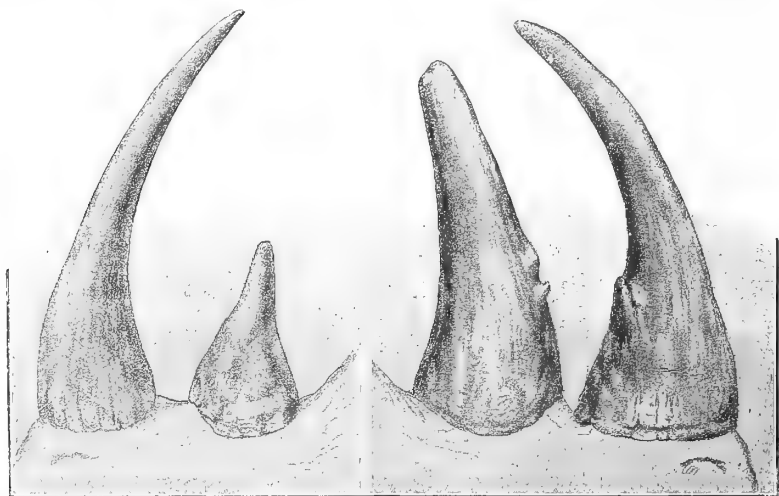
Of the flowering plants, a kind of root-parasite especially struck us, consisting of single red blossoms about a foot long, which, with their stems, were almost hidden in the ground. We found them along the banks of the Kikaso, but nowhere else. Our Somal, who were familiar with them in their own land, called them *likke*, and ate them raw. They have an acrid watery taste, and, especially when decaying, emit a putrid odour. They belong to the *Cytinaceæ* genus, and are known



HYDNORA AFRICANA.

to botanists as the *Hydnora africana*. The fleshy flowers of those we saw were some twelve to sixteen inches long, and consisted of a single cup-like flower, the outer rim of which is cut into four lips.

We dreamed away the hot mid-day hours stretched out upon the greensward opposite Kibo, which now showed its head again, and resumed our walk in the cool of the afternoon. Flocks of vultures and storks guided us to the remains of my yesterday's victims, and then we bore in a south-westerly



HORNS OF THE RHINOCEROS BICORNIS.

direction. A water-buck disturbed in its siesta, which sprang up suddenly almost at our feet, was the only game which came within range. We both missed him; but I followed on his track, whilst Count Teleki went on in the original direction, so that we were separated in a very unexpected manner. With two attendants to carry my guns, I penetrated into a very wild and lonely district, where the baobab-trees were closer together and the ground was strewn with great blocks of volcanic rock, half-hidden in the long grass. But there was nothing to shoot, and I was beginning to console myself with botanising, when we

came on numerous fresh buffalo-spoors. The animals had evidently only just passed, as the peculiar musk scent there always is about them still lingered in the air. We followed the tracks carefully, but did not come up with the buffaloes, though we surprised a rhinoceros and very nearly had a mishap with him. We had only just noticed an ominous grunting in the thick bushes on our right, when crash went some branches, and a huge brownish-black beast dashed out with such tremendous impetus that I had only just time to step backwards into the bush and avoid the charge. I saw my two men fleeing before the lowered head of the rhinoceros, then I lost sight of them, and all was still. In the greatest anxiety, I shouted to them, and to my delighted relief they both answered. Simba had with great presence of mind turned aside into the bush, and though he was a good deal scratched, he escaped. The other man had been in no real danger, but in his fright he had flung away my rifle, and we found it afterwards with both barrels stopped up with earth. We were a good bit upset by the surprise, and went on cautiously enough after this, expecting to see some huge beast behind every bush. It was beginning to get dark when we really did come upon another rhinoceros standing just in our path. My charge took effect, however, and he went off apparently mortally wounded, but it was too late to follow him.

It had not rained all day, but at midnight it began to pour, and continued steadily till twelve o'clock the next morning. Our poor men had a bad time of it, as it was impossible to keep the fires alight. They looked as miserable as the weather the next morning, and the reproachful glances they cast at us said as plainly as possible that they considered us out of our minds for choosing to travel in the rainy season. But we were not to be daunted, and though we were obliged to wade through water nearly up to our thighs, and our clothes were wet up to the waist, the green of the thickets looked all the fresher and

brighter for the wet. Still, after three hours' marching under these conditions even we had had enough of it, so we halted just where we happened to be. The thermometer registered + 20° Centigrade, but we all gathered shivering round our cook, who was this time more than half an hour before he could get a fire. Our march had been along the left bank of the Kikaso and across the two streams with troubled milky waters alluded to in Baron von der Decken's travels; and before we reached them we passed one of the camping-places of the English sportsmen, who had started a few weeks earlier intending to explore the virgin hunting-grounds on the south of Mount Meru, but, as related in Sir John C. Willoughby's 'East Africa and its Big Game,' they heard such disquieting rumours at Kikaso of the number of Masai in the neighbourhood that they decided to turn back. I may add here that travellers are often falsely informed, partly unintentionally, as there are always many stories about of the approaching of the dreaded Masai, and partly intentionally, the caravan people deceiving them in the hope of preventing them from going farther.

Hunting was anything but pleasant work in the swampy, densely overgrown woods, and Count Teleki came home after an afternoon expedition empty handed but in good spirits, as he had seen a great quantity of big game, including four rhinoceroses standing close together to leeward. He had not got within range when a fifth rhinoceros rose up from the long grass and made straight for him. This was exactly what he wanted; but it happened at rather an awkward moment, as he was just tightening a shawl he was wearing on account of the cold and damp. The rhinoceros was close upon him before he could get his rifle in position; but the charge took effect, the animal whirled round once, and then disappeared in the thicket. Count Teleki followed his track for some distance, but abandoned it later, as he came in sight of a herd of twenty-



BIRDS OF PREY FEASTING.

two giraffes. On such an open tract, however, he found it impossible to come within range of these shy creatures, so he presently gave them up to return to his rhinoceros, only to swerve aside once more to shoot a water-buck, which, though sorely wounded, got away. Pursuing it into the ever thickening bush, the Count surprised three rhinoceroses, who broke through the wood, snorting furiously; a flying shot at one of them was all he could achieve, and as it was now nearly dark he was obliged to give up further hunting.

According to our men, they often heard lions roaring when we were asleep, so we determined to keep watch ourselves to-night for the first time. One lion made the circuit of our camp, for though it was too dark to see it, we could hear its deep bass voice. We were unprotected by any hedge of bushes, but the yelling of the natives was enough to make the king of beasts keep his distance.

On the next day, April 24, we crossed the Kikaso, and, bearing westwards, came to the flat landscape between Mounts Kilimanjaro and Meru. We were now in sight of the densely populated Masai district of Sigirari, and we could make out the herds of cattle, some of them numbering thousands, belonging to the natives. In addition to these, an unusual number of wild animals haunted the flat green steppe watered by the Engilata river, fringed with dark-green trees. Ostriches, zebras, antelopes, gazelles, and giraffes wandered about in regular herds so near the cattle of the Masai that they looked as if they belonged to them. There were plenty of rhinoceroses too, and Count Teleki brought one down with a lucky shot at about 300 paces from our track. Our men sprang upon the body with screams of delight, and began at once to cut off the flesh with their knives, each eager to secure a good portion of the fat of the abdomen, which they consider the best part.

Very soon, like a speck in the sky, scarce visible to the

naked eye, appeared the first vulture. So keen is the vision of birds of prey that they can spy the very tiniest morsel anywhere in a vast range of space. Before long the vultures formed a cloud above us, circling ever nearer, till they settled on the ground close by us, to wait patiently till we left the remains of the feast for them. They came so near that we could have thrown stones at them ; but they showed no shyness whatever, as no one ever drives them away. After the vultures came the so-called marabout storks. Directly we turned our backs on the prey the foul creatures were at work upon it, and the struggle for the best bits, especially the entrails, began again, whilst the storks marched round and round like sentries, ready, as they cannot get the flesh off the bones themselves with their long bills, to pounce on the portions secured by the vultures. We never saw the vultures make any fight for their spoil, although they were bigger and stronger than the storks.

We had still a long way to go that day, so we left the vultures and storks to their banquet and passed on across the bare steppe on the west of the Kikaso. That portion between it and the Engilata river we found to be dotted with little hills from 16 to 30 feet high and covered with what looked like molehills. We had noted this peculiar formation from a distance, and had hoped to examine it closely ; but all our attention was now concentrated upon the natives, who, like the vultures, spied us from afar, and gathered about us in ever increasing numbers from every side. We watched their approach with the greatest interest, and, in accordance with the custom of the country, waited, to exchange news with them. The composed and unembarrassed manner in which they greeted us and offered us their hands contrasted forcibly with the shyness of most wild negro tribes. The way they chatted and laughed was really charming. During the short halt some fifty or sixty natives gathered about us ; of course we whites were the chief objects

of attention, and as many of them had never before seen a European, it was interesting to note the impression we made upon them. They generally gazed at us for a bit, at first with an expression partly of astonishment, partly of suspicion; then they ventured on a '*Leibon, sobaj!*' or 'God bless you, medicine-man!' to which, of course, as in duty bound, we replied with an '*Ebaj, moran,*' or 'The same to you, warrior,' and the spell was broken. Evidently relieved, they would burst out laughing, whilst all those standing round joined in. One moran amused us immensely. Not dreaming of what he was going to see, he pushed through the natives gathered about us, and, coming upon us suddenly, started back in the greatest terror. When curiosity was satisfied on both sides we resumed our march, escorted by the whole crowd of natives, passed two of their kraals, forded the Engilata river, and camped on the farther side.

We were now, with but a very small and weak caravan, in the very heart of the most densely populated portion of Masailand, but we had no reason to complain of the behaviour of the natives. On the contrary, except for a few old and apparently influential men, they left us quite alone whilst we were getting our camp into order. Not until our tents were pitched and the bales piled up did they remind us of the hongo. In connection with this exchange of presents the *moruu*, or married men, gathered round the outside of the camp, whilst the *moran*, or warriors, prepared to perform the usual dance. Divided into two portions, according to their kraals or villages, they approached with measured steps, singing the customary song of welcome to caravans; then they squatted down on the grass behind their oval shields, and, like the elders, waited patiently for the present. Jumbe Kimemeta, although still suffering a good deal, now approached them, accompanied by a few Askari, with a view to arranging about the amount of the hongo.

In his 'Through Masailand' Joseph Thomson gives a very detailed description of the Masai, and those who are familiar with his book will not find very much that is new about them in this.¹ With the scene we now witnessed we felt strangely familiar, as if it were part of a play with the *dramatis personæ* of which we were already acquainted, and this impression was intensified whilst the formal proceedings went on.

Our envoy, Kimemeta, and his attendant approached the group of warriors with an air of solemn dignity, and were received by one Lygonani, the representative of the Masai, with corresponding ceremony.

Talking and listening seem to be as great a delight to the Masai as is raiding cattle, and they are thorough adepts in both arts. They have a great command of dialectics, and though their views and wishes are pronounced and one-sided enough, they know how to wrap them up in an infinite variety of expressions. A Masai Demosthenes must be gifted with inexhaustible prolixity, and parliamentary etiquette requires that the warriors should listen quietly to his tirades without interrupting him. They must not show a sign of curiosity or of emotion, whether the matter under discussion be a murder or a few strings of beads. The orator, who holds in his right hand an ornamented wooden club, with which to emphasise his meaning, must never be interrupted by a word or even an exclamation.

Our hongo consisted of 66 lb. of iron wire, ten naiberes, and a certain quantity of beads, which was given to the moruu, who kept a certain portion for themselves, and handed over the rest to the morans.

Remembering Thomson's description in pages 94 and 95 of his 'Through Masailand,' we expected a fight to ensue for the spoil, and we awaited the onslaught with bated breath; but

¹ The Author does not do himself justice in this remark, as he brings very forcibly before his readers many qualities of the Masai not hinted at in the writings of his predecessors.—TRANS.

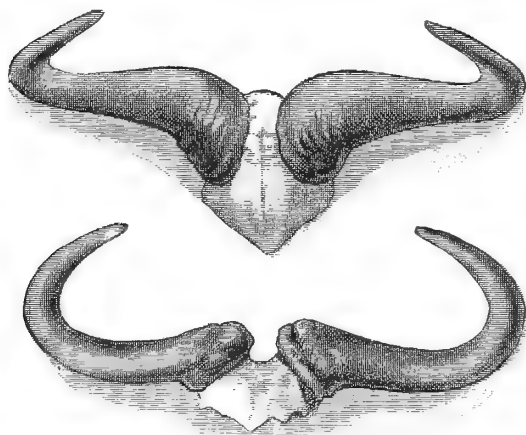
nothing of the kind occurred, and it seemed as if the warriors knew that for us the dark cloud of terror enveloping them had rolled away. If I did not explain further, these remarks might very easily be misunderstood, so I will add how it was that, even before we had seen any of them, we had decided that the Masai were an unusually brave, but at the same time a bloodthirsty and covetous, people. We had had no need to refer to old accounts and rumours, but had got our information from the reports of Dr. Fischer and Joseph Thomson, who were the first Europeans in a position to give their own impressions. Before they went to Masailand a good many native traders had visited it in quest of ivory; but as Dr. Fischer, who knew the Zanzibari so well, points out, these traders were anything but a high class of men themselves. Dr. Fischer's account of his own journey is not very detailed, but it paints the Masai in rather less sanguinary colours; and specially noteworthy is one account he gives of a bloody fight amongst the natives, in which, however, his caravan was left unmolested, whilst the accidental manslaughter of one of his people was atoned for by a gift of wire, stuffs, and beads.

Thomson describes the Masai in very much the same style as the ivory traders, but does not give any instances of bad treatment at their hands, and further acquaintance with these much-dreaded warriors convinced us that travelling amongst them was not fraught with any special danger; and we still felt the same after my bold trip to Mount Meru and Count Teleki's later march, without guide or interpreter, from Masailand to Pangani.

When the tribute ceremonies were over the natives streamed into our camp, and showed by their happy demeanour how relieved they were that the reserve required by the customs of their country could now be thrown aside. The women and children brought firewood, the old men squatted down round the fires to chat with our men, whilst we found

ourselves besieged by the younger people, who did not quit us till nightfall, and were all eager to shake hands with us, to touch and examine everything.

Kimemeta told us we might expect a visit the next day from some four or five hundred warriors, and advised us to be off as early as possible, to avoid having to give another big hongo. The Masai are deep sleepers, not fond of the early morning dew, and rarely leave their huts before sunrise; but unfortunately it was wet the next morning, so we could not



HORNS OF THE GNU-ANTELOPE.

hasten our departure as much as we wished. Our march now led us in a south-west-erly direction from the Engilata river, across a plain sparsely covered with grass, and here and there quite bare. We met no natives either, and could only see their herds on the banks of the Dariama river,

in the distance looking like bright spots amongst the dark-green foliage. To make up for this there were quantities of big game, chiefly gnu-antelopes and zebras, on the steppe. The former are greyish-black animals, more like oxen than antelopes in general form, looking from a distance very like buffaloes, especially as their horns greatly resemble those of the latter; but the mistake is soon perceived when they dash off at one's approach, with long leaps in the air like young foals. Equally beautiful are the zebras, especially when, alarmed, they stamp about here and there, yelping like so many

little dogs. We also saw a good many ostriches and gazelles, and made our first acquaintance with the handsome antelope named after Thomson the *Gazella Thomsoni*. It was of course impossible to do much hunting on the bare steppe, where there was no shelter to be had; but Count Teleki managed to bring down, from a distance of three or four hundred paces, three gnu-antelopes, one zebra, and one *Gazella Thomsoni*. The ostriches seemed to know by instinct how to keep well out of range.

At about eleven o'clock eight old moruu caught us up, and advised us respectfully to change the direction of our march, or we should meet the armed morans we had started early to avoid; and under their guidance we bore at once north-westward, across a barren plain strewn with blocks of lava, and with here and there ponds of clear gleaming rainwater, beside one of which we camped at mid-day, as it was pouring again.

We were now already at the foot of Mount Meru, the height of which is estimated by Dr. O. Kersten, who triangulated it, as 14,638 feet; but it was so completely enveloped in clouds, mist, and rain, that not a sign of it could we see. In spite of the wet weather, Count Teleki and I were in capital health; but many of the men had various complaints of the bowels, partly, probably, owing to the damp, and partly to eating too much meat. Our Somal suffered much, for they were nearly all down at once with fever and dysentery, accompanied with eruptions. This, with our very limited knowledge of medicine, of course made us very anxious. And though our Masai friends had pointed out to us the direction in which lay the settlement of the Wameru, or dwellers on Mount Meru, none of our people had the least idea of the way. Luckily, however, we hit upon the right path, and till we came to the beginning of the ascent we followed it without mistake; but here we got confused amongst the many animal tracks, and stopped in a

meadow, undecided which way to turn. Everything was draped in a deceptive grey mist, fine rain was falling, and we were altogether very uncomfortable. We climbed up about 660 feet, however, and at mid-day halted on the banks of a somewhat rapid stream. It cleared in the afternoon, and we were able to make out on the south the Sogonoy chain and many of the heights behind it; so I betook myself to a low hill hard by to complete our map, while Count Teleki started, rifle on shoulder, to try his luck at hunting; but he soon came back, having nearly shot one of our own oxen. I had scarcely got my instruments into position and begun my work when I noticed a great herd of buffaloes coming out of a neighbouring thicket, and for a moment I could see a long string of brown backs swaying to and fro. This made me careful, and I examined my surroundings more closely, becoming aware of three other buffaloes quietly grazing, but gradually coming nearer. At the foot of my hill they paused and sniffed the air, then, apparently reassured, they lay down, one or another getting up every now and then to toss his head and sniff again. They evidently could not make things out, and the wind not blowing from our camp, I was puzzled by their proceedings till Count Teleki suddenly appeared, approaching them without any suspicion of their presence. I made a sign to him, and he at once carefully stalked the animals from another direction. We watched them for a few minutes longer, and then the Count broke the spell, and I had the excitement of seeing a regular buffalo hunt, whilst quite out of danger myself. We had heard wonderful stories of these animals' tenacity of life, so Count Teleki got quite close to them before he fired. One of them fell badly wounded, and the others dashed wildly away. We rushed towards our victim, but before we reached it we heard a sound like that made by a storm-wind, and as we gazed about us in bewilderment a herd of some hundred buffaloes, jostling each

other as they came, dashed by, with lowered horns, in dangerous proximity to us. Almost before we knew what they were they were gone, the trembling of the ground and the clouds of dust alone witnessing to their passage. We fired shot after shot into the seething brown mass as rapidly as possible, and though every bullet must have hit, not one animal fell.

The rain poured down in torrents all night, moderating a little towards morning, but continuing in a steady stream, shrouding everything in mist, so that we could see nothing a hundred yards away. Between nine and ten o'clock in the morning it generally stopped raining, but the sky remained grey. Under such circumstances the loveliest scenery would have looked dreary, and our spirits were gloomy too, though not so gloomy as those of our men. We resumed our march in a north-westerly direction on April 27, climbing slowly up a pathless slope, through long wet grass or swampy pools, now and then in the beds of small streams, finding them, in fact, much easier walking. At mid-day we camped on the banks of a full and rapid stream. There was not a trace of natives to be seen anywhere, but we gave our men their ration in beads and stuffs in the afternoon, telling them to find the Wameru and buy their food from them. Some half of them went off at once, which seemed simpler than taking the whole caravan to hunt up the mountaineers. We awaited the return of the men with impatience, and tried to pass the time in hunting, but the weather soon put a stop to that. As the rain poured down, and hour after hour passed by without a sign of our men, we began to get anxious. Had we not only lately been warned by a strong caravan of the thievish propensities of the Wameru, who had come down in the darkness to carry off their goods? Night fell, and we were beginning to feel sure that something untoward had occurred, when we heard the muffled sound of a shot, and presently our men began to drop in singly and in pairs,

wet to the skin, hungry, worn out with fatigue, not one of them having brought anything. And the news they gave us was bad enough. After wandering about a long time they had come to a settlement of natives. At first they had been kindly received and the Wameru seemed willing to trade; but when their forces were strengthened by the arrival of others they fell upon our men and took everything from them, thrashed them, and drove them away. Two of our Werndl carbines were also lost. Our people made no defence, and did not fire a shot, though they had all their weapons with them. Their accounts gave us plenty of food for thought. To have yielded in this way to an attack from the natives at the outset of the Expedition boded ill for its future fate, for how could we hope to carry out our plans when we had received such a check whilst still in sight of Kilimanjaro, and almost within reach of the coast? We must give our men confidence in themselves and in their leader. We knew well enough that reputation is everything in Africa, and we quickly determined to give the natives a lesson, unless our weapons were restored to us peaceably.

The wet weather the next day was calculated to damp our ardour, but for all that the plan of our campaign of vengeance was quickly formed. Our men were told of our intentions, supplied with ammunition, and warned on no account to show the white feather. Keeping well together, we slowly and in silence climbed up the mountain, following the course of the stream. We crossed it at a shallow place, then waded through a smaller watercourse, and after a march of three hours found ourselves in a clearing sparsely dotted with bush and surrounded by a dense forest. There was no sign of the native settlement; but the men assured us we were not an hour's march from it, and Count Teleki decided to halt here, although the water was some four to five inches deep. His idea was to leave the loads behind

with me and twenty men to guard them, whilst he advanced to the attack with the rest.

The next thing we did was to fortify the camp. The gravity of the situation was recognised by all, and not an unnecessary sound was made. Nothing was heard but the blows of the axes as the trees were felled, whilst ten men with loaded repeating rifles were told off as watchmen. The work proceeded rapidly, but we had not nearly finished it when the first brown figures appeared, creeping stealthily amongst the trees. We took no notice of them, but worked the harder at our defences. The quiet determination of our attitude, which was at once noted by the observant natives, had the desired effect. They guessed what our intentions were, and presently a shot, followed by shouting, was heard from the forest. The natives wanted peace, and begged for an interview. Kimemeta, though suffering dreadfully, stepped forward at once, and, accompanied by two Askari only, went to the edge of the wood, hoping, by the smallness of his following, to reassure the natives. It was some time, however, before anyone dared approach, and not until Kimemeta had declared that a mere shauri was all we wanted did we see the dusky forms cautiously advancing, sheltering themselves as they did so behind tree after tree, and finally emerging trembling on the clearing, with bunches of leaves in their hands.

In about an hour and a half Kimemeta came back to the camp, accompanied by two native representatives, who wished in the name of the community to express their regret for the melancholy occurrence. They explained that it had not been the Wameru who had treated our men so badly, but some Wakwafi warriors, who were drunk at the time, from Arushawa-ju, on the south of Mount Meru. They assured us that they did not know before that our men had lost their weapons, and promised to do their very utmost to get them back. Their

representations seemed satisfactory to Count Teleki ; and he was the more glad to avoid an open rupture as there was no telling how things might have gone, and if we had been worsted all further exploration of Mount Meru would have had to be given up.

The two envoys were dismissed with presents, and told to bring the weapons back as soon as possible ; also to arrange for a good market for our men. They went off perceptibly relieved, and some fifty or sixty armed natives who had watched the whole interview from the forest, ready for any emergency, also withdrew. So all had ended amicably after all.

In the afternoon a crowd of armed natives from Arusha-wa-ju suddenly appeared in camp, bringing with them as presents a little maize and pombe, with a few bananas. They were full of protestations of their good intentions, but they were all tipsy, and behaved in such a shameless manner that we were glad enough when they took themselves off. It rained all night and the next morning, so that our small camping-place became a regular pool. Some natives, true Wameru this time, appeared in the afternoon, bringing for sale maize, two kinds of beans, ripe and unripe, fresh and dried bananas, eleusine meal, tobacco, and honey. The first comers approached very timidly and cautiously, looking back again and again to assure themselves that their comrades in the forest had not slipped off, leaving them in the lurch ; but as their numbers increased they gained confidence, and before long we were nearly crowded out of our own quarters. As some forty or fifty warriors remained in the forest, evidently on their guard, we thought caution was necessary in dealing with our guests, so, seizing our own weapons, we quietly gave the men orders to have theirs in readiness. When the natives saw us prepared to fire if need were, they unwillingly withdrew. The warriors, who had all the time remained quietly waiting, now asked to speak to

Jumbe Kimemeta. They had brought the lost weapons with them, but it was an hour and a half at least before they were actually handed over. Speech after speech was made about them, first by the natives, then by Kimemeta, the former trying to prove themselves quite innocent and to throw all the blame on their neighbours from Arusha. After this they came into camp



MOUNT MERU.

to receive their present, which consisted of seven *doti*¹ merikani, four strings of *murtinarok* beads, twenty rings of brass wire, twenty chain rings (*mikufu*), twenty strings of *mboro* beads, and a few charges of powder.

Our present was by no means a small one, but, as already explained, we wished to show we could be generous and to make a good impression, so as to be able to carry on our

¹ 1 *doti* = 2 *schuka*; 1 *schuka* = 4 *mikono*. 1 *mikono* = a length measured under the arm from the elbow to the tips of the fingers.

explorations. Our gifts gave great delight, and this was increased later when we showed off our skill in shooting, and produced some matches, which we struck on the lids of the boxes or on the blades of our visitors' spears.

The next day it poured as usual, but the natives came into camp early bringing food, and a little later came the Meru chief, Matunda, with a large following. He differed but little in appearance from the other Wameru, but he had a pleasing, thoughtful, and reserved expression of face. Matunda bore us company for several hours, but all the talk was about the amount of the present he was to receive. He himself did not seem to be covetous, but, as in the case of Sedenga, his people kept urging him to ask for more and more. At last all his requests were granted, and he was profuse in his promises of friendship. We might do just as we pleased on the mountain—hunt as many elephants as we liked, climb to the top of Meru, &c.—but we had better camp nearer him, so that he could more easily meet our wishes. Count Teleki promised to avail himself of his kind invitation the following afternoon, and Matunda returned home, leaving two of his men behind to act as guides.

We decided to take very little with us, and our preparations were very soon made. Thirty men were to accompany us, the Somal guard, who were still suffering from dysentery, and Jumbe Kimemeta, being left behind in charge of the rest of the caravan. We took nothing with us for bartering, as we only meant to be away two or three days, and our men were provided for for that time.

We started at half-past one in the afternoon, crossed the brook near the camp, and skirted along the primeval forest, which the Wameru, like the Wataveta, leave untouched as a protection to their settlements. Through dense vegetation, including many fine ferns, we slowly climbed the slope for about an hour, when we were suddenly intercepted by some fifteen or

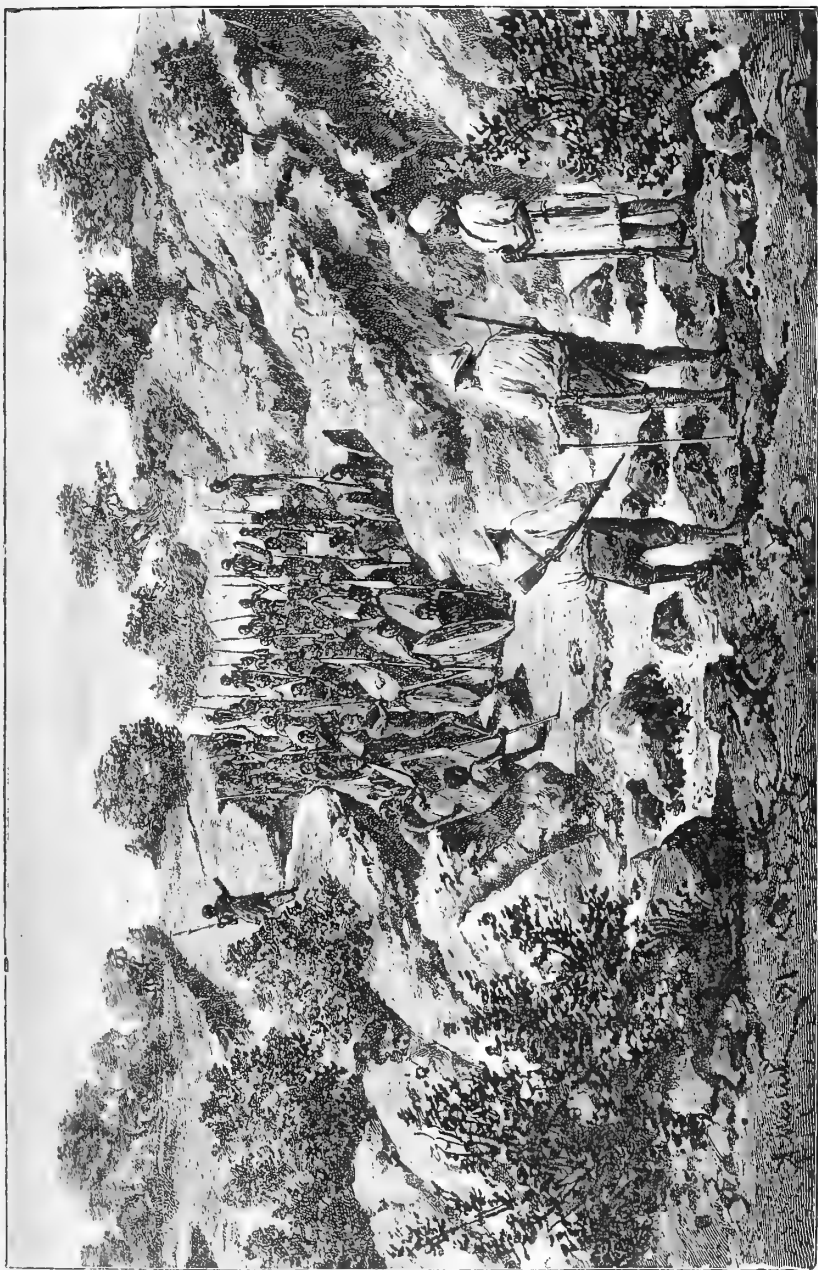
twenty armed natives. What they wanted with us we could not very well make out, as our interpreter, Mhoke, understood but little Kijagga, as the language spoken on Mounts Kilimanjaro and Meru is called. One thing, however, their cries and gesticulations made clear enough—they did not wish us to proceed. Count Teleki lost patience, shoved aside the boldest of them, and marched on. Soon after we were stopped again, and then the position suddenly became clear to us: we were nearing the settlement, and ought to give the leibon, or medicine-man, a present, lest our visit should bring ill luck. As we had brought no goods with us, one of our men had to sacrifice his turban, which consisted of a schuka of merikani. But even this did not content the natives; the stuff ought to have been frayed out on both sides and decked with red trimming. In fact they wanted a naibere such as has been already described. They soon saw, however, that our patience was becoming exhausted, and no longer opposed our approach. A felled tree, through the branches of which we had to creep like snakes, and a strong door resembling that at Taveta, formed the entrance of the clearing. One by one we crept through, and stepped across the piece of merikani which was spread out on the path, finding ourselves in the presence of the leibon, who anointed us each on forehead and neck with honey before we were allowed to go farther.

We now reached a clearing from which we had a fairly extensive view over a beautifully cultivated country. Plantations, chiefly of bananas, covered the slopes of the mountain in every direction, and the fresh green of every variety of shade was most refreshing to the eyes. Delighted, we hastened on through the smiling landscape, and were soon passing through groves of bananas, where it was almost dark, over soft sward and sweet-smelling clover, past fields of maize, or wading through the icy cold and crystal-clear water of gurgling brooks.

We were escorted by natives all the way, but whither they were leading us we neither knew nor asked. At five o'clock we camped for the night on a sloping meadow at the edge of a foaming torrent, and we were hardly under shelter before the rain poured down again; its one advantage being that it relieved us of the importunate natives.

We were now 4,850 feet above the sea, and the continuous rain made it quite cold. When we woke the next morning it was still pouring, and the landscape was shrouded in a heavy, oppressive mist. Not until nearly nine o'clock did it clear enough for us to go on. We first crossed the bed of the torrent, and then bore westward, without climbing, between banana-hedges and across meadows. This brought us to a second rushing stream, to which a steep, slippery path led up. There natives again tried to bar our passage. On the other side of the stream the path lay between rocks, and some forty or fifty warriors blocked the way, shouting out to us to come no farther. There was no doubt that they could not have chosen a better spot for stopping us. Their leader stood in the midst of them, holding forth and gesticulating wildly, often pointing at us with his finely decorated wooden club; and his men listened to him eagerly, casting threatening glances at us every now and then.

The first speaker was succeeded by another and yet another. Then the three orators sprang like chamois from rock to rock across the stream to us, called for our interpreter, and to him unfolded their demand. They must have five doti merikani and five strings of ukuta beads. Mhoke, who had taken service with us as a porter only, but had soon been promoted to be an Askar, was generally brave enough, but on this occasion he quite lost his nerve, and, as he kept biting a blade of grass in his embarrassment, he cried again and again in a tone of conviction, 'Matta kitu, Matta kitu' ('We have nothing'). 'Then back!' was the uncompromising reply of the leader.



WAR SHAURI BY THE BROOK.



Presently Mhoke found that one of our porters had a schuka of white stuff, and offered it to the warrior, who, however, scornfully declined it. We now thought it time to interfere. Count Teleki asked, in commanding tones, if the schuka was or was not enough, at the same time significantly tapping his loaded weapon. This sufficed; way was made for us, and we passed on.

Another three-quarters of an hour's march brought us to a meadow where the natives said we could camp near an overgrown ravine some 100 to 130 feet deep, forming the bed of the mountain-torrent Magsuru, the rushing noise of which reached us. As far as we could tell, the district about us was almost entirely covered with banana-plantations, amongst which we could make out from twenty to thirty isolated huts, looking very picturesque nestling against the slopes. It was a charming spot, but it would not do to be too much delighted with it till we knew the meaning of what was going on not very far off.

Our attention was soon called to the fact that armed men were collecting in numbers, and that there were no women or children to be seen. Soon an eager shauri of warriors was being held quite close to us. What could they be plotting now? Caution was evidently advisable, so we only pretended to go on with our camping. Our tent was put up, but the bales were not unloaded, the whispered order went round to have the weapons ready, and we waited further events in watchful suspense.

Fresh warriors kept arriving in haste from every side, till there were some 250, each with shield and spear and club, few, however, with guns, assembled close to us. We began to think, especially when we saw the Meru chief addressing the men again and again, that we had fallen into a trap. Our position was serious enough. On one side a deep ravine, on the other 250 armed men, their spears and shields, painted white, red, and black in Masai fashion, gleaming in the light of the sun,

which just then broke through the clouds. Every now and then, too, one of their guns went off, as if by accident. We had little doubt that they would all presently spring upon us, and we anxiously awaited their onslaught, with revolvers and guns in readiness to fire. After a long pause Matunda, accompanied by several old men, slowly approached, and informed us that the warriors demanded fifteen doti merikani and fifteen bundles of mikufu as hongo. Count Teleki explained that we had not brought any articles of barter with us, that we had already paid our tribute, and this was the first time natives had asked for hongo a second time. Moreover, he added, he was astonished, after the pressing invitation he had received, at meeting with such a hostile reception; as Matunda could see, however, we were prepared for all emergencies, and he could tell the warriors so. Matunda assured us that he had no influence over them, and we could easily see how repugnant the whole thing was to him. He said he was pretty sure the men would stick to their demands, but he would see what he could do.

I will not weary the reader with a detailed account of the further negotiations, which lasted from half-past ten till one o'clock; suffice it to say that the natives reduced their demands to five doti of stuff and five bundles of mikufu. Of course we had not them with us either, but Count Teleki promised to send for them, and peace was restored. Directly afterwards Matunda presented us with a goat, and we became good friends with the Wameru, especially after we had shown off our shooting powers, for all natives delight in watching firing. The first loan we had negotiated in Africa had, after all, been so successful that we tried to carry through another the next day, and actually got an ox for our men on credit. But the ceremonies connected with the affair took such a time that it was our last attempt of the kind. Though the ox belonged to one person only, the whole population must share in the proceed-

ings, so that there were plenty of witnesses. It was interesting to note the way in which the natives reckoned up the amount to be paid. For this purpose empty ears of maize were used. One kind represented stuffs, such as cloth or merikani, another so much wire, and so on. The ears were carefully sorted, and the various piles stood for the number of dotis of stuff, senenjes, mikufus, and strings of beads. At least a hundred times did the natives name the price, that there might be absolutely no mistake about it, and then at last the happy seller packed up the ears of maize and walked off with them. The next day, when payment was made, he demanded double, but we stuck to the original amount.

The weather continued so bad that we had to give up all idea of getting to the top of Mount Meru, but we determined to go as far as possible after all the difficulties we had surmounted by the way. But for this it was absolutely necessary to have articles of barter, so we should have to get them from the camp. It will be remembered that our chief aim in this journey to Mount Meru was to buy pack-animals at Arushawa-ju. We were now but one day's journey from the Wakwafi settlement, on the south of the mountain, so that it really seemed best to get the whole caravan together again here. But there were difficulties in the way. Jumbe Kimemeta had somehow got wrong in his reckoning, and we had not brought nearly enough articles for barter and presents with us from Taveta, so that, bearing in mind the covetousness of the natives with whom we should have to deal, we ran a risk of failing in our object. We talked the matter over in the evening, when the natives had left us, with the result that it was decided for me to return to the camp below and consult Kimemeta. If he thought we could manage with what we had at the camp, I was to bring the whole caravan back with me, but if not, only what was necessary to pay our debts.

At half-past ten the next morning—the rain prevented my starting earlier—I was off down the mountain, accompanied by fourteen men. I soon out-distanced my comrades, and reached the camp in two hours and a half, where my sudden appearance alone and covered with mud roused the greatest apprehension, till my joyful ‘Yambo!’ relieved all anxiety.

I soon enough found that we could not possibly go to Arusha-wa-ju—where a very large hongo would have to be paid—with what we had with us, so there was nothing for it but for me to collect what was actually needed on the mountain and return at once. I could not, however, get off before half-past three.

We had no further trouble with Meru ceremonies, but the people of the settlement had to make an opening to let in the cattle I brought with me. At the door I met Mhoke, with a letter for me from Count Teleki, telling me to be sure and bring some rockets with me. Of course the Count could not know whether I should or should not be bringing the whole caravan with me. This letter, which rather took me aback, also begged me to return as quickly as possible, as there was danger ahead. Of course I urged all possible speed on the men now, but the pouring rain made the loamy path so slippery that the heavily laden porters could only get on slowly, and, moreover, it soon became so dark that each man could barely see the one in front of him. So it was eight o’clock before we reached the camp, where, however, I was thankful to find all well.

The natives really had tried to turn my absence to account by exacting a large tribute from Count Teleki, but this afterthought was merely the result of Mhoke’s nervousness. Soon after I left, Matunda had come, with his wife, to pay the Count a visit. This wife really was a beautiful creature, with regular features and sparkling eyes; she was a very decided coquette, which, by the way, is a rare thing with native women. Teleki

gave his visitors a hearty welcome and amused them considerably. Just as they were leaving came the request for some of the mighty *dana*, or medicine, of which they had heard from our people. This medicine meant rockets,¹ and the Count promised to send Mhoke to fetch some. The pouring rain had thus far kept the natives away from the camp, but in the afternoon they came in crowds, warriors being in the majority. Some 200 armed men had also taken up their position close to us, whilst another hundred or so were divided from them by a banana-hedge. Their bearing showed that there was something unpleasant in the wind, so Count Teleki ordered his handful of men—he had now only fourteen with him—to have their weapons ready. After a long, excited shauri, the leader of the larger body of warriors came to the Count and demanded a considerable hongo. Of course, as Teleki had nothing with him he could only refuse this request. Another noisy shauri ensued, and then back came the ultimatum: ‘We are tired of promises; either give us our tribute or be off.’ There was no doubt they were in earnest this time, so, to gain time, Teleki temporised, saying he must first speak to the chief. It now turned out that these warriors did not belong to Mount Meru, but came from Arusha-wa-ju, for they replied, ‘Sultan Matunda has nothing to do with the matter; we are masters here.’

As it seemed hopeless either to satisfy or drive off the warriors, and it would be easier to fight in the broken ground through which we had passed than in the open, Count Teleki now replied that it was impossible for him to give a hongo, so he would leave at once. He then ordered his men to pack up, but to keep their weapons handy. This very unexpected answer brought about an immediate change of front in the

¹ The rockets so often referred to are found most useful by travellers in Africa, as the natives associate them with magic. The letting-off of a few rockets at night is a greater protection to a camp than anything else.—TRANS.

native camp. The warriors had never dreamt of being taken at their word in such a manner, and now entreated the Count to remain, as they did not know what would happen at Arusha-wa-ju when it was found that they had driven the visitors away. The Count relented, and of his own free will promised them a present when his goods arrived. So peace was once more restored.

As already stated, we had to give up our visit to Arusha on account of running short of goods. We regretted this the less as we were able to buy pack-animals on Mount Meru, the Wameru selling us some, whilst the people of Arusha brought us others. This led to our remaining longer than we had intended on Mount Meru, and we spent the whole of the first week in May there. We were, of course, much stronger now we were all together, but still we regretted the delay, as the natives were always trying to pick a quarrel with us, the Wakwafi putting the Wameru up to fresh aggressions and extortions. We had, however, only to show our teeth to bring them to reason, but it was a disagreeable state of things. We had often been told by traders that there are but two evil-disposed tribes in east equatorial Africa: the Wakikuyu and the Wakwafi of Arusha-wa-ju, or Great Arusha; and we had every reason to endorse their opinion with regard to the latter. The character of the Wameru themselves is, however, anything but perfect. They are Wajagga, and, like all mountaineers, active, brave, and independent. Hitherto they had had to deal with ivory-traders or slave-dealers only, and they tried to overawe us, as they did them, with threats. We now had experiences very similar to those of Baron von der Decken on Kilimanjaro twenty-five years previously. The Wameru, or dwellers on Mount Meru, number some 1,000, and are an independent community, having, however, certain relations with the Wakwafi of Arusha-wa-ju. Their settlements are at a height

of from about 3,500 to 5,500 feet, on the southern slopes of the mountain. The beds of the streams on Mount Meru are much deeper than those on Kilimanjaro, and the surrounding scenery is perhaps, therefore, not quite so picturesque; but the soil is evidently more fertile, for nowhere else did we see such luxuriant and fruitful banana-plantations. The banana is the chief food here, but maize, beans, eleusine, with a few potatoes, are cultivated, and a variety of tobacco with pink flowers is grown. The Wameru also breed cattle, sheep, and goats, and their numerous bees yield better honey than we tasted anywhere else in East Africa.

The Wameru live in scattered huts, mostly made of straw and of the shape of a hayrick; but some few are exactly like those of the Masai, except that they are bigger, and instead of being covered in with earth and cow-dung, are finished off with banana-leaves, which have a whitish sheen. Of course the Wameru have affinities with the Masai, their constant intercourse with the people of Arusha-wa-ju would ensure that; and many of their manners and customs resemble those of their neighbours. Moreover, a good many Masai idioms have become incorporated with Kijagga.

Matunda, chief of the Wameru, enjoys very little real power. He has to consult the wishes of the soldiery, especially of the Arusha warriors, at every turn. We saw little of him, and could never get access to him when quarrels were in the wind. We often invited him, but he always made the excuse that he was tipsy, a fact he confessed without the slightest shame.

There were, however, always plenty of men, women, and children in our camp, although the rain scarcely ever ceased. From early morning to sunset we were almost crowded out by natives, and the immediate neighbourhood of our settlement was never free from them. Our people had to barter for their

food, and we wanted donkeys. We were also anxious to buy some ethnographical curiosities; and the natives had not the slightest idea of the value of time. Nothing in Africa tried our patience and mettle more than this bartering with the natives; and it was worse here than anywhere else. It was not as if we were dealing with absolutely savage tribes; and it was really surprising what cunning quite young children could display. A few examples will suffice. Jumbé Kime-meta, experienced old trader though he was, could only get one donkey. Four times the price was fixed; four times the owner of the beast wanted to back out of his bargain. You may be pretty sure that in nine cases out of ten the natives will bring back the beads, or whatever the purchase-money is, at least five times, the hours spent in negotiations being thus absolutely wasted. And every transaction is watched by a crowd of spectators, drawn together by curiosity or a desire to show off their cleverness, so that, even if the buyer or seller is satisfied, his friends are not. One does not like the colour of the stuff, another thinks the price too low, and so on *ad infinitum*.

Amongst the natives there are generally some few who make it their special business to look after bartering, and traders try to bribe them with a small present to vote on their side. The usual result is, however, that bargains are at first apparently concluded, only for the natives to begin their backing-out again soon after, and the agent who took the bribe is nowhere to be found. We wasted no end of stuffs, gunpowder, wire, &c., in this way, not to speak of time and patience, gaining in the end absolutely nothing by all our perseverance.

The bad weather prevented our going far from camp, and it was not until the last day of our stay with the Wameru that the heavy clouds hiding the mountain cleared off and we were able, though still only with the aid of glasses, to make out the upper slopes and peak. We recognised the pyramidal form



AMONG THE WAMERU.



of the extinct volcano, the west-north-west and east-south-west sides of which had been torn asunder in some terrible outbreak, destroying the circular form of the cone, one side, the south-west being 14,640 feet high, whilst the northern is but 12,100 feet. As with Kilimanjaro, it is only from the south side of Mount Meru that any streams flow, so that the northern side is uninhabited.

There are a good many elephants on Mount Meru, and as their appearance always created great excitement in the native settlements, we were sure to be told of it ; but we only saw one, and that was amongst grass as high as a man. We could hear the animal moving about close to us well enough, but we could only see him by climbing trees, and after a long, fruitless chase we had to give him up. The natives with us displayed great skill in following the game, but they spoilt it all by the cowardice with which they rushed to trees on the slightest danger. On this hunting expedition we came upon a pretty little triangular crater lake, called by the natives Balbal, two sides being about 2,600 feet long and the third about 1,600 feet only. The short side of the triangle has a low-lying sandy shore, whilst the perpendicular banks of the other portions are from 30 to 100 feet high, and are clothed with luxuriant green vegetation. There is no apparent outlet or inlet to this lake ; the water is clear, transparent, of a deep blue colour, and, even near the level portion of the shore, of great depth. The surface was covered with countless water-lilies, and numerous water-birds haunted its shores, chiefly of the duck family. The sides of the cone-shaped hill overlooking Lake Balbal, which has a general but gentle inclination southwards, are clothed with short steppe grass.

During our stay on the mountain the people of Arusha-waju often honoured us with a visit, and their leibon himself came several times. He remembered the German traveller,

Dr. Gustav Fischer, very well, told us a lot about him, and declared he had been his best friend. Although this medicine-man claimed to be a sultan, and a very great sultan too, we were anything but enamoured of his gallows face, and placed very little confidence in him. An ox he gave us was such a mere skeleton that a leopard, which paid us a visit the next night, despised it as a meal, and only bit off its tail!

On the morning of May 7 we left Mount Meru to return to Taveta by way of Little Arusha and Kahe. We had added ten grey asses to our caravan, but we had left behind our Muscat donkey, Msungu, so-called on account of its silver-grey hair. The poor creature had been bitten some twenty hours previously by a kind of fly; its mouth became swollen, it breathed with great difficulty, and was evidently in considerable pain. We were very sorry to lose it, and knew we should greatly miss it later.

We meant to start quite early, to avoid the natives, but we were delayed a little by the unfortunate illness of one of our men, who was struck down by fever. We left him under the care of a native whose appearance inspired respect and confidence, of course paying in advance for his keep, and arranging for him to follow us later.

Our course was for a time along the Magsuru river; then we crossed it, and, passing close to the east of Lake Balbal, pressed on for the Akati river, rising on Mount Meru, which later, in receiving the Magsuru, absorbs all the mountain streams, and flows into the Dariama. The sky was clear, and after being in the cool mountain regions so long we felt the unwonted heat of the sun on the barren treeless steppes terribly. We camped on the Akati, and later in the afternoon we enjoyed a beautiful sight. Close by, on our left, the dark, almost black pyramid of Meru rose up from the golden steppe, whilst beyond, in majestic dignity, towered Kilimanjaro, its

many-hued slopes, contrasting with its snow-clad peak, gleaming in the beams of the setting sun. Fresh snow covered the whole saddle, and extended apparently to the upper portion of the primeval forest. We now for the first time made out the third peak of Kilimanjaro, which, being considerably lower than the other two, rarely emerges from the masses of clouds in which the summits are generally hidden.



LAKE BALBAL.

On the 8th we marched farther along the Akati, nearly as far as its junction with the Magsuru, on the left bank of which, beneath a few venerable sycamores, we camped for the night.

On these two marches we only met a few Masai sent out as spies to patrol the border districts between Masailand and Arusha-wa-ju. We should not come upon these dreaded people in numbers till we reached the Dariama, and considering that we had exhausted our goods for barter, &c., we were

anything but anxious for a meeting. To avoid them we determined to make a double march the next day, which would enable us to pass beyond the territory occupied by them.

We started earlier than usual, and plodded on as rapidly as possible in the direction of the distant fringe of vegetation marking the course of the Dariama, which probably rises, under the name of the Shamburay, on the south-west side of Mount Meru, becoming the Dariama in its middle easterly course, whilst farther on it is known as the Ronga. The Shamburay-Ronga receives all the streams flowing south from Mount Meru, and takes them to the Ruvu, or Pangani, which thus drains the whole of the Meru and Kilimanjaro basins.

After a march of four hours we reached the Dariama. The river here was more than 19 yards across, and 5 or 6 feet deep, with a considerable volume of thick, muddy-looking water. A tree flung across enabled us to make a rapid though rather difficult transit, and we camped on the other side for a long mid-day rest in a thicket encumbered with parasitical growths, some of them as thick as a man's arm.

At half-past one we started again, and skirting along the base of the flat-topped Chachame mountains, at a distance of from about 550 to 1,100 yards from the thicket, we reached the trading station of Mikindúni at sunset. The landscape struck us as peculiarly deserted and unfriendly-looking. The mountain shapes were unlike any we had so far seen, the flora was more varied, and we noted many new varieties. We were at first surprised, but we soon saw that everything was accounted for by the difference in the geological formation we were now traversing; we had left the volcanic district behind, and were amongst metamorphic rocks. White limestone, now in loose masses, now in compact rocks, was of frequent occurrence, still, however, alternating with lava, and in the distant mountains we could see ravines with sides gleaming like snow-white marble.

There were numbers of wild animals, chiefly antelopes, here; but as we had a long march before us, we had to restrain our hunting propensities, and Count Teleki only shot one gnu. We also saw a great many of the peculiar hornbills the Count had noticed before on his march to Masinde. They congregated in the long grass in twos and threes, and flew heavily. Unwillingly I shot one to examine it more closely, and found its feathers were scanty, with large bare patches of skin.

Mikindúni is situated in a sharp northerly bend of the river, at the foot of the insignificant mountain range of the same name, flanking the Sogonoy chain on the north. Our next march was between these two mountain masses, so that for a time we lost sight of the river. At first the path was very steep, but then it sunk again. Though the ground was stony and sandy, there was luxuriant vegetation, just now in full bloom; baobabs and acacias were the chief trees. In the whole march we only came to one pool, and the dull green water of that was quite unfit to drink. It was fearfully hot, and the dazzling sunbeams were reflected from the gleaming white ground. Under the circumstances, it was no wonder that it should have occurred to Kijuma wadi Muynuru, one of our Swahili porters, that he would throw aside his load and by a clever manœuvre get off any further travelling through this torrid district. It was just the hottest part of the day when I found him rolling on the ground, kicking out with hands and feet as if in the agonies of death. 'Kijuma!' I cried, 'what in the world is the matter?' 'Oh, master!' was his reply in broken accents, 'I am dying!' Then he rolled over again, his convulsions became weaker, and he lay quite still. Quite taken in, and not knowing what to do for the poor fellow, I stood looking at him pityingly, whilst his comrades gathered round, and gazed upon him in dismay.

But presently my suspicions were aroused ; I suddenly remembered certain tales about the symptoms attending the possession by evil spirits, guessed the man was simulating this, and called to Kharscho, one of my Askari, to bring a whip with which to exorcise the demons. The effect was immediate : the poor possessed-one got up, and assured us he already felt better.

We were making to-day for Malago tembo, a clearing in a thicket on the Ronga, visited by Baron von der Decken ; but as Jumbe Kimemeta, who, though he was carried, found the march far too long, pointed out to us, we had overshot our mark by a long piece. We therefore turned sharp off on the right, and forced our way through thick and thin to the river, of which we very soon caught sight. An old buffalo bull had chosen the very spot we were approaching as a shady retreat for a mid-day nap. He came with rapid steps out of the thicket, and stood right in front of the whole caravan. Count Teleki was but thirty paces off, and had his rifle ready ; he was just about to fire, when the buffalo lowered his head for a charge, and as a shot might have endangered the lives of several of the men, the Count refrained. The bull glared at us all for a bit, and then, with an angry roar, went off.

The next morning we marched in a southerly direction, at a distance of from 550 to 850 yards from the river, through a district rich in game. There were many traces of others having been here before us, and we met several Masai, who told us the way to a ford over the Ronga, where we arrived after a journey of two hours and a half.

A glance at the map will lead to the inquiry why we went out of our way like this when we were bound for Little Arusha. We had a boat with us, and might have crossed the Ronga wherever we liked. Our guides had not, of course, thought of that when they told us the way, and having no means of taking our bearings, we did as they suggested.

The river was some 33 yards wide at the ford, from 7 to 8 feet deep in the middle, and the current was pretty strong, so we had to use the boat for the transit. We established a temporary ferry quickly enough, our movements hastened by a downpour of rain. Most of the men and all the loads were soon on the other side, and then came the cattle and donkeys. Led by an old cow, who, as she had been with us ever since we left Masinde, was used to the ups and downs of travel, the former behaved well enough, plunged into the water, bravely battled with the current, and landed cleverly on the other side. Not so the grey donkeys. Of course their saddles had been taken off some time before, and they had been allowed to graze by the river-side. Now they were surrounded by our men, and driven to the ford with horrible cries and resounding blows. With their heads well above water they swam to the middle of the river, but there they relaxed their efforts and allowed themselves to be swept down by the current. We were eagerly watching them, and rushed off to try and save them. We now discovered that we were really ourselves on an island only, and not on the farther bank. We had water all around us, and could not get at the animals, who, however, after tumbling about for some time in the network of channels and backwaters, were stranded in a state of exhaustion in a shallow part of the river with perpendicular banks, overhung with masses of vegetation. It was some time before we could take our bearings, but when we knew where we were we set to vigorously at the work of rescue, hewing our way to the edge of the water, uprooting bushes, &c., and succeeded at last, after six hours' toil, in getting all the animals on to dry land again.

We had now crossed the main stream, but we had still two tributaries to ford. The first was only some four and a half yards across, but deep and rapid, and with steep, crumbling sides. A tree-trunk formed a rough bridge, over which the

men crossed easily enough ; but we had a lot more bother with the animals. The middle of the bridge was under the water, which broke over it in foam like a mill-stream. Two of the oxen slipped off, and the force of the current driving them against the tree-trunk, they were nearly drowned. We had to force them farther up stream, and then the current swept them under the bridge, below which they came to the surface again and battled with their fast-failing strength against the stream. One of them managed to reach the bank at last, but we saw the



GETTING THE DONKEYS OVER THE RONGA.

other dragged under water by a crocodile a little lower down. Not to risk the donkeys further, we tugged them across this stretch of river, as well as the two backwaters, with ropes. They went right under water in transit, and were landed in an almost insensible condition, but there was no help for it.

It was not until half-past eight that the last donkey was safely over. Then, hungry and tired, we and the few men who had remained to help us followed the main body of the caravan, already far on its way to Little Arusha. Our old guide, Manwa Sera, had behaved with such pluck and dexterity in the emer-

gency that he had wiped out a long score we had against him. The poor grey donkeys were so exhausted after their three water trips that they stood motionless on the bank, and we had to push and drag them on, one by one, before they would stir on their own account. An hour's splash through the gathering darkness, across a steppe covered with from four to eight inches of water, brought this long day's work to an end at Little Arusha.

Our tent was pitched in the midst of the camp of a trading caravan some 170 strong, as it was the only dry place to be had. These traders had come from Leikipia, and had already been waiting here two months for another caravan, which had gone to Ngaboto, a district on the north of Lake Baringo. They had collected a lot of ivory, and, as they expressed it, done a *biaschera ku*, or good business. They had buried their treasures to protect them from fire. The leaders, with Mpujui, the best speaker of the Masai language and a great friend of Jumbe Kimemeta, at their head, had come to meet Count Teleki on his arrival, and presented him with some beautiful white maize meal as a token of welcome.

Little Arusha, or Arusha-wa-Chini, is a settlement of Wawkwafi not unlike the Wataveta in their mode of life. Surrounded as they are by watercourses, they can to a great extent dispense with the protection of the forest, but neither is that altogether wanting. Sometimes Taveta and sometimes Little Arusha, according to the direction of the journey, is appointed as the rendezvous of caravans going from or to the coast. There are four routes to Masailand from the sea. The first and most easterly leads through Ukambani to Ngongo Bagás; the second skirts along the eastern base of Kilimanjaro in a northerly direction; the third passes between Mounts Meru and Kilimanjaro; and the fourth goes, by way of Arusha-wa-ju, northward, west of them. The big hongo exacted by the

covetous natives of Arusha-wa-ju leads caravans to avoid it, except when on their way back to the coast. The tribute exacted is very small on the return journey, as ivory is about all the traders have with them then. They generally pay their way back with the weapons they no longer need, so that the



NATIVE OF LITTLE ARUSHA.

natives are very well provided with arms. There are generally in all these caravans a certain number of what are called *tadschiris*, or rich fellows; but they really are poor devils enough, for there is not much profit to be got out of ivory by anyone but the Hindu creditors, who are quietly waiting at the coast for their spoil. To lessen the inevitable risk attending expeditions to the interior for ivory, companies are formed, the various traders dividing the

results of each trip, and waiting for each other for this purpose at Taveta or Little Arusha. Of course, it would be very much simpler to sell the ivory on the coast and divide the money; but this is never done, the creditors always insisting on payment in ivory. On their return journey the people of the various

caravans make up all kinds of grotesque costumes, in which they disport themselves when they get home, imitating the dances and songs they have learnt from the natives. A performance of this kind was given in our honour, and, of course, we had to pay for the treat with a considerable baksheesh.

After the play the traders brought a man to us who had been mauled by a crocodile in crossing over the Ronga several weeks ago. The poor fellow's arm was in a dreadful condition, as the wound had not been properly seen to. Count Teleki did the best he could, cutting away the hanging flesh, &c., but he told his patient he had little hope of his ever being able to use his arm again. However, we heard later that he quite recovered power in his arm.

On May 13th we started again, and an hour's march brought us to the Mayleja, a tributary of the Ronga, which flows past Von der Decken's camp of Malago tembo, and forms the northern boundary of Little Arusha. The road led amongst the native plantations, chiefly of potatoes and maize, with bananas only near the river. We crossed the water where piles of wood had been placed, forming an incomplete bridge. We filled up the worst gaps ourselves, and passed over almost dry-shod. The river was about twenty-one yards wide at the ford, but shallow, and with only a slow current. The crossing was effected in an hour and a half, and we camped on the other side in dense bush. Here, alas! we lost our third and last riding donkey, named Sim, or Lightning, which died, as had the others, after a few hours' suffering only, from the bite of a fly.

Six hours' march the next day, for the two first hours alongside of a thicket of bush rendered swampy by the late heavy rains, and for the remaining four across a barren sandy steppe, brought us to the forest of Kahe, which we found, to our relief, not nearly so dense as that at Taveta. It was haunted by numerous monkeys of the species known as the *Colobus guereza*,

the peculiarities of which have already been described. We shot seven of them.

Leaving the forest, we came to the lower course of the Kirerema, here about thirty feet wide and six deep. A slippery trunk was the only bridge, and the men were able to cross comfortably with care, but the steep, crumbling banks made it very difficult to get the animals over. We now met a good many natives, who reproached us for our treatment of the monkeys. However, seeing that we took no notice of their remarks, they dropped the subject and soon became friends with us. The *Colobus guereza*, rare everywhere but in the Kahe forest, is much prized by the Masai and the other natives of the Kilimanjaro districts, as its skin is used in their war paraphernalia.

The natives here brought us gifts, the finest bananas I had ever seen, and led us to a camping-place, more beautiful even than any in Taveta, in a meadow bounded by the wood, from which we had an uninterrupted view of Kilimanjaro. We liked our quarters so much that we remained in them another day. The natives were neither importunate in their attentions, nor did they beg. They brought bananas, beans, maize, potatoes, choroco, and beautifully clear honey for sale. There were also plenty of goats but they were very dear. Our merikani was most in demand, but our hosts were willing to accept powder, thick iron wire (Sambai), and small Jagga beads; they did not, however, care for the pretty mboro and ukuta beads. The people of Kahe belong to the same family as the Wataveta, and resemble them in appearance, customs, &c.; they also speak the same Bantu dialect.

In the afternoon Count Teleki went to hunt monkeys, and brought back five more skins, so that we now had a dozen, which had to be most carefully prepared to preserve them uninjured.

We should have been very sorry to leave Kahe if the

weather had been fine enough to allow us to enjoy the view ; but it rained constantly, not in a steady downpour, as before, but in heavy showers—a sure sign that the rainy season was nearly over.

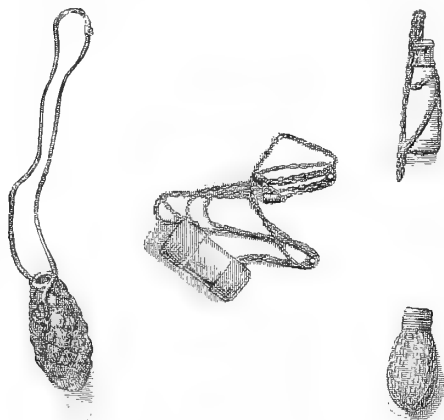
There were plenty of banana plantations but no huts in the immediate vicinity of our camp, and it was not until the next day that we passed the inhabited portion of Kahe, which is a long narrow strip on the right bank of the Mwaleni river. We should very soon have left it behind us but for the difficulty of getting the animals over the water. We even had to drag across the cattle, generally such clever swimmers, with the help of ropes. The vegetation peculiar to the Kilimanjaro district is exchanged on the other side of this river for doum palms, and not until the Himo is reached do the acacias, baobabs, and other trees characteristic of that neighbourhood again occur. The Himo where we crossed it was more than 16 yards wide and 3 feet deep, but it was bridged over by a colossal trunk, and the transit was effected without any difficulty.

The next day, May 17, our circuit of Kilimanjaro and Meru was to come to an end, at which we all rejoiced, as travelling in the rain was anything but pleasant. However, the morning broke clear and bright, the cloudless blue sky looking as if rain were a thing unknown, and but for our wet clothes we might really have doubted it ourselves.

We had two routes to choose from—one through dense forest, the other in a southerly direction along the chain of hills, at the northern end of which we had camped after our first march from Taveta, thirty-six days before. We chose the latter, and wended our way, first across a flat district, then, as we got nearer the hills, over rough, broken ground, the path getting worse and worse. In the early part of the day Count Teleki, who always headed the caravan, was lucky enough to surprise a small flock of ostriches ; he brought down a hen with

the first shot, and wounded a cock, which, however, got away, with the second. The hen was very plump, and was eagerly devoured by our men, but as it was the moulting season, the skin was worthless.

From the low hills we had a most beautiful view. The forest of Taveta, bathed in warm sunshine, lay before us, and from it rose up volumes of pale blue smoke, appealing to us so eloquently and irresistibly that the hearts of our negroes bounded within them. Their eyes shone with joy, and with one accord they burst into a delighted shout of 'Taveta! Taveta!' as if they had come within sight of Heaven itself. Gezilah, a coal-black half-caste Arab, was the most excited of all,



SNUFF-POUCHES OF NATIVES OF KILIMANJARO.

as, with uplifted hands and trembling voice, he gave thanks to his God in the words, 'Allah akbar! La illaila el Allah wa Muhammed rasûl Allah.'

To the sound of the usual firing with blank cartridges we entered Taveta about two o'clock. The reception given us by the men we had left

behind was touching. One by one they came, first to kiss our hands, and then rushed to their comrades, seized their loads, and carried them shouting into camp. We found our settlement considerably enlarged and in first-rate order, Qualla having proved himself thoroughly capable of managing everything. The huts of the men, which were before in dangerous proximity to the storehouse, had been moved back, and stalls for the goats and poultry had been erected on the other side, whilst in the open space in the centre of the camp

the bales of stuff lay open to dry, as it had rained a great deal in Taveta, as well as with us. Maktubu had returned to camp the day before from his trip of some days' duration to Mombasa to fetch our belongings, but Schaongwe was still away. Nothing had been forgotten or neglected; but, on the other hand, eighteen men had run away, fourteen taking their weapons with them. On the march to the coast Maktubu's caravan had been attacked by some men sent against him by a certain Mbaruk, who was a descendant of that Mbaruk bin Achmet of the Msara dynasty who had been deprived of his territory by Sultan Seyid Seyid. Like his fathers before him, the present Mbaruk waged war in every possible way upon the Sultan of Zanzibar; but he always got the worst of it, and, reduced to great straits, he had now long wandered, homeless, with a few followers, in the inaccessible fastnesses of the Hinterland of Mombasa, which had once belonged to his family. The only way left for him to show his spite against the ruler of Zanzibar was to fall on weak caravans led by Arabs. He had thought he had such an one to deal with now, but finding his mistake, he was full of contrition, and offered to make all the amends in his power by taking care of one of our men, Johar by name, who had been seriously wounded in the affray, until he was quite well again.

A pleasanter surprise was the arrival of a packet of letters from home, sent on by our Consul, Mr. Oswald. Of course everything else was put aside to read them, and it was now with the greatest impatience that we had to respond to the perpetual 'Yambos,' &c.

The long rainy season, known as the *massika*, was now nearly at an end. It began on April 13, and lasted till May 16, but there had only been twenty-one days of absolutely unintermittent rain. The fine days occurred at the beginning and towards the end of this period, and were characterised by occasional violent showers. Between-whiles the rain poured

down from the uniformly grey sky in a steady but not particularly heavy stream, and even at the worst there was generally a break from six or seven to nine or ten o'clock in the morning.

We heard from Miriali, however, that it still rained nearly every day in the Kilimanjaro district, and we could see that it was snowing heavily in the higher regions by the constant change in the position of the snow-line, which had now come down to about the height of 10,150 feet. We should have to wait a few weeks at least before we could carry out our Kilimanjaro plans, but we could use the delay for our preparations for the further journey. To make running away more difficult for the men we took their weapons away from them as soon as we got back to camp, and we gave them two days' holiday, which they used for building their huts. Then work, of which there was plenty, was resumed. As already stated, Count Teleki had left some of the goods at Mombasa and Mawia, as he thought we should have more than we wanted. Unforeseen circumstances had, however, thrown out our calculations considerably. The various desertions and casualties had reduced the number of porters, and we had not been altogether right in our selection of stores: we had too much of some things and not enough of others.

With a view to getting a thoroughly accurate idea of the state of our resources, we resolved to have every bale overhauled, and this task was confided to Qualla, with the guides and Askari under him. Then we must make some more naiberes and string some more beads in the orthodox way. Maktubu had brought with him some thousand fine needles, and for thread quantities of the extraordinarily strong fibres of the leaves of the *Hyphaena thebaica* were already prepared; so that the making of *pombo*, as the strings of beads are called, could proceed merrily beneath the big shelter which had been specially erected for the purpose.

Our donkeys and cattle, which were suffering dreadfully from the immense numbers of flies of different kinds, we sent with an escort of eight men to Miriali. We also sent a certain quantity of thick copper wire, begging him to have it made into the little chains that are so much sought after in Masailand.

Another party of men, sent off the day after our arrival, were charged to go to the nomad Masai on the Dariama to buy seventy dressed half-tanned oxhides to make saddles for our pack-animals; whilst a third contingent, under one Juma Mussa Naddim Balosi, was sent to Useri to buy goats. This Juma we had recently hired from James Martin, who was still in Taveta, for thirteen dollars a month. He was a native of Tanga, in the prime of life, had made many journeys in Masailand, spoke the language well, and was altogether very experienced. He told us that Useri, in the Jagga district, would be the best place for buying goats, but he only brought back four, the fact being that they are very scarce in the whole of the Kilimanjaro neighbourhood.

On the morning of May 21 Schaongwe came back with his caravan. He had marched with his men to Tarawanda, at the foot of the Usambara range, half-way between Masinde and Mautui, where he found one hundred loads, brought there from Mawia by Jumbe Kimemeta. On his way there Schaongwe had lost two of his Askari, who had gone off with the stores of provisions he had brought for his men, and when he got to Tarawanda twenty porters and the second guide, Nassid wadi Ferhan, declared quite openly that they meant to go to Pangani, an intention they did not fail to carry out. Moreover, Schaongwe found that nearly every load had been opened and some of the contents stolen, Sultan Sembodja conniving at the theft. After waiting a long time for the return of the men from Pangani, Schaongwe started again, but he had to leave twenty-three loads behind him for want of porters. He allowed himself no time

to rest, however, and two days later he was again on the way to Tarawanda with thirty men.

At this time the Church Missionary station at Mochi, on Kilimanjaro, was in regular monthly postal communication with Mombasa. Only small weights, I believe, of from about twenty-two to twenty-six pounds, were carried in each parcel; but the transit was effected in the remarkably short time of five days, and as the post always touched at Taveta, we were able to get a good many necessary articles by its means.

It took us about a week to get everything straight in the caravan, but after that we had leisure for other occupations, and Count Teleki availed himself of it to go off for five days' hunting near Lake Jipe, with the results recorded in the following extracts from his journal:—

‘*May 27.*—I started with thirty men in the direction of our former camp by the lake, and I had hardly left the forest of Taveta behind me before I brought down two Mpala antelopes from a considerable distance. We reached the old camp at four o'clock in the afternoon.

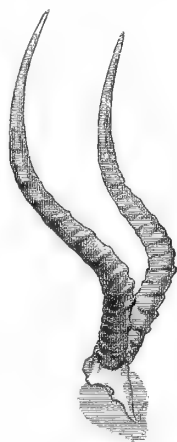
‘*May 28.*—We marched nearly to the southern end of the lake and camped, passing on the way the remains of a recently killed colossal elephant, which had already been deprived of its tusks by the Wandorobbo, or Wakemba. My bag to-day consisted of six guinea-fowls and an East African partridge. The weather was beautiful after all the rain, the sky cloudless, the sun very hot in the day, but the nights were cool.

‘*May 29.*—With Maktubu, Bedue, and the Somal, Mahommed and Kharscho, who formed my usual hunting-staff, I now scoured the wild bush on the east of the lake. The game was unusually shy, and it was only after a lot of trouble that we brought down two Mpala antelopes. Then the lynx-eyed Bedue spied a rhinoceros some 800 paces off under the shade of a solitary bush. We approached cautiously till we were about forty paces

from it. We were under very good cover, but I could not see the animal well enough to fire, so I had to step out in the open. The rhinoceros, which had probably already scented his danger, no sooner saw me than he charged full upon me. I fired from the shoulder with my 577 Express; there was a loud report, but no apparent result, the animal dashing on without a pause. I was now for a moment the hunted instead of the hunter, the rhinoceros following my zigzag course only, fortunately, to rush beyond me. A second shot was now possible. I fired, but too low; however, after running another two hundred paces the animal stood still. Bedue, who had been very much in my way when I shot the second time, now, in excited delight, rushed at my victim; why, I cannot imagine. Anyhow he drove the animal away, for it dashed off, and though we followed its track for some time we lost it, chiefly because, coming upon quite fresh elephant-spoors, we turned aside for them; also in vain, for we saw nothing more. Our rest at night was constantly disturbed by the grunting and splashing of the hippopotami in the lake.

‘*May 30.*—I made a very successful double shot, bringing down two Mpala antelopes at once. I left two men in charge of them and went on. Very soon these men rushed breathlessly after me to tell me they had seen three lions. Traces of these animals could be clearly made out, but they led into a thorn thicket, into which it was impossible to follow them. On the way home I shot a wild hog and a couple of guinea-fowls.

‘*May 31.*—I had the tents struck, and went hunting with my whole caravan back to the camp on the upper lake. The results were small and not worth the trouble taken. I had



HORNS OF MPALA
ANTELOPE.

many a breathless chase after giraffes on this march, but I got not a single shot. A dwarf antelope no bigger than a hare was all I brought down that day.'

On June 1 Count Teleki, and also the men under the charge of Tom Charles, got back to Taveta. Tom had brought his mission to a successful termination. He had rather fallen out of favour with us, but we had been mistaken in our judgment. He was not very big, but as strong as a Hercules, and his face was marked with many a scar which he had won in drunken brawls. We had ordered him to inflict a flogging on some offender, and he had refused to do so, as he could not bring himself to hit a fellow-man. His behaviour seemed absurd, but the discipline of the caravan was not then such as to warrant the personal chastisement of a guide, and the matter was passed over. From many a subsequent experience we found that Tom Charles really was a most tender-hearted fellow.

A second series of astronomical observations was now necessary, to determine the condition and rate of our chronometer, after which we set to work in earnest at our preparations for ascending Kilimanjaro. We decided to send Juma Mussa and another man on two days in advance to tell Miriali of our approach. They started early in the morning, but to our surprise came back to camp in a few hours, and Mussa told us in excited Tanga-Swahili that they had with great difficulty escaped from a band of some thirty or forty Masai warriors. We believed this story, as there were often numbers of Masai prowling about in the neighbourhood of Taveta; but an hour later two men and a woman from Mwika came into camp, and we naturally asked them if they too had seen these warriors. They said, 'No; no Masai moran; but we did see two Wangwana, who stopped when they saw us a hundred yards off, and then turned tail and ran away as fast as their legs would carry them.'

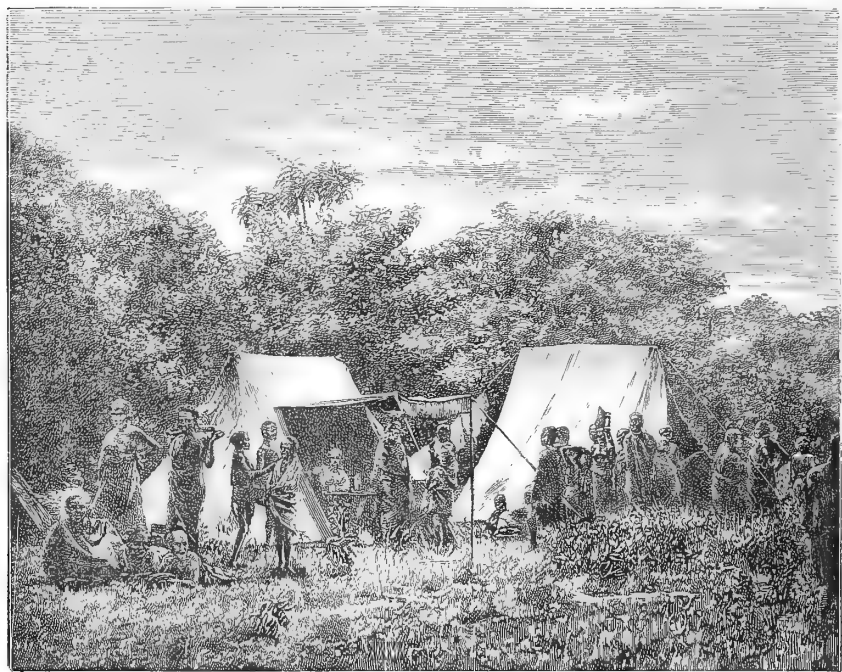
There was no doubt that these three natives of Mwika were all our men had seen, so we sent for the heroes and confronted them with our visitors. Juma Mussa was at first speechless with astonishment at the truth coming out so soon, but he stuck to his original assertion. His companion Ulaya, an intelligent little fellow from Unyamwesi, was not a bit ashamed to own that these three natives were the only people they had seen, adding, 'And I said to him, No, Juma Mussa, let's go on; those are no Masai.'

Our preparations for the ascent of the mountain were completed on June 8, and we decided to start the next morning. We were having supper on this our last evening when a fire in the camp alarmed us. Fortunately it began at the further end and there was no wind, but in next to no time a dozen huts were in flames; the dry rushes with which they were thatched burnt rapidly, the cartridges which had been left in the huts, with now and then a powder horn, exploded, the flames leaped up afresh as some weapon became red hot, whilst the heat and noise were terrible. We saw it was useless to attempt to save anything already on fire, so we directed all our energies to cutting off the supply of fuel, tearing down huts, dragging away stores, &c., and not until they were all out of danger had we time to pour water on the still smouldering embers.

We started on June 9 with sixty-two porters. The beautiful blue sky was perfectly cloudless, and Kibo, the goal of our wanderings, stood out clear and distinct before us, its majestic outlines inspiring even the thoughtless natives with something like awe. We made our entry into Marangu in the midst of firing from both sides, some few explosive bullets even being let off amongst the blank cartridges. Miriali received us as before in a flowing red toga. His sharp eyes at once spied the eighteen-shot repeater Count Teleki had promised him, and

they sparkled with delight as he led us to our old meadow, where two fine cows, his present in token of welcome, were already tethered. Miriali asked at once for the weapon; the other fine things we had brought for him could wait.

The next day was very overcast, and the clouds looked threatening, but this did not prevent our people from making



OUR CAMP AT MIRIALI'S.

themselves at home. There was always something new to look at, and in addition to the usual articles of food, we were able to buy fresh butter. We also got quantities of the iron chains called *Mikufu*. In the morning we took some observations with the boiling-point thermometer, which Miriali watched attentively. Count Teleki explained the mysterious operation to him, and he translated all he could understand to his assembled people.

When we had finished our work, our host took us to his smithy, where some spears were just then being made; he himself seized the bellows, and seemed immensely delighted when the sparks began to fly about. We were then shown wire-drawing and the process of making copper and iron chains. In the afternoon Miriali and his wife received part of the presents we had brought for them, including a grand gilded dragoon's helmet and an equally magnificent sabre. We had hoped that Miriali would have been especially charmed with these two gifts, but we were disappointed, and the picture-books we had chosen for his wives and slave-girls were quite incomprehensible to them for a long time. The animals were what they first seemed able to make out.

We were obliged to curb our impatience to be off. Miriali had decided to honour us with a war dance and military spectacle, and for this end had summoned all the men and youths capable of bearing arms. Until the festivities were over we found a deaf ear turned to everything relating to our own affairs. On the afternoon of the 12th some 300 men were assembled in front of Miriali's hut, many of them wearing feather collars on their shoulders, and Masai moran masks or monkeys' skins on their heads. They had all got themselves up in as fantastic a manner as possible, and half of them carried guns, whilst the other half were armed with spears, shields, and swords. Their war mantles were very much the shape of the Masai naiberes, but they were made of red or other coloured stuffs. The dance soon began. The brightly decked-out performers formed themselves into a circle and set up a really melodious chant, keeping time by striking their guns or spears with their clubs. The chant was sung softly in deep vibrating chest tones. Slowly the circle of dancers moved round, whilst single performers, generally six at a time, hopped into the centre and, swinging their weapons to the time of the

measure, sprang at regular intervals into the air. When we had watched the dance for about an hour, Miriali called us aside that we might see him put on his gala costume. This toilette was by no means a simple affair. First he donned a long scarlet



A KILIMANJARO WARRIOR.

Arabernouse completely covered with gold tinsel; over this he put a red general's coat, also plentifully adorned with gold lace, which had somehow found its way from America to Marangu. He then fastened below each knee a Masai ornament, made of colobus skin; on his shoulders he placed a fine collar of vultures' feathers, and on his head a broad-brimmed straw hat trimmed with bright red bendera, and with two long white ostrich feathers.

The get up was completed by the winding of some eleven yards of bendera round and round his body. Like all great people, Miriali has his flatterers, and his magnificent toilette was performed to the

sound of reiterated shouts of admiring delight. One old fellow was specially amusing. He came up just as the last touches had been put and Miriali, with sword, shield, and spear, was stepping forth in self-conscious pride. 'Ha!' he cried several times, 'Ha! a lion!'—then—'No, not a lion! our own Mangi (chief)! Oh Mangi!' he went on, 'thou art like a lion,' and in his excitement he hopped round and round his Mangi for a bit, and then went before him shouting, 'The lion comes! the lion comes!' to the clearing where the whole population of Marangu was assembled. The dance already described was then gone through again, the guns, loaded almost to bursting with powder, going off every now and then. The dancers stepped out of the circle to fire, pointing their weapons to the ground, stretched out as far as possible in front of them, springing into the air as they pulled the triggers. Then they resumed their places in the circle, with as proud an air as if they had performed some feat of valour in making all this noise. We then saw the warriors start as if on the war-path to meet a real foe. This they did in the skirmishing order we are familiar with in Europe, one or another skirmisher rushing out of the line every now and then with a terrible cry to dart upon an imaginary enemy, fire at him and spring back into the ranks as quickly as possible. This game went on till all the powder was exhausted.

At Miriali's request we photographed him with his chief warriors grouped about him, and then went with him to his hut, where his three wives, wearing new bright red handkerchiefs, and his three slave-girls standing in a row were waiting with a meal ready for us, consisting of well-cooked slices of beef served on wooden sticks. Miriali told his wives they could begin to eat whilst he went to take off his grand clothes, and all the women squatted down, one of them acting as hostess, and cutting off slices of meat, which she handed to her companions.

When Miriali returned as a black man, pure and simple, the gristly ears of the bullock, which had been saved for him as tid-bits, were handed to him, and this was pretty well all he had. As for us, we got nothing at all at first, but when our host discovered this, he shoved some meat, which had passed through many fingers before his, into our mouths with his own hands.

As Miriali had told us, Mandara, the chief of Mochi, was very wroth at the way we had neglected him. Accustomed to be treated by all Europeans who visited Kilimanjaro with the attention and respect due to him as the most important personage in the neighbourhood, he could not get over our behaviour. He had already threatened Miriali on this account several times, and the young chieftain was often very uneasy about his own future and about us, especially as to what might happen whilst we were up on the mountain. Count Teleki did all he could to reassure him, laughed at his anxiety, and told him he was perfectly welcome to tell Mandara we were his allies and he could come on if he liked. The Count generally made it a rule not to interfere in native politics, but he felt that he ought to make an exception in this case, and we were fully determined to put the matter right as soon as Mandara gave us the slightest opening, as the peace and prosperity of all the Kilimanjaro districts were really at stake in the matter.¹ The next morning we set to work to try and engage guides, but for a long time we could not come to any agreement, although Miriali himself was present. At last even he lost patience, and in a long speech urged all present to look upon us as his friends and to treat us better, for, he said, showing an unexpected acquaintance with books, all Europe watched what

¹ Soon after our return to Europe we heard that Mandara had taken vengeance on Miriali, driving him from house and home and laying waste his country. We wondered greatly that these proceedings, which checked all progress at Kilimanjaro and threw fresh power and wealth into the hands of the robber, were allowed to take place without opposition.

was going on at Kilimanjaro. He wound up by throwing the two and a half doti merikani and the one and a quarter doti bendera at the heads of the recalcitrant guides, which put an end to the discussion. We finally secured the four men who had been guides in 1884 to Mr. H. H. Johnston.

In the afternoon there was another war dance, in which, at our request, our men were allowed to take part, the combined forces attacking with great bravery the imaginary foe. We were to start the next day, leaving ten of our men with Miriali; ten others were to take Jumbe Kimemeta to Taveta, and the rest to go up the mountain with us.

We were up betimes on June 14, though it was bitterly cold, but there were so many little things to do that it was eight o'clock before we could start. Miriali went a little way with us, and under his guidance we marched towards the mountain up hill and down dale in the bright sunshine, between the shady hedges of his plantations, and over several little streams and two rushing brooks with fine waterfalls. In about an hour Miriali called a halt near some huts, and a regular entertainment began. Natives brought heavy wooden vessels full of pombe, and bowls of the sour liquid were solemnly emptied to begin with, the people listening attentively to all their Mangi had to say. Miriali was in capital spirits, and talked brightly and eloquently, his sallies being greeted again and again by shouts of laughter. The pombe was soon all gone. Then we marched on, to halt again in half an hour in a beautiful open mountain meadow. Our men went a little further on to a camping-place, but we stayed behind to partake of a feast spread for us by Miriali, who would not let us, as he said, leave him hungry. The preparations did not take more than a few minutes. The animals for the meal were killed by a stab in the heart, great care being taken that not a drop of blood should be lost. The heart, liver, and the blood collected in the intestines

were taken out through a slit made between the fore-legs, the blood was drunk warm, and the intestines and entrails were eaten raw. The body was cut up, the pieces were stuck on wooden sticks and toasted at the open fire, or simply smoked, the tid-bits being given to Miriali who cut thin slices off them, and with an expression of affectionate benevolence pushed them into our mouths. The natives squatted round like a pack of hounds watching the meat in Miriali's hand, as the remains were flung to them when the best parts had been cut off, and then there was always a fight over them. The toasted meat, though still bleeding, and eaten without salt, did not taste bad, and we did good execution on it, so that when the roasted entrails were served we told Miriali we really had had more than enough.

We often noticed that with natives accustomed to a vegetable diet meat had much the same effect as drink, only of course in a considerably minor degree, and in this case there was soon greatly increased cheerfulness.

After the feast we enjoyed for a time the beautiful view at our feet, no less than seven districts—Mamba, Samanga, Marangu, Kilema, Kirua, Mochi, and Tela—being spread out beneath us. Then we took leave of Miriali and went to our camp, which was situated on a grassy slope at a height of about 5,460 feet. On one side was a banana plantation and on the other were a few huts. Natives poured in and stopped till quite late at night in spite of the rain which had now set in. Many things, notably the dress of the natives, indicated that we were now beyond the usual beat of caravans. Stuffs were scarce, and full-grown girls went about in the garb of Paradise, with nothing more on than a little fringe of beads suspended from the waist. We noted soon, too, that we were in a small self-governed community away from the jurisdiction of law courts, as the following incident, which occurred that same evening, will show. Though the ruler

of the land himself had escorted us here, a gun was stolen from us. We took no further notice of the theft than to say we should send to tell Miriali unless it was returned at once, and at nine o'clock in the evening it came back, with the addition of a fat goat, the fine imposed on the thief by the elders of the village.

To the regret of the natives, who were in camp very early with quantities of bananas, beans, and maize, which they



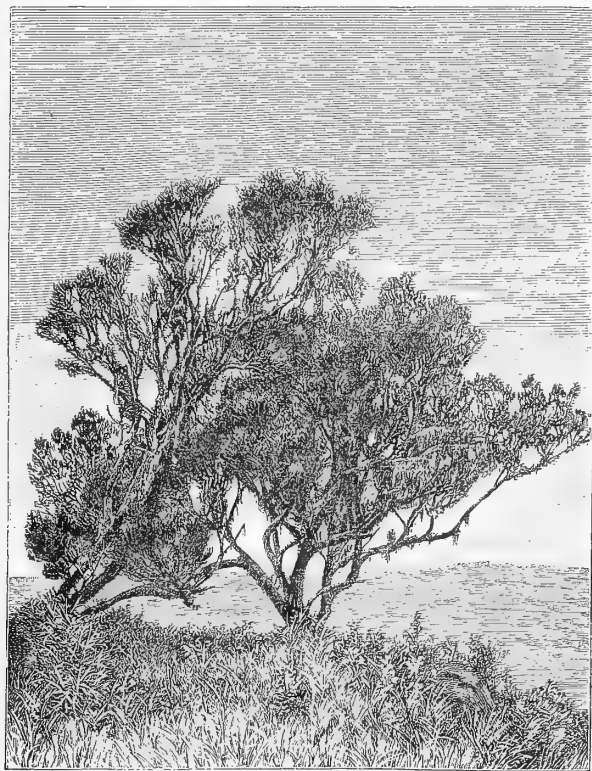
A BIT OF PRIMÆVAL FOREST ON KILIMANJARO.

hoped to sell, we started again the next morning. The thermometer marked $+12^{\circ}$ Centigrade, and it was raining too, which made things anything but pleasant. The four slave-girls, who appeared in the same simple toilettes as the day before, shivered with the cold and clung together to try and get warm. We first crossed the brook, beyond which we came to a banana-hedge with a strong door, through which we had to creep. This

brought us to the boundary of the upper mountain district, which could not be at a much higher altitude than the camp we had left but ten minutes before, viz., about 5,460 feet. The plantations ceased here, but a good and apparently much used path led further up. Several kinds of sage, some more than 9 feet high, and a sort of bramble with a red fruit about the size of a walnut, ferns and heaths were plentiful, the last-named preponderating as we got higher up. At a height of 6,300 feet, however, all these were merged in the primæval forest, in which old patriarchs with knotted stunted forms stood closely together, many of them worsted in the perpetual struggle with the encroachments of the parasitical growths of almost fabulous strength and size, which enfolded trunks and branches alike in their fatal embrace, crippling the giants themselves and squeezing to death the mosses, lichens, and ferns which had clothed their nakedness. Everything living seemed doomed to fall a prey to them, but they in their turn bore their own heavy burden of parasites: creepers, from a yard to two yards long, hanging down in garlands and festoons, or forming one thick veil shrouding whole clumps of trees. Wherever a little space had been left amongst the many fallen and decaying trunks, the ground was covered with a luxuriant vegetation, including many varieties of herbaceous plants with bright-coloured flowers, orchids, and the modest violet peeping out amongst them, whilst more numerous than all were different lycopods and sword-shaped ferns.

In this old-world forest a gloomy greenish twilight prevails even at mid-day, and the stillness is unbroken by the cry of bird or beast, or even the hum of insect. No man could possibly make his way through the dreary solitudes, and we ourselves painfully followed the track broken open and trodden down by elephants. After about an hour's such marching we came to a grassy clearing bright with many

beautiful flowers, flame-coloured irises and amaryllises, red and yellow everlasting flowers, &c. Then we once more entered the solitudes of the forest, the violets, campanulas, and ranunculi reminding us at every step of our northern flora. It was now almost dark in the wood, a thick fog having come on, but another hour brought us out on to a rather steep grassy slope,



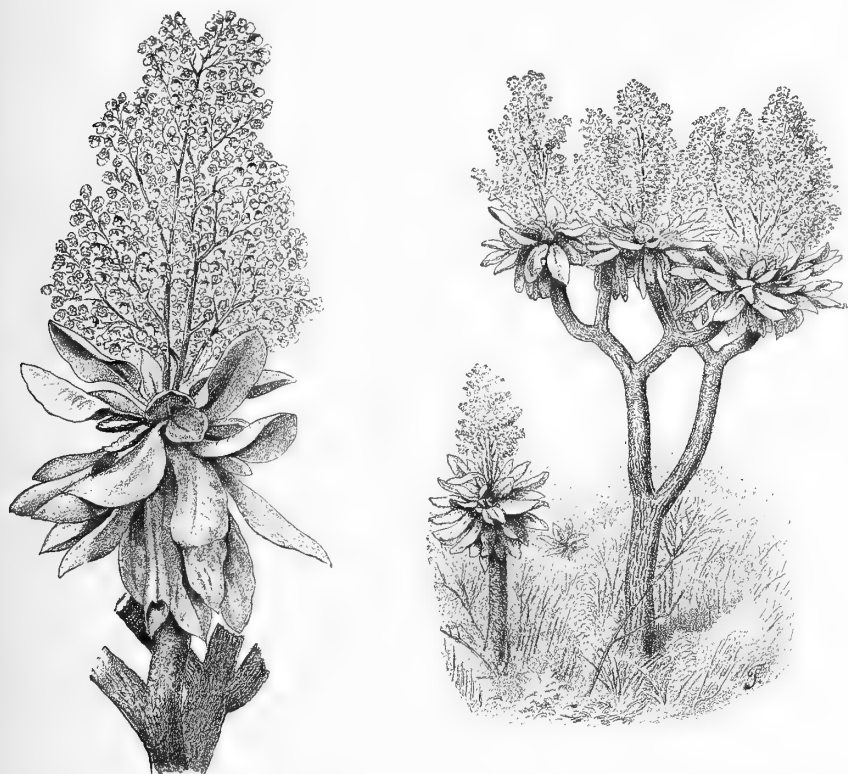
TREE HEATH.

and at three o'clock in the afternoon we reached our camping-place, a swampy bit of ground by a spring at the edge of a wood, at a height of some 8,960 feet. The fog and damp cold had greatly discouraged our people, but they soon cheered up as they gathered round the huge fires. The next morning the

thermometer gave a reading of $+1^{\circ}$ Centigrade as the minimum night temperature. The fog was still thick, but there was every promise of a fine day. So far, the path had led steadily upwards towards Kimawenzi, but now it bore north-west through the wood on the edge of which we had camped. This wood consisted chiefly of tree heaths and coniferous trees, one of the latter greatly resembling the cypress of Europe, whilst another had willow-like foliage. The trees were not quite so close together here, and the plants covering the ground between them were proportionately more luxuriant. We reached a brook on the borders of the wood in about half an hour. The fog had now lifted a little and revealed a grand landscape; the dense forest was at an end now, only the ravines and fissures being still overgrown with trees, the dark-green (almost black) foliage contrasting forcibly with the yellow steppe-like slopes. Far above them, but not directly connected with these slopes, rose Kibo and Kimawenzi. We gazed long at the two peaks of Kilimanjaro bathed in the glorious sunbeams, and then pressed on in a north-westerly direction over many grass-grown declivities and across deep ravines, down which tumbled little streams, arriving at ten o'clock at the edge of a brook where one of our guides told us Mr. H. H. Johnston had made his head-quarters. There could be no doubt of the truth of this assertion as the huts of some of his men still remained standing almost uninjured, as well as the outer and inner fences, the latter intended to form a harbour of final refuge in case of attack, all described in Johnston's own account of his travels in East Africa, published in London in 1886. Our people were ordered to build carefully covered-in huts, for the days as well as the nights were sure to be cold in spite of the present heat of the sun, which the huts were to be so constructed that a fire could be lit inside. To begin with, the whole place was cleared and the hedges were taken away as

superfluous, there being no enemies, animal or human, to be guarded against here, but only the mysterious forms assumed by the mist rising and sinking here and there like ghosts.

This camping-place was at a height of about 9,390 feet, on a grass-clad slope shaded by tree heaths some 66 feet high. In addition to everlasting flowers, irises and amaryllises, there were



SENECIO JOHNSTONII OLIO.

numerous lobelia (*Lobelia Deckenii*), which grow from three and a quarter to nine and a half feet high, but those we saw were either over and dried up, or quite young specimens with stalkless rosettes of leaves squat on the ground. In the bed of the brook hard by, in addition to quantities of brush, there were several examples of the tree-like *Senecio Johnstonii* in full

flower. The largest reached a height of about sixteen and a half feet, and the beautiful orange-coloured flowers were from three and a quarter to four feet long. The round stem, which is of a medium thickness of from five to six inches, is covered with the scars of the old leaves, forming a kind of rough rind, and though these stems are hollow and apparently slender, I tried in vain to pick a piece. The main stem forks three times, but there are secondary simple stems which also bear flowers. We saw hardly any mountain fauna, although the temperature at mid-day, in spite of the thick fog, was $+10^{\circ}5$ Centigrade. Two crows with white spots on their necks, which flew rapidly past, and one solitary singing bird were all the feathered fowl we caught sight of. Our collections here consisted only of one grey mouse, one little chameleon, three small lizards, two short-winged brightly-coloured grasshoppers, one greyish-yellow *Phasmodea*, not quite two inches long, several little blue-caps, and a beautiful large nocturnal peacock's-eye butterfly.

In the afternoon Count Teleki went off to take our bearings, but the increasing density of the fog soon compelled him to return. A night with the temperature at $+47^{\circ}$ Centigrade was succeeded by a dreary day of thick fog and persistent fine but soaking rain, preventing us from doing anything, so that we remained from morning till night by our huge fire. The seven goats we had brought with us suffered much from the cold, and got so near the fire that some of them burnt their hoofs. They were gentle, affectionate animals, used to living with the natives in their huts, and they liked to get as close to us as they could, and to spend the night in our tent.

June 18 passed in much the same way; everything was ready for the ascent of the mountain, and we had simply to wait with folded arms for the next clear morning.

The coolness of the following night convinced us, even with closed tents, that the next day would be fine, and with the first

streaks of dawn we sprang up, rushed out and roused our men, for there was Kibo standing out clear and bright against the sky.

The ascent of Kilimanjaro is, of course, made from the saddle connecting the two peaks. The ridge on which we had camped was bounded on either side by brooks flowing through deep, and here and there, ravine-like beds. As far as we could make out, this ridge ran straight along the middle of the saddle, so that we could not miss our way even if the fog gathered again. We started with fifteen Swahili carrying our instruments, two little mountain tents, rugs, and provisions. The fog came on again and again, but was always dispersed by the sun. At nine o'clock we had reached an altitude of 10,897 feet, and our men already showed signs of fatigue, though none of the loads exceeded 44 lb. in weight; so we halted for a short rest. For a little further distance the ridge gradually increased in height, but became rapidly narrower. At a height of 11,460 feet the width was only a little over 328 feet; at 12,640 feet the ravine on the right side came to an end, and we found ourselves standing by the source of the stream by which we had camped. Although there was thin ice round the edges of this spring, the immediate neighbourhood was covered with luxuriant green turf. Here, too, were a few remarkable specimens of the *Senecio*, looking from the distance like tables covered with flowers. These were the last specimens of *Senecio* we saw. At a quarter to twelve we were at the source of the stream on our left, at a height of 13,230 feet. The water murmured underneath a springy bed of turf several inches thick, and so close and firm that we could stand upon it. Here lived many water-rats, and we could see them happily swimming about, but we could not catch any. There was a good deal of ice about this spring also, although the temperature of the water was $+7^{\circ}$ Centigrade. The path now led rapidly to the

saddle by way of a low wall of rock, and, arrived there, we bore more to the left so as to approach Kibo more closely. Although we were now marching over level ground, we were obliged to halt at two o'clock on account of our black companions, who already showed signs of exhaustion. We made them just put up our two little tents and collect some brushwood; then we sent them back to the lower camp, with orders to return here at the same time the next day.

This, our highest camping-place on Kilimanjaro, was about equidistant from Kibo and Kimawenzi, not exactly on the ridge of the plateau, but a little lower down on the southern slope. The saddle plateau looked like a level plain with an almost imperceptible upward slope on the north, and a slight inclination towards the two peaks. Our horizon was bounded on the north by three red hills of ashes of a relative height of about 490 feet, which extended from the north-east side of Kibo to the south-west side of Kimawenzi. The plateau was disagreeably encumbered with quantities of large and small sharp-edged blocks of rock. Between these boulders grew a yellowish-brown dried-up plant which would serve at need as fuel, though it burnt as rapidly as straw. Here and there at wide intervals were red everlasting flowers and a kind of thistle, the prickly leaves of which were thickly covered with hair and coiled over near the middle, so as to give the whole plant a spherical form. We saw no more heaths at this altitude.

After a hasty meal of preserved ham, cocoa, and ship's biscuit, washed down by a draught of wine, we took some observations with the boiling-point thermometer, the water boiling at $+86.71^{\circ}$ Centigrade, which, with the temperature of the air at $+3.6^{\circ}$ Centigrade, gave a height of 13,818 feet above the sea-level. Then Count Teleki, armed with his mountain stock, started in the direction of Kibo, whilst I set to work to take some photographs. The conditions were, however, very

unfavourable, and I only succeeded in getting one view of Kimawenzi. Fogs came up from below ever more and more frequently, and rushed, as if driven before a hurricane, at the two peaks, yet all the while the most solemn stillness reigned, broken only by the sound of my own footsteps. A hunt for any living creatures sharing my solitude was rewarded by the finding only of one little black spider.¹ So there was nothing more to be done now, and we made our preparations for the night. We made our little linen mountain tents as snug as we could, piling up sand outside to keep out the cold, and lit a fire with straw at which to warm ourselves and brew some cocoa. The temperature fell rapidly; at six o'clock in the evening the thermometer registered -0.5° Centigrade, but at a quarter to eight it marked -7.6° Centigrade. I had already been very conscious of the rarity of the atmosphere, and had to take breath very much oftener than usual when I was at work. As night fell the fog cleared off, and against the cloudless, moonlit, star-bespangled sky we could see the ice-clad peak of Kibo as clearly as by day. The fuel we had collected had nearly burnt out, and the bitter cold now drove us into our tent. We had thick woollen underclothes and heavy overcoats on, with warm wraps to supplement them, but for all that we were kept awake all night by the bitter cold, and rushed out quite early in the morning but little refreshed by our rest. The things we had left out were covered with a thick coating of ice, and we saw that the thermometer had marked -11° Centigrade during the night, which did not at all surprise us. We set to work to make another big fire at which to thaw our frozen limbs. Owing to the slow combustion in the rare atmosphere, the ashes that we had left nine hours before were still smouldering, so we had only to fling on a little more fuel to get a good blaze. The water in our flasks was frozen hard and had to be melted before

¹ *Tylophora bicolor*, new species, Eug. Sim.

we could make our cocoa. Our breakfast over, we packed a knapsack with several aneroids, a hypsometer, an ice-file, snow spectacles, a flask of brandy, and other odds and ends, and, carrying our climbing-irons, ice-picks, and mountain-stocks in our hands, we started at six o'clock, as lively as only those can be who have been up all night, in the direction of Kibo, which stood out before us with outlines clearly defined. The snow with which the upper portion of Kibo is draped extends much lower down on the south-east than on the east, the ice-cap being broken away on that side, leaving an almost horizontal wall, the upper edge of the crater retaining only quite a narrow rim of glittering ice. We could make out a black fissure between the ice-masses, by which it seemed as if we could reach the upper edge of the crater without setting foot on snow or ice, and this we now meant to try and do. For the first two hours the ascent was so gradual as to be almost imperceptible, and we stepped out briskly hoping to get warm, for when we started the thermometer had marked -4.6° Centigrade. We passed masses of lava, which had split in different directions, as is usual with vitreous substances during rapid congelation. No doubt this was the formation compared by H. H. Johnston to huge tortoise-shells. It was not until we had crossed the plateau and were close to the foot of Kibo that the ground became a little more uneven. We were now at the entrance to a ravine leading quite gently up to the peak, but we turned aside from it and continued our march over a ridge forming the slope of the valley on the right. This ridge consisted entirely of lava, broken up in its eruption into countless huge blocks, which all however, in spite of their irregularity of form, betrayed a certain uniformity of cleavage. Even this ridge could not be called steep, but walking over it was very arduous, as we often had to spring from block to block with the help of our Alpine stocks. This mode of progression exhausted me dreadfully,

and, with the temperature at $+ 10\cdot5^{\circ}$ Centigrade, I was soon much too hot. The trifles I had to carry felt like a hundred-weight, my thick clothes were a burden, and the continuous climbing brought on almost intolerable thirst. I was obliged to stop oftener and oftener to rest and to draw in long breaths of the thin air, whilst Count Teleki was still able to spring nimbly from rock to rock. I became indifferent to everything,



KIMAWENZI FROM THE SADDLE PLATEAU.

and when at last I struggled on again I aimed, not at reaching the top of Kibo, but a little patch of snow I had spied in the distance, and at which I hoped to quench my burning thirst. At five-and-twenty minutes to eleven we reached it, and I had meanwhile come to the conclusion that at the best I could not climb more than a few hundred yards further, and that I was only hindering Count Teleki by my fatigue. So I made up my

mind to stop where I was and await his return. When he was gone I greedily swallowed a number of the hard lumps of the gritty ice, ascertained with the aid of my aneroid that I was at a height of 16,240 feet, and then, fully satisfied with all I had achieved, I yielded to my irresistible desire for sleep.

I was awoke from a short deep slumber by a strong wind and the dazzling rays of the mid-day sun. The sky itself was still perfectly clear, but clouds were gathering below me, and Kibo was already draped in fog. Count Teleki was not back nor could I see him with the naked eye, so I tried to amuse myself in my immediate surroundings. Plants were of course very scarce, and I was the more surprised to see a solitary specimen of one of the Compositæ¹ which had just put forth a yellow flower, and the lonely spider already mentioned still represented the entire animal kingdom. Presently I heard the click of Count Teleki's Alpine stock, but I could not see him, sharp as are my eyes, till some time after. It was just ten minutes to one when he rejoined me.

The Count had climbed on without the slightest difficulty for an hour, when he began to feel a certain straining of the membrane of the tympanum of the ear, accompanied by a rushing noise in his head, but he pressed on all the same. As he was cutting across a declivity filled with ashes to reach the snow, which here completely covered the slope of the peak, he noticed that his lips were beginning to bleed freely; he also felt dreadfully sleepy, but although he almost caught himself napping he would not give in but went on till he reached the snow, where sleep so nearly overcame him that, knowing it would be dangerous to yield to it, he decided to return. His aneroid had registered 411.3 millimetres, so he had reached a height of 17,387 feet.

After a short rest we hurried back to our tents, the position

¹ *Erigeron Teleki Schweinfurth*, new species.

of which was indicated by the smoke ascending near them, and arrived there in an hour and forty minutes to find our men already round a blazing fire, which they had easily made as they found the ashes of ours still smouldering. Whilst the tents were being struck we fortified ourselves with biscuits and wine and hastened off, as we had no desire to spend another night here. We knew our way back well enough, and in spite of the fog we arrived at our camp at twenty minutes to six, hungry, thirsty, and I at least thoroughly tired out.

All our food being consumed, we were obliged to go back to Marangu, without making a second attempt to ascend Kibo. We made up our minds, however, to pay another visit to Kili-manjaro at the end of our journey, and to make more careful preparations to scale Kibo. To ensure full success a night must be spent at a height of 19,023 feet, and the explorer must take fuel with him. On the following morning, June 21, we started again, and following our former route we reached our camp at Miriali's early in the afternoon.

We rewarded our guides with an extra ten mikono gamti each, so that in a short time they had earned quite a nice little sum. But for all that their recollections of the time passed at a height of 9,390 feet cannot have been of a very rosy description. They had demanded many yards of stuff in advance, in which to wrap themselves as a protection from the cold of the journey, but after all they had not taken them with them, and in the garb of Adam in Paradise they of course suffered frightfully. Nor had they taken any food but a bottle of milk, so that they were both hungry and thirsty by the time we were upon the mountain. We left them alone for two days as a punishment, and then we gave them each a handful of beans, which was all we had ourselves. And they ate nothing but these for five whole days!

During the next few days we watched the making of spears

and swords, added to our stores of butter and mikufu, chatted with the natives, and for the rest of the time did nothing at all. On the second day messengers arrived from Mochi with two letters. One was dictated by Mandara in Arabic, and contained greetings, professions of friendship, and an urgent request to us to visit him, whilst the other was written at Mandara's request by the Rev. Mr. Fitch, a missionary at Mochi, also begging for a visit and giving us some local news. Amongst other things, he told us that the people of Mochi were all feverishly preparing for a slave and cattle raid on the two Pare chiefs, Muanamata and Mpesa, to whom he had introduced us. Miriali told us that Mandara had already asked him some time ago to share in this expedition, but he had given an evasive answer, as he could not count on a fair division of the spoil with that chief. Mandara generally makes these raids with the help of the natives of Arusha-wa-ju, and to their combined forces are due most of the thefts in the coast districts, with which the Masai are generally credited. The Kilimanjaro chiefs—Mandara especially—march upon the people of the mountain itself, especially those of the Jagga states of Rombo and Useri, which are not yet provided with guns. Oxen and slaves are the principal things coveted, the chiefs requiring numbers of the former, some for their own use and some to sell. Moreover, the purchase of ivory is really only a secondary aim of the many little caravans which go up country almost every month from Mombasa, slaves being what they chiefly seek ; but children only are carried off, adults being killed.

Mandara, who had found out through his spies what presents we had given to Miriali, was fearfully enraged and had several times threatened the latter with war. He sent word to Miriali that the repeating rifle, revolver, and helmet were all presents meant by Sultan Seyid Burgash for him. Yet Miriali had succeeded in enticing us to him, an easy matter

enough, for Europeans were as fond of fat oxen as hyænas (*wasunga Kana wanaona ugombe a mafuta, sawa kana mafissi*). Mandara gave vent to his spleen in many other aspersions; for instance, he called Miriali the European's donkey driver (*mtschunga a punda a wasungu*) because he took care of our animals for us, and though the latter could not help laughing when he told us, he was really a good deal alarmed at the threats of his powerful father-in-law.

The end of the month of Ramadan, the Mahomedan fast, the beginning of which our people had celebrated at Taveta with so much shouting and firing of guns, had now come. Our porters were only Mahomedans now and then, when it happened to suit them; in fact, with them, as with the wild beasts of the primæval forests, their only god was their belly, so that the conclusion of Ramadan was a great occasion for them, and they demanded a bullock to celebrate it. One was given to them, but when they carried their impudence so far as to say that it was not enough to fill 60 stomachs and they must have another, we thought a few cuts with a stick might add weight to their religious convictions. When we were at Taveta they would take Friday as a holiday on account of its being a Mahomedan feast-day, and then claim Sunday as well.

One afternoon Miriali took us to a beautiful waterfall on the Monja stream, the noise of which reached the camp. The clear full volume of water here flung itself down from a height of some 36 or 37 feet. This fall is the first of three cataracts formed by the Monja in its upper course, and after its junction with the Uona there is a fourth larger than any of these.

The evening before we left, Miriali asked us to write a testimonial saying we were satisfied with his treatment of us, and this we were able to do gladly and conscientiously, for he had never begged, and for all the presents Count Teleki gave him of his own free will he had returned full measure in oxen, goats,

spears, swords, &c. We started late on June 26, as it rained in the early morning. To the sound of the usual firing of guns, we left Marangu, escorted by Miriali, who marched with us for three-quarters of an hour before he took leave. We presently met fifty or sixty of Miriali's people on their way home from a raid on the Wagweno, bringing with them as booty two cows and two goats, as well as a lot of pieces of quartz, which they wanted for filing their spears and swords. The next day at noon we reached Taveta. As we approached we saw another caravan from Mombasa wending its way through the wood, and soon we had the pleasure of exchanging greetings with two Europeans, Dr. Hans Meyer and Lieutenant von Eberstein. Dr. Meyer was the leader of the caravan, and, to quote his own words, the object of his journey was to explore 'the German sphere of interest throughout its entire breadth,' whilst von Eberstein, an agent of the German East African Company, had been sent out with several companions to found a station in Little Arusha. He had joined Dr. Meyer for a time and with him made the ascent of Kibo. Both these gentlemen had the usual tales to tell of the unfaithfulness of their men, and a few days' march from Mombasa Dr. Meyer had had all his stores of clothes, money, books and maps stolen.

Whilst we had been away, Schaongwe and Nassid wadi Ferhan had returned, the former bringing with him the remainder of our goods from Tarawanda and a man who had run away, to set against which he had lost two of his own men. Nassid, who had been as far as Zanzibar, had beaten Schaongwe in that he had brought back eleven men, but then he had sinned in other directions, for he had stolen some of our goods at Tarawanda and had let three delinquents escape him who had been given into his charge in chains by Consul Oswald. When we got back to Taveta this time we found a number of tall flag-staffs dotted about the forest from which waved merrily the

red flag of the Sultan, and we were told that General Matthews had been to Mombasa and summoned to his presence James Martin, then engaged on Kilimanjaro, and a deputation of Wataweta. The latter had been dismissed with presents of guns, &c., and went back to Taveta with Martin, soon after which the red flag was hoisted and the settlement thus declared to be under the protection of the Sultan. The very first evening after our return we sat in judgment on Nassid wadi Ferhan, and he was condemned to degradation to the rank of a porter and thirty stripes beneath the Sultan's flag, after which he was to be sent back to Zanzibar in chains, for we would have nothing more to do with him. He was bound to the flag-staff in the centre of our camp and the lashes were duly inflicted.

Another bit of news we heard this same day delighted us greatly. Some weeks before our men had written without our knowledge, to ask the Sultan whether they should desert, as usual, and leave the Europeans in the lurch. The Sultan had replied with the threat that every defaulter would receive twenty-five lashes every Friday until the return of the Expedition. I must go back a little to explain this letter to the Sultan, which emanated from Manwa Sera and Maktubu. After our return from Mount Meru Maktubu had behaved in a very arrogant manner, especially towards Qualla, with whom he quarrelled perpetually, worrying him so much that he at last complained to Count Teleki. Maktubu followed him, in a great rage, and in spite of repeated injunctions to control himself went on screaming and gesticulating in the Count's presence, looking like some wild animal, with his great prominent eyes flashing with indignation as he shook his fists and hurled out one accusation after another against Qualla. The Count told him to be silent again and again, and at last, losing patience, he seized him by his curly hair and laid him flat on

the ground. Maktubu, not a little surprised at this sudden result of his bold venture, which showed him who was really master in the caravan, got up boiling over with rage and shame, for all the men had hurried up to witness the affray. Then off he went gnashing his teeth in impotent fury, and for weeks after this neither he nor Manwa Sera, these two being the chief of the guides, were seen at all, for they remained day and night in their huts nursing their wrath, doing no work, and not even coming to fetch their rations. It was now that the letter to the Sultan was sent off, and not until his reply was received did the men come to their senses and show themselves again.

The presence of the two German travellers in Taveta made a very pleasant break in our life, and we enjoyed many a happy evening with them, missing them sorely when they left on July 2. Dr. Meyer had been persuaded to change his plans a little, and to visit Mandara at Marangu, which he had no cause to regret.

At the beginning of July the long-expected caravan of ivory traders arrived in Taveta from Ngaboto, bringing some 35 lb. of ivory, chiefly in large tusks. Their presence added to the scarcity of food, but we were glad to see them, as we were now able to add to our stock of pack animals. We bought eight good strong donkeys from them for 240 dollars, paying for them with drafts on the house of Wm. Oswald and Co., in Zanzibar. Soon after several other small parties of men came in, some belonging to Jumbe Kimemeta's party, others to different traders, who were anxious to join us, so that there were now some 600 strangers in Taveta. On July 5 we received the stores of cowries, small axes, strong rice bags required for packing our loads of stuffs, and other odds and ends, which we had ordered in Mombasa of the Hindu trader, Ademji, before we left for Kilimanjaro. We now had all our stores and goods together at last, and the next day we began, with feverish

eagerness and much laying together of heads, to discuss how best to manage them all for the further journey. Count Teleki finally decided to leave the iron boat behind at Taveta, as he thought we should scarcely need it in our trip to the north of Lake Baringo. This set twenty-four porters free to carry other loads, and we further reduced our packages by weeding out all not absolutely necessary.

Our calculations were, however, a good deal thrown out by the death in the last few days of two men, one from fever, the other from dysentery, whilst eight others were so pulled down that we were obliged to leave them behind. We left a letter for Dr. Meyer asking him to take the sick men back to the coast. To wind up our woes, four Askari, experienced men we had set great store by, and three porters went off, taking their weapons with them. After this we had every entrance to Taveta carefully watched by our faithful Somal; there was no need for any open threats; our people saw we were thoroughly in earnest and we had no further trouble with fugitives. Whilst one half of the men were busy sewing up the stuffs and beads in rice sacks and rolling up the wire in skins, Count Teleki gave the rest regular lessons in shooting so as to turn to account our superfluous gunpowder. So the days passed by in busy fashion and the time drew near for our departure, much to our own delight, but not to that of the men, who had been passing their time in singing and revelry, but now began to wonder where in the world they were going. There was a lot of talk or *wasumgumsu*, about the proposed route, the Masai and, above all, the Wakikuyu, through whose land we were to pass. It was much too quiet of an evening now, and we missed the cheerful chatter, the loud shouts, the singing, and the dancing, to which we had become accustomed. We would far rather have had that than the earnest discussions which now went on round the fires.

On July 13 Qualla brought our cattle and donkeys from Kilimanjaro. Of the latter only twenty-three out of thirty-five remained, the others having succumbed to the climate; so that we had at the last moment to increase the loads of the survivors. The actual loads weighed 110 lb., but each grey donkey really carried 220 lb. because we put a large axe into each of the saddle-bags.

On July 14, the day we were to start, the long silent barghum once more called upon all the men to muster. The numerous bales of goods, sacks of beads, rolls of wire, and cases were piled up in long rows in the centre of the camp. Each now weighed from 84 to 100 lb. and was done up in sackcloth or skins. The men's full names were now called out one by one, and to each was given his own load, weapon, and ammunition. The conclusion of the distribution was greeted with a loud hip, hip, hip, hurrah! and the battle-cry, unintelligible to us, of '*Saferi a palepale!*' after which three fat oxen, which had been standing in readiness, were slain to form the *Sadaka*, or farewell feast. All the men seemed in good spirits, for in the evening they joined in a dance led by Jumbe Kimemeta, who was now restored to health. Each tribe has its own peculiar dance, and as our men were of many different races, a wild, extraordinary, carnival-like scene was soon taking place in our camp. Great preparations had secretly been made for the revelry, and guitars, clarionets, fifes, drums, and strange costumes, which had been smuggled into camp, were now, to our astonishment, suddenly produced. The heavily charged guns, too, must be fired to let off some of the superfluous spirits of the men, and we found ourselves constrained to add a thundering volley from our own rifles. *Panem et circenses!*

The march out of Taveta is always a critical moment for a caravan on the way to Masailand, and therefore we had a stricter guard than ever kept at the entrances to the settlement.

We gave five loads of goods over to the care of one Mkamba, an important native of Taveta, and nine other loads we had to send on in advance to Kimangelia, as we had no porters to carry them with us, and we hoped when we got there we should be able to buy donkeys from the Masai. Another secret precaution we took was to leave ten picked men under Schaongwe in Taveta with instructions to start for Kimangelia a day after the departure of the main body, so as to intercept any unsuspecting fugitives who were on their way back. And now, with the happy conviction that everything was in working and fighting order, we retired to rest for the last time in Taveta.

CHAPTER IV

THROUGH MASAILAND TO THE BORDERS OF KIKUYULAND

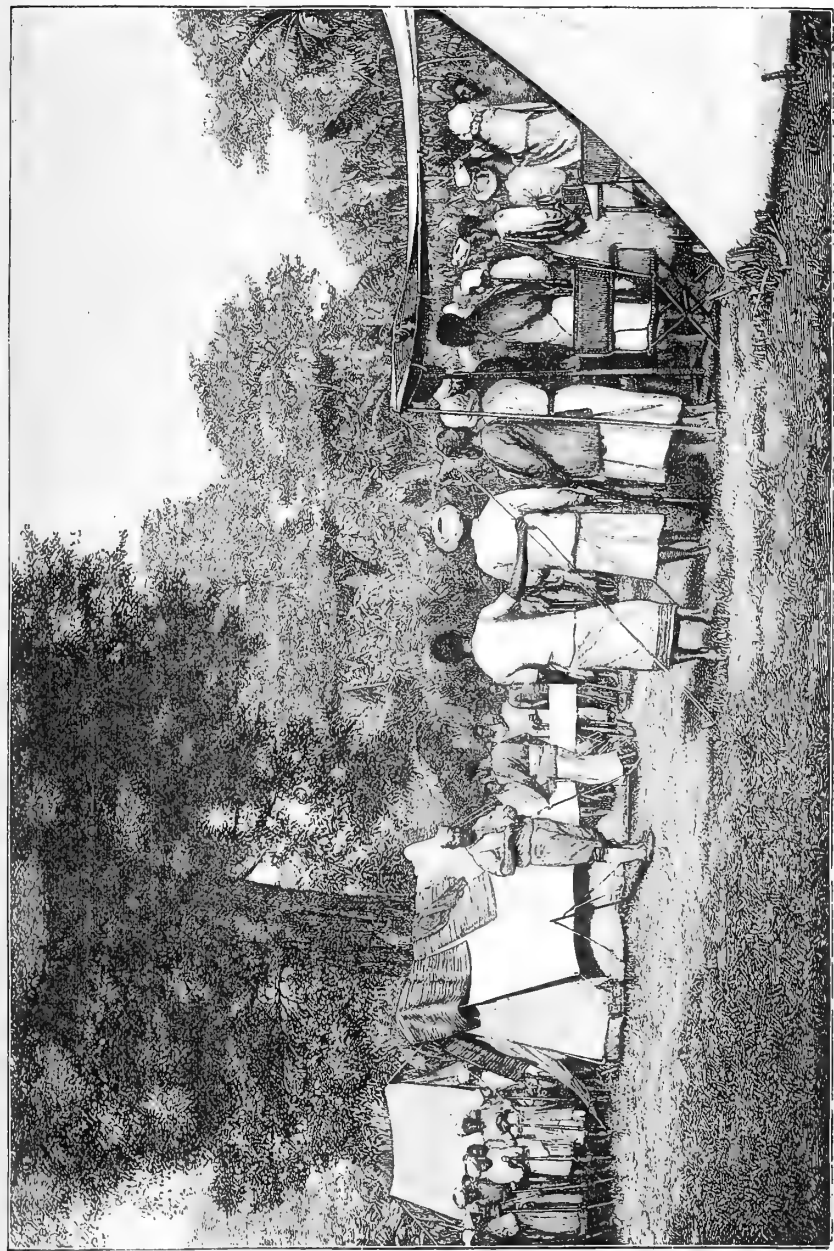
From July 15 to August 27, 1887

We leave Taveta—Along the eastern base of Kilimanjaro—The crater lake of Jala—A fugitive caught and punished—Hunting adventure—Kimangelia—Count Teleki goes on in advance—His adventures—Malago Kanga—Amongst the Masai—Lake Nyiri—Buffalo hunting—Cattle disease in Masailand—The steppe on the north of Kilimanjaro—Some account of the Masai—At the foot of the Doenye Erok la Matumbato—Hunting episode—On the Ngare Kidongoi—The Wandorobbo—Trading in ivory—The waterholes of Seki—Tricks of the Masai—Another buffalo hunt—On the Besil brook—To Turuka—Adventure with elephants—A lion hunt—A dreary time—Over the Doenye Erok la Kapotéi—The poisonous Morio tree—Arrival at Ngongo Bagás.

THERE is always much that is unpleasant about the starting of a large caravan after a long halt. The demons of anxiety and care, which had for a time been laid to rest, once more asserted themselves, and we specially dreaded the march before us, as men and animals were alike greatly overladen; nor did we altogether trust the apparent good disposition of our men, but fully expected them to show the cloven foot before long.

Before daybreak the almost forgotten sound of the barghum awoke the sleepers from their dreams, but the camp emptied but slowly this morning. There were a hundred things to arrange at the last moment. Many were the grievances and complaints to be attended to, and only singly and in pairs did the porters file out of camp, the last man not leaving till half-past ten.

The march led us now through a different portion of the



MUSTERING OF THE CARAVAN BEFORE LEAVING TAVETA.



Taveta forest ; the trees were not so close together here, and many slender, graceful stems rose to a great height before they put forth their crown of sheltering leaves. Then we skirted along the but slightly ascending base of Kilimanjaro, chiefly over ground strewn with boulders and red or grey volcanic ashes, with here and there masses of lava cropping up. Vegetation now consisted almost entirely of acacias and baobabs, the latter leafless, whilst the little grass was yellow and dry. The more luxuriant green, which we kept on our right hand at a distance varying from about 220 to 430 yards, marked the course of the Lumi.

A long halt generally succeeds a short first day's march, as there are always a lot of little things to see to before the journey can be resumed in earnest, but everything went more smoothly this time than we had ventured to hope, the only mishaps having been that one donkey proved quite useless, whilst another fell down and had to be unladen.

We passed the night by the Lumi, which here flows along a narrow bed of grey tufa, some twenty-two or twenty-three feet deep. A few hundred paces above our camping-place we came upon the short, dried-up, ravine-like bed of a brook, ending abruptly at a precipice some forty feet high. Apparently this stream, when stream it is, flows into the Lumi, and the density of the vegetation making it impossible to get anything of a view will explain the error so many travellers have fallen into in supposing that the Lumi rises at the foot of this precipice. A glance at the map will show, however, that the Lumi is really the lower course of the Rombo.

Near to us, and parallel with the Lumi, rose a low but very steep ridge, behind which I felt pretty sure I should find the well-known crater-lake Jala, and the next morning I started earlier than the main body of the caravan to visit it. After a quarter of an hour's march I reached the top of the ridge, and

I was indeed well repaid for the small trouble I had taken, for below me lay the dark blue surface of the crater-lake, surrounded by steep but thickly overgrown walls of rock. The lake is of triangular shape, from three to four miles in circumference, and apparently of somewhat higher level than the neighbouring plains.

Mount Kilimanjaro, which rose up clearly in the background, was reflected in the deep blue water, and the sight was one

over which I could have lingered long, but the caravan had already gone on some distance, and it was absolutely necessary that I should take my place in the rear guard.

I soon came upon a few of our guides and Somal, standing about in the grass round a bale of goods, which had been flung down by an absconding porter. No one had seen him go, so before we could identify him we had to consult the list of names, always in readiness for emergencies of this kind. It turned out to be Kijuma Muynuru, the same man who, as the reader will probably



KIJUMA WADI MUYNURU.

remember, had shammed madness on the march to the Ronga. The day before I had found him resting by the way and threatening that he would run off if a lighter load were not given to him. Of course no notice was taken of this, and he had fulfilled his threat. Reproaching myself now for my negligence, and fearing that this might be the signal for other defalcations, I determined to do my utmost to get hold of the man again. We tracked him a few hundred yards to

the stony ground, where no footprints were left, and then separated in different directions, hunting him like game. The firing of a gun a few hours later brought us all together again; he had been taken by Kharscho, and had evidently already been well flogged.

Satisfied with the result of our search, we resumed our march over a dreary, treeless steppe with but a slight ascent, and in three hours we reached the shade of the lofty trees by the river, where our camp was pitched. Kijuma wadi Muynuru now received the balance of stripes due to him, and was then put in irons.

Our camping-place, which is called Useri after the neighbouring Jagga state of that name, was at a height of about 3,085 feet on the left bank of the Rombo, a stream flowing from Kilimanjaro in a channel with steep loamy sides some nineteen to twenty-two feet high. A little higher the channel forks, and at the present time both arms of the stream were dry, the water oozing out of the sand near the camp. After a short southerly course, the Rombo spreads out into a marshy lake, from which it issues on the north as the Tzavo, and on the south as the Lumi.¹

We had to stop here two days to buy food, and it was not until the second day that the mountain people came down, bringing with them plentiful supplies. The weather was so bad as to depress not only the spirits of our men, but our own. There was a regular sirocco blowing with the strength of from six to seven (Beaufort's scale), driving before it low, heavy

¹ In his *First Ascent of Kilimanjaro*, p. 321, Dr. Hans Meyer gives a slightly different account of the Rombo and Lumi. He says: 'The north side of Mawenzi forms the watershed for the Indian Ocean . . . In the east rises the Rombo, which at first follows a southerly course, but after spreading out into the marshy Lake Rombo (Tzavo), suddenly makes a bend and flows towards the east. The Lumi also rises on the same side of the peak, and flows so close to the Rombo as almost to form a fork. The Lumi, however, maintains its southerly direction, and may thus be said to represent the upper course of the Rufu or Pangani.'—TRANS.

masses of cloud; it rained continuously, and in spite of our thick clothes we were freezing at a temperature of $+21^{\circ}$ Centigrade.

We turned this pause to account by sending for the goods left behind at Taveta, and tried to pass the time ourselves in hunting, but with little result, except that we got to know the hilly districts on the east somewhat better. We found that these districts were intersected by ravines running in a southerly and south-westerly direction and containing water, but they were so overgrown with rushes that it was impossible for us to make out whether the water in them was flowing or stagnant.

Meanwhile two more donkeys had succumbed to the hardships they had had to endure, so we left behind a few coils of iron wire, and thus lightened proceeded on our way on the 19th. After several hours' wandering over dry, grassy steppes a beautiful group of dark green trees, rising far above any others, was pointed out to us as our next halting-place. These trees grew at a sharp bend of the Useri stream, and enclosed a charming spot simply made for a camp, as the men could rest in the shade and the animals disport themselves in the open grass sward in the middle. The vegetation on every side was most luxuriant, and the trees sheltered us from the chill south-west wind which continued to blow without intermission.

It was here that six years ago some traders took a bloody revenge for some little offence committed against them by the natives. I was surprised, therefore, at the readiness with which both men and women came to the camp for food, but there was a certain uneasiness about their bearing towards us. They did not beg, they would not enter the inner camp, and they kept well away from our tent. They took very little notice of us Europeans, and drew back when we tried to approach them with our most reassuring manner. If, as of course often happened in such a big caravan, a shot was

fired, they would all hurry away together, and only approach again with shrinking timidity. Although they were evidently very poor, these natives of Kilimanjaro were better formed and healthier looking than those we had seen to the south of the mountain, probably because the soil is not so fertile here, and they are obliged to work harder to get a living. In spite of this they are generally beaten in a fight, but that is the fault of their weapons and their want of guns. Their spears are smaller and not of such good metal as those of other natives of these parts, for they are much less often visited by caravans and therefore get less iron wire. Their oval-shaped shields are from about 12 to 16 inches broad and from 24 to 31 inches long. They are not nearly so much ornamented as those of most Masai tribes, and altogether the get up of these mountaineers is much simpler than that of their neighbours in the south. The only garment of the men is a girdle of undressed oxhide from about $1\frac{1}{2}$ to $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches broad, whilst most of the women wear nothing but a strip of beautifully dressed brown kid-skin about a foot broad round their loins. Some of the elder women, however, sport spiral brass ornaments on their arms and legs and a head-dress of large blue beads, which stands away from the hair like a little tuft; and a few of the girls wear strips of leather decked with cowry shells on their feet. It was a pleasure to note that their ears are not distorted, both sexes wearing only from one to three little tin rings in the lobes. We saw neither iron chains nor small jagga beads here, only the common white china *sambaj* and the green or blue glass rings called *murtinarok*. What were most in demand were the red *samesame* Masai beads, about the size of a pin's head. The natives did not care so much for the white *uschanga* beads, and, like all the people of Jagga, they disliked dark blue ones.

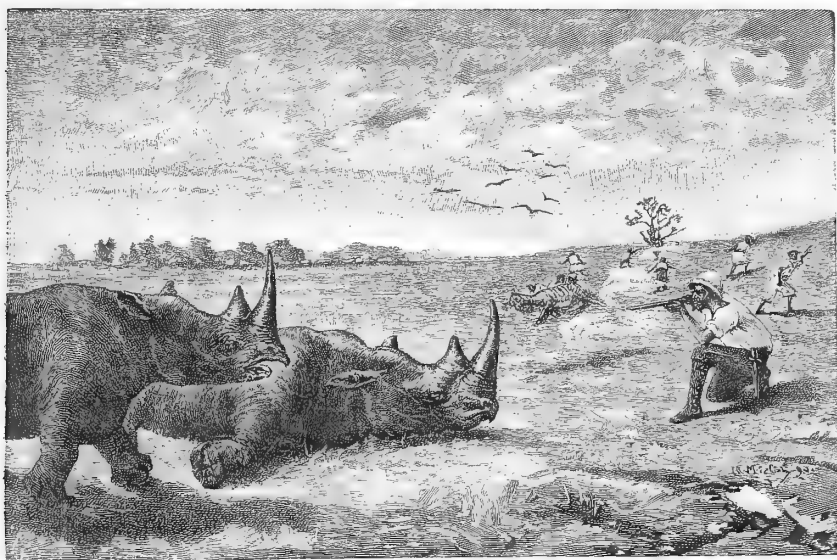
We were often able to see Kilimanjaro during this halt,

and a glance was enough to show us that the eastern side must be less fruitful than the more favoured southern districts. Here, as there, is a girdle of primæval forest, but there are much fewer grassy openings, and only two deep ravines break the monotony of the barren or grass-clad ridges above the wood. The slopes seem completely covered with a thick layer of ashes, into which all the water sinks, not reappearing until the plain is reached.

The Wajagga living on the east side of Kilimanjaro cultivate two kinds of beans, with eleusine, sweet potatoes, and tobacco, but neither maize nor sugar-cane. The mountain pastures cannot support their cattle, which are most of them taken to graze in the grassy plains below. Almost every day one sees a long procession of men and animals wending their way down to the steppes, and three hours later returning, the men carrying heavy loads of grass on their heads.

We had plenty of time for hunting in our two days' stay here, and as usual the Count and I went in opposite directions so as to secure a larger extent of ground. But we neither of us got much; the game was very shy, and consisted chiefly of waterbucks, hartebeests, and zebras. The first day, Count Teleki brought home a hartebeest which he had killed by a lucky shot at a distance of 300 paces. I had a zebra hunt, during which I had an encounter with a rhinoceros. Zebras are very inquisitive, and often let the hunter approach in the open to within 200 or 300 paces of them, and on this occasion a beautiful plump female paid for her curiosity with her life. We were just going to cut our victim up when two rhinoceroses appeared in the distance. They had evidently been disturbed in a nap by our firing, and now trotted angrily into the open. Though more than 400 paces off they swerved aside when they saw us and then dashed upon us with the speed of racehorses. Of course, as usual, my black companions took to their heels,

making for a solitary little tree some distance off. I saw it was hopeless to think of reaching it, and there was not so much as a blade of straw for cover anywhere. And behind the dead zebra, which would have been better than nothing, three of my men were already crouching. There was nothing for it but to brave the situation out, so I knelt on one knee, the better to take aim, and, my elephant gun in my hand, waited to fire till I could hope to kill. But it seemed a long time



ATTACKED BY RHINOCEROSSES.

before I could get a chance of covering the shoulder of either of the huge beasts, and I knew a shot would be useless anywhere else. So I did not pull the trigger till one of the animals was only some eight or ten paces off. The force of the heavy bullet, propelled by half an ounce of powder, would at least, check its charge. I saw it stagger and fall, but the next moment it was on its feet again. It was not killed, but its ardour was cooled, for it turned away, followed by its

companion. Twice it seemed about to fall and I did not think a second shot would be necessary, but it got away with undiminished speed, and, though we followed it for some distance, we lost it.

The second day we only brought down a little game, including a small female gazelle, without horns, and of a light bay colour. We could not make out to what species she belonged; we only knew that she gave us excellent steaks. We never met with a similar specimen.

On the third morning our men arrived with the loads we had left at our Rombo camp. With them came six natives of Marangu, sent to us by Miriali, with the rest of our copper mikufu. They also brought a letter from Dr. Meyer and Count von Eberstein, in which those two travellers told us something of their partial ascent of Kibo.¹

The endless delays caused by the difficulty of getting all our loads forward at once suggested to us the idea of turning our cattle to account as pack-animals. We had several strong young bulls amongst them, but all our efforts to train them to carry loads by putting empty saddles on their backs were fruitless, for they simply exhausted themselves in the struggle to get rid of the unusual incubus.

Useri was the last place from which flight was possible to our porters, for they would not dare to go from the encampment at Kimangelia, on the threshold of Masailand. As suggested by Jumbe Kimemeta, therefore, we secretly placed a strong body of guards a little distance from our camp, but it was not needed, for no one tried to escape in the night.

Glad to be quit at last of a constant anxiety, we started again on the 22nd. The path now led in a north-westerly

¹ Later, Dr. Meyer, accompanied by Herr Purtscheller, reached the summit of Kibo (19,700 feet high), made several attempts to ascend Kimawenzi, but were finally compelled to turn back at a height of 16,140 feet.—TRANS.

direction, across a monotonous tract of country, dotted here and there with trees and bushes in increasing numbers, with patches of recently burnt grass, which reflected the glare in a way which had already caused us so much suffering. But presently, to our relief, we entered a sheltered wood, where we soon camped beneath the shade of some lofty trees rising up like islands from the rest of the wood. This spot was a perfect gem in its way, the trees growing, as Thomson remarked before us, as straight as firs to a height of from 100 to 130 feet before they put forth their wide-spreading crown of leaves, the spaces between the trunks being so filled in with creepers, &c., that we had to clear a space with axe and knife before we could pitch our tents. A soft twilight reigned in this sylvan retreat, and the air was like that of spring in Europe, for neither the rays of the sun nor the cold south-west wind still blowing could penetrate into it.

We were now already at a height of 4,617 feet above the sea-level and two and a half hours' march from Kimangelia, the farthest outpost of Jagga, on the confines of Masailand. Our camp was at the fork of two little swampy watercourses. It would, of course, have been better to be nearer a village so as to get food easily, but we always had to look out for water in the first instance, so that our march thus far had really been from stream to stream.

The districts north of the frontier settlement of Kimangelia are inhabited by nomad Masai, who are unable to supply caravans with any food worth mentioning, as they dare not own much cattle for fear of its tempting their powerful neighbours, so that it was necessary to get sufficient supplies here for the twenty-five days' journey to Kikuyuland.

Another caravan having joined ours here, we now numbered over 450. The conditions on which we admitted the traders and their men to our common camp were

simple enough. Count Teleki insisted on implicit obedience from all, and made it also a condition that no shooting should be allowed as it would scare the game. We were also to have the first pick of everything offered for sale by the natives, and in return the traders had the protection of our presence, and were relieved from the hongo or tribute-money, which is very heavy in Masailand.

We needed a very considerable quantity of provisions, so we sent Juma Mussa to Malamia, chief of Useri, with a present and an entreaty that he would allow the opening of a big market for us the next day.

The natives who poured in soon after our arrival told us that there was no Masai kraal within three days' journey, so that we were unable to buy donkeys as we had hoped to do. After much consultation Count Teleki decided to push on at once himself and leave me behind to buy provisions. This would save a lot of time as the Count would send back the animals without returning himself.

On July 24, then, Count Teleki started with Jumbe Kime-meta and 215 men. The 50 men left with me received enough stuff and beads to buy a fortnight's provisions for themselves, and had to look after their own needs. At 7 o'clock every morning the natives, men and women, came in, bringing bananas, potatoes, beans, eleusine, and banana meal, and the vast camp presented a most animated scene, the men of the caravans converting their turbans, shirts, &c., into sacks in which to carry off their purchases. To keep order and prevent thefts, these extempore sacks were weighed and marked with a label stating name of owner and amount of contents.

Beyond the group of trees, beneath which our camp was pitched, there was very little worth looking at; only a stretch of dreary black scorched steppe, with nothing to relieve its monotony but a few guinea-fowls. Now and then, however,

Kilimanjaro revealed itself. The clouds cleared off and the mighty mountain presented a picture of which one could never weary. Especially noteworthy were the pillar-like denticulations and peaks of rugged Kimawenzi. The appearance of the saw-like outlines, as seen when looking in a north-westerly or south-easterly direction, leave little room for doubt that Kimawenzi is all that is left of a now extinct volcano, the north-east side of the crater of which was cleft open to one half of its height in a mighty eruption, so that the greater part of the wall was broken up into huge ravines and gorges, which look accessible from the plain. The eastern side of the summit of Kimawenzi consists of a perpendicular wall many thousands of feet high, which was evidently originally the inner portion of the crater.¹

We had very little success in hunting here, but my heavy gun brought down one rhinoceros, embedded in the thick skin of which we found an arrow point shot by some Ndorobbo.

Under these conditions I was naturally eager for a change, so that I was very glad when in the afternoon of the 27th Maktubu and ninety men arrived, bringing a letter for me from Count Teleki, from which I will give an extract here.

‘On the first day’ he said, ‘we only marched for a little over two hours, and camped by a clear brook. On the east the land sinks in two terraces to the plain, and the courses of the streams are marked by dark lines of foliage, but the country seems quite uninhabited.

¹ Dr. Hans Meyer, who, with Herr Purtscheller, twice ascended Kimawenzi to the foot of the ice-cap, 16,830 feet, being the greatest altitude reached, confirms in almost every particular the opinion of the author. Dr. Meyer thus describes his surroundings at this height: ‘We stood on the brink of an abysmal gulf, surrounded by an array of peaks and spires and pinnacles impossible to describe; on this, its eastern side . . . the mountain sinks sheer downwards into a gigantic cauldron, the sides of which are scarred with innumerable rugged ravines . . . I was at first inclined to believe that here we had the original vent of the ancient volcano, but I could not reconcile this supposition with the prevailing dip of the beds of lava.’—*First Ascent of Kilimanjaro*, p. 173.

‘During the march I had seen a good deal of game of different kind, so in the afternoon I went hunting. We were just entering a dense thicket when a rhinoceros rushed out upon us. He was courteous enough to announce his approach with a snort, so that I was ready for him, but a ball from my 577 Express rifle fired at his head only brought him down for a minute. He was up again directly, received another ball, and rushed away. I followed him; to find him standing at the edge of the wood, and gave him another charge in the shoulder which made him seek the shelter of the bush. I had to go after him there at the risk of a sudden onslaught, but I managed to finish him off with a final shot in the neck. Two of my balls had passed right through him.

‘Later in the day we came upon some buffaloes hidden in an overgrown ravine near the plain. We had approached the thicket without the slightest suspicion, and only when we were some twenty paces from it did an unexpected noise warn us of danger. The next minute we saw the bushes part, and the head of a buffalo with mighty horns appear. I was only able to get a flying shot with my 500 Express rifle, which I happened to have in my hand, and the whole herd, some twenty to thirty strong, dashed away in the opposite direction. It was getting dark, so that I was unable to follow up my game although there was a very distinct blood-spoor.

‘The next day another short march brought us to Ngare Rongái. The otherwise dreary landscape was brightened up by the presence of quantities of game, herds of zebras and gnus springing away from our path with graceful leaps and bounds. Without going one step out of my way I brought down a hartebeest, agnu, and two zebras. There were many traces of Masai here, such as footprints and small holes made in the ground near them by the points of their spears. Some Masai came into camp, but only old men and women,

no warriors; and from them we learnt that we should not come to their people in any numbers till we reached Lake Nyiri.

‘Malago Kanga was a good $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours’ march from Ngare Rongái, and we got there the next morning before noon. The otherwise uninteresting landscape is a perfect paradise for the hunter. Out of a herd of four zebras I passed on the march, I shot three. The first fell on its nose as if struck by lightning, the second tumbled backwards and died, the third made one spring in the air before it succumbed. Later a mother rhinoceros and her little one crossed our path. I fired at the former with the 577 Express at a distance of 180 paces. She staggered on some 50 paces, and then sank upon her knees dead. Her baby charged me so fiercely when I attempted to approach its mother that I could not spare it, though I should have liked to do so. The mother had the very longest horns I had so far seen.

‘From Malago Kanga, which means the guinea-fowl haunt, Jumbe Kimemeta will go on with twenty men to Lake Nyiri, whilst I shall wait here for the arrival of the rest of the caravan from Kimangelia.’

So far Count Teleki; now to return to Kimangelia. Maktubu and his ninety men had done the march back from the Count’s camp in one day, and tired as they were they brightened us up as much as if they had mustered 900 strong. The Zanzibar men were very proud of having come back from dreaded Masailand, and kept their comrades up late telling them of all manner of fabulous adventures and dangers through which they had passed unscathed. They had had plenty of meat too, and looked upon those who had stayed behind with contemptuous pity, showing them some little bits of flesh they had saved for them with an air of high and mighty condescension. It is on such occasions as this that the child-like *naïveté*

and boastful conceit of the natives of Zanzibar are most fully displayed.

After the men had had a day's rest we started again, taking with us no less than a ton and a half of food alone, consisting chiefly of dried bananas, beans, and banana and eleusine meal. The first day we marched past Count Teleki's camping-place to the Ngare Rongai, a little stream of clear water with scarcely any channel, flowing over the grassy steppes in an easterly direction for some thousand paces further, to disappear in the ground. Soon after we reached camp, ten or twelve Masai moruu came to demand the usual tribute, for though we formed but half a caravan, we were not to escape having to put our hands in our pockets. We asked where the moran, or warriors, were, and were told they were away on a raid. The same reply was given to Thomson to a similar inquiry, and, as a matter of fact, there are so few warriors in the dreaded Leitokitók district that they have to combine with their kinsmen on Lake Nyiri; but the tales told of the Masai are still quite enough to make a great impression on caravans passing through this neighbourhood.

Our camp was perfectly without shelter at a height of about 5,250 feet, and as there was a cloudy sky with a continuous fresh south-west wind blowing we had no reason to complain of the heat.

Our next day's march brought us to Malago Kanga. During the first hour the path led upwards across the dried-up beds of two streams to the flat top of a broad ridge which has a westerly slope and is gradually merged in the Kilimanjaro group. The sides of this mountain are dotted with luxuriant vegetation, lofty trees with gleaming white stumps, forming a belt at a height of from 6,550 to 6,880 feet, looking in the distance like perpendicular walls of rock surmounted by foliage. The second portion of the march was down



KILIMANJARO FROM USERI.



a gentle declivity and through a slightly undulating district; except for the increase in the number of acacias, the land grew less and less fruitful as we advanced, the grass was sparser, whilst the ground was everywhere strewn with volcanic débris, &c.

Our camp was pitched on a flat stony hill, some 200 or 300 paces from a long, narrow ravine overgrown with rushes, the side towards the mountain being shaded by acacias, presenting, in the fulness of their foliage, a contrast to the miserable-looking trees we had passed by the way. On the west rose a few low hills covered with black volcanic rocks, whilst on the east the land sank, in one long terrace, to the plain which stretched far away to the foot of the Julu chain. There was very little grass, and that little was sear and dry; even the reeds in the swamps were dead or trodden down by wild animals. In the distance we could make out a few thriving steppe plants, such as euphorbia, various kinds of succulent bush, aloes, and two kinds of *Sansiviera*,¹ but the ground was everywhere sandy and bare. This dreary wilderness was, however, tenanted by a great variety of birds, including two kinds of doves, starlings with gleaming steel-green plumage, beautiful nutcrackers with turquoise-blue feathers, several kinds of fowls, hawks, and vultures, marabout storks, and bustards, whilst a little farther away roamed herds of gazelles, antelopes, rhinoceroses, zebras, gnus, giraffes, ostriches, and wild boars. One night, too, we heard elephants in the swamp.

Count Teleki had, of course, not been idle during the previous days here, and had brought down a considerable quantity of game, including a grey tiger. He had also come into personal relations with the Masai, many having visited him soon after Kimemeta started for Lake Nyiri, to celebrate

¹ The *Sansiviera* so often mentioned by the author is named after the Prince of Sansiviero (1710-1776).—TRANS.

his arrival in their land with dance and song. Twice some of the warriors had actually spent the night in his camp.

Kimemeta was very kindly received by the people living by Lake Nyiri; they had at once killed an ox in his honour, and declared themselves ready to sell us donkeys and cattle if we would camp near them with our caravan.

The camping-place we now took possession of had been tenanted for weeks or months before by another caravan, and there was still a thorn hedge in good preservation protecting it. The very dangerous companions one may find in deserted camps, if they are not thoroughly cleansed to begin with, was proved by the fact that one of our men found to his horror a puff-adder—the largest and most poisonous snake of Africa—under the oxhide he had slept on!

Count Teleki decided to make one more march, with part of the caravan only this time, to Lake Nyiri, and fixed August 1 for the start. As he was now really going into the heart of the ill-famed Masailand, it was decided by the traders to hold what is called a *sadaka* on his behalf, that is to say, a religious ceremony to invoke the aid of God. A suitable spot was selected outside the camp, and the two biggest cooking-pots we had, filled with beans, were soon simmering over a big fire. Near by a black ox with legs bound struggled upon the ground, awaiting his executioner. At this primitive altar knelt the traders and their men, with faces turned north-eastward towards the grave of the Prophet, and prayed for the Count's happy return. Jumbé Kimemeta led the devotions, the Koran in his hand, whilst Muyuji Hamis swung the incense, which rose heavenward in clouds. It was, indeed, a touching sight to see these wild children of Africa on their knees in prayer. The proceedings were not over when a group of fifty or sixty Masai came up, and no notice being taken of their approach by the worshippers, they squatted down in two

groups of moruu and moran, puzzled to understand what it was all about, but at the same time unwilling to interrupt.

Though the Masai had brought two oxen and a goat with them, and were evidently quite well disposed towards us, Kimemeta addressed them indignantly, asking them why they had brought no donkeys and had come empty-handed, so that the moruu soon looked quite crestfallen. Meanwhile the moran, guessing from Kimemeta's raised tones that he was out of humour, thought they would mollify him by a little singing and dancing, so they treated us to an African quadrille, accompanied by a song, beginning the performance by springing into the air with limbs held rigid, whilst they swayed their heads up and down, so that their long twists of hair were tossed over the forehead and back again. Then forming in a long line as before described, they threaded the further mazes of the dance.

The division of the tribute then took place, occupying several hours, and it was not until the evening that the tiring business was over. The coolness of the evening air, however, now drew our visitors to the camp fires, where they took the best places, driving away our men, who looked cross enough, though they did not venture to resist. We therefore politely asked them if they would mind camping outside the hedge, upon which, without the slightest hesitation, they demanded fuel of our porters, as of course they, too, must have fires. Next they stuck their spears in the ground just outside Count Teleki's tent, and finally took themselves off. They never ceased talking and singing till cock-crow the next morning, and not one of them went to sleep.

On the morning of August 1 Count Teleki started again with the same men as before, leaving me behind. Our visitors all soon followed him, as did one of the oxen they had presented, a half-wild creature, which had nearly tossed everyone who approached him, had sprung over the hedge into the midst of

a group of men, and had finally run off in the direction of the departing caravan.

The Count had brought down a lot of game here, so I thought I would see what I could do, as the more we husbanded our food the better. I also wanted to examine the neighbourhood carefully, especially a beautiful part Count Teleki had pointed out to me. This was a district where the base of Kilimanjaro melts into the plain, which is richly provided with springs forming narrow streaks of water along the mountain foot, and probably connected with Lake Nyiri, that sheet of water being fed by springs only, not by tributary streams. The fresh green of the turf and the thick foliage of the acacias near the springs were in marked contrast to the barren wilderness around them, but, strange to say, this charming spot was quite deserted by wild animals, the grass not being trodden down at all.

I was fairly successful with my hunting, and though much of the game escaped me, I brought down two eland antelopes, two zebras, and one gazelle Thomsoni. I shot the zebras near the camp, on my way back. A herd of some two hundred zebras had dashed in mad flight from behind a hill right across our path without noticing us; but we had heard the stamping of their hoofs and were prepared for them. The sudden shot close to them made them all wild with terror. The foremost of them backed upon the rest, throwing them into the greatest confusion; for a moment they formed one palpitating, quivering mass, then they veered to the right and fled, leaving one of their number dead, a second writhing in agony upon the ground, whilst a third limped into the bush with a broken hind leg. I had to fire again at the wounded animal on the ground, as it bit and tore too fiercely for me to be able to finish it with the knife. For this second shot I used the gun of one of my men, first making sure that it was fully loaded. It

was indeed, as I found to my cost, for it was loaded not only with ball but with shot, as if it had been a cannon. The recoil was such that sight and hearing left me, and, fearing my collar-bone was broken, I put my hand up to my shoulder. I now understood how it is that negroes never aim successfully, and I resolved never again to use one of their weapons

Early next morning the men arrived, sent back by Count Teleki from Lake Nyiri, and as it was evidently only four hours' march off, I started at once.

The scenery was very much the same as before—dreary plains strewn with volcanic boulders, débris, ashes, &c., whilst a strong south-east wind laden with brick-red dust blew continuously and distressed us greatly. Not until we were close to the acacias, rushes, and papyrus fringing the shores of the lake did the conditions change.

Close to the water were our tents, and amongst our own men we could see hundreds of natives of both sexes and all ages. The greatest harmony evidently prevailed, and we soon received a most hearty welcome, men and women, young girls, and even the little children gathering about us, greeting us with a friendly 'Leibon sobaj' or 'Leibon tagwenja,' all trying to shake my very dusty and dirty right hand at once. Count Teleki was absent for the moment, but soon tokens of his activity arrived in the form of great joints of buffalo carried in on poles, and immediately afterwards he appeared himself; he was followed by a number of moran, who had taken part in the hunt.

The day before Count Teleki had shot one gnu and two Mpala antelopes. The former differed from other animals of the same kind in having a perfectly snow-white mane, that of most gnus consisting of alternate tufts of white and black hair. To-day he had killed two buffaloes, and a hot chase they had given him; but before I relate his adventures I must describe the scene in which they took place.

By the side of Lake Nyiri stretches a sandy, perfectly flat plain, on the salt-impregnated soil of which no grass and but a few acacias can grow, though here and there are dense thickets of a kind of bush with fleshy pointed leaves, growing to a height exceeding that of a man. These bush-thickets are a favourite resort of buffaloes, which remain absolutely concealed in them, the sandy soil deadening the noise they make, whilst the hunter has no cover at all and is exposed to very great danger.

The shores of Lake Nyiri are a favourite haunt of buffaloes, and the ground is completely covered with their spoors. The Count had scarcely left the camp before he came upon a solitary old bull, deserted by his herd, and ready, as is so often the case with such lonely animals, to charge the intruder without provocation.

‘When,’ said Count Teleki, ‘I looked round for my reserve weapons I found all my men had taken to their heels except Kharscho, who had come with me instead of Mahommed, then invalided. They had been very nervous and had held back from the first, and when they saw the buffalo they disappeared altogether. Kharscho, however, was all eager for the chase; his eyes shone, and he showed not a sign of fear. With such a companion, who will coolly hand you your weapons just at the right moment, one may be a bit venturesome. The buffalo had already scented danger, but he had not yet seen me, so I waited a moment till he moved into a more favourable position and then fired my 577 Express at his shoulder. When the smoke cleared away the buffalo was gone, but there were great stains of blood on the light green bushes through which the wounded animal had dashed. We followed these traces, and came upon a herd of more than a hundred buffaloes, which had been hidden in the thicket quite close to us. Alarmed by my shot, they were trampling hither and thither. I fired again,

breaking a couple of the ribs of one animal which had its flank towards me and the hind leg of another, whilst a cow, struck in the shoulder, fell down bellowing loudly, only, however, to be up again directly. Then there was a regular stampede, and I was in the greatest danger of being trampled down, especially as I had used all the ammunition I had with me.

‘But where was Kharscho? The zealous fellow, carried away by the ardour of the chase, instead of keeping close to me, had gone off on his own account, and was very likely in a worse position than I was. Fortunately, however, he soon appeared with the rest of my men and we were able to follow up my game. First at a distance of some hundred paces we came upon a bull still standing, but bleeding profusely. I fired at him four times as he fled from us, and he only succumbed at the last shot, which broke his spine. He was still alive even now, but he could not get up, so I thought it a good opportunity for experimental shots. Two shots from the 500 Express at close quarters just between the horns on the forehead had no result, nor had a bullet from the 8-bore, except that the buffalo’s head drooped for a moment, to be raised again the next. I finally despatched him with a shot in the shoulder.

‘The sound of so many shots attracted a number of Masai warriors, and promising them the skins of any further buffaloes we brought down, I got them to help us, and with their aid as guides we soon came upon a suffering cow lying in a thicket. A couple of flying shots from me brought her to her feet. Again and again she fell upon her haunches, but she was always able to get up and struggle on though with ever slower steps. Seeing this, the moran hurried up to despatch her with their spears, but even when she could no longer stir from the spot, she bellowed fiercely at her tormentors. Again and again the spears rebounded from the tough hide; one was broken, another was bent, but not one

went home, so I gave her the *coup de grâce* by a shot in the throat.'

The Masai, who came into our camp here by hundreds every day, resembled in every particular those described in a previous chapter. Everything went on so peacefully here that we might have been still in Taveta. The married men, or moruu, superintended the sale of cattle and donkeys, whilst the women brought half-dressed ox-hides and strips of leather, which are generally much in demand with caravans, and also fuel, for the Zanzibari dearly love to give themselves airs and be waited on. Even the children made themselves useful in little things, such as fetching water. It was only the idle moran with their dittos, as they call their sweethearts, who bothered us by their curiosity, wanting to touch everything they saw. Whenever we sat down to a meal we might be sure of a circle of natives at least three deep, to stare at us, for, as in European menageries, 'feeding time' is the most attractive moment of the day. All our food and everything we used, knives, spoons, forks, must be examined. Everything liquid was to them *ngaro* (water) or *naisho* (honey); they had no third term to use, and we rather fell in with this idea, for to every question they put to us we answered Eh (yes). Some of the moran went so far as to feel our plates and glasses with their dirty fingers, when they would have to reckon with our ape Hamis, who objected to the dusky crowds even more than we did. But we, too, were sometimes driven to the shelter of our tents to take our meals.

Far worse than anything else about the Masai were the swarms of flies, very like the house flies of Europe, with which they were all covered, especially the women. They clustered in thousands on the grease-smeared heads and necks, in the eyes, the nostrils, and on the lips. On this account, nearly every man carried a brush made of the tail of a gnu, or, failing



A MASAI MORUO WITH BRUSH FOR REMOVING FLIES.



that, uses a bunch of leaves. If the flies of Masailand were as lively as those at home, the country would be a very hell, but fortunately they are content to bide perfectly quiet.

The next morning Count Teleki devoted to hunting, and very nearly met with a serious accident. He went with his usual followers and a few Masai to follow the spoor of the other buffaloes he had wounded. Now this following up of wounded buffaloes is a most dangerous operation, as they are always extremely fierce, and charge everyone they see at once.¹

The traces of the hunt of the day before were very soon found, including the spoor of an animal which was apparently wounded in one of the hind legs, the limping gait being quite clearly marked in the sand. As the day before, the people all lingered behind, even Maktubu, whom the Count generally relied on in buffalo hunting, and soon only Kharscho and one moran remained with the leader. The brave warrior stalked on in front, with his spear uplifted, ready to fling it. To him was assigned the task of noting everything about him, whilst the Count and Kharscho followed the spoor, which was now and then lost amongst the many footprints. This one led in and out amongst the bushes, now to the right, now to the left, now back again, and presently the incorrigible Kharscho went off again. Count Teleki had just realised that he was alone with the Masai, when the latter gave a cry of warning and fled. A hundred paces only from the Count was a buffalo charging full upon him. What was to be done? To take refuge in the thicket would be fatal, for the buffalo would be invisible, and might charge him in the rear. The only chance was to go to meet it in the open, and this the Count fortunately decided to do, for nothing else could have saved him. With the long strides of desperation he advanced

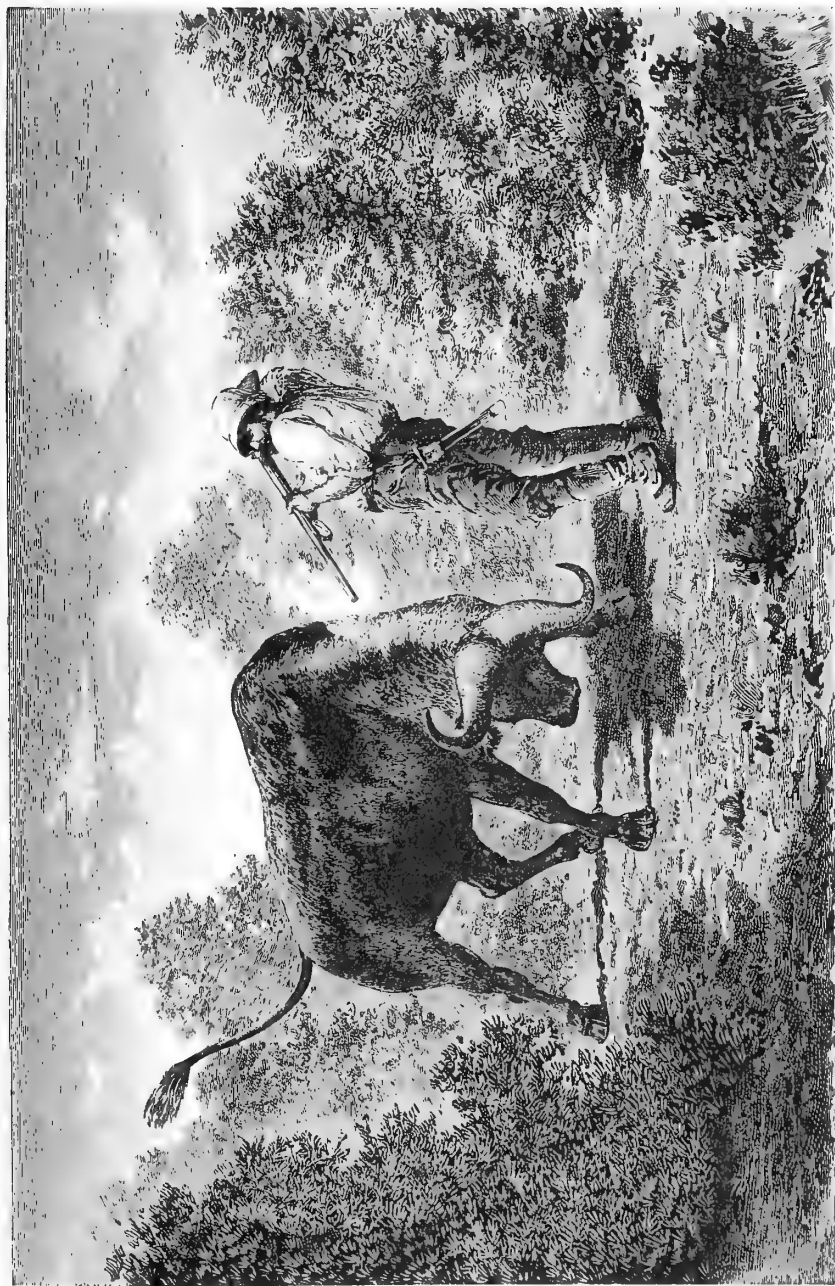
¹ It was probably near here that, a year and a half after our visit, the bold sportsman, the Hon. Guy Dawney, was killed by a buffalo.

upon the buffalo, and only when the latter lowered its horns for a toss did he spring aside and fire, fortunately striking the animal in the neck. With the death-rattle in its throat it rolled at his feet.

Count Teleki waited a long time for his people, who did not appear until they heard him shouting for them. They all knew the terrible danger he had run, and, hearing one shot only, succeeded by absolute silence, they had jumped to the conclusion that he had met his end. It was touching to see their delight when they found their mistake. Led by the moran they gathered about him, shaking his hand and feeling his arms and legs to make sure that he was unhurt; then, after dancing round him in mad glee, they fell with wild shouts upon the buffalo—a well-grown cow—and cut her up with their knives and spears.

Meanwhile the daily life of the caravan went on quietly enough. We bought ten grey donkeys, nine oxen, and a great many goats—more than we thought we should be able to get. The fact is there is always a scarcity of pack animals in Masailand, and of late so much cattle had been lost through disease, that oxen are becoming very difficult to get. In some parts, indeed, the natives are already suffering from famine on this account, and are beginning seriously to devote their attention to the breeding of sheep, which were formerly held in quite secondary esteem.

We started again on the morning of August 4, the whole caravan being now able to advance together, loads and all, so that we should have no more weary waiting in detachments. As we left our camp we noticed for the first time what an immense number of vultures, kites, and marabout storks the remains of our feasts had attracted. As long as the camp was occupied they had remained in the branches of the neighbouring trees, but as soon as they saw us leaving they



HUNTING THE BUFFALO NEAR LAKE NYIRI.



flew down in hundreds, and even before the rear-guard had left fell upon the débris. Many of them also followed our caravan for a considerable distance.

We marched but little over two hours this morning, keeping alongside Lake Nyiri, though we could rarely see it on account of the quantities of papyrus and rushes encumbering its banks. The path led for the greater part of the distance across a sandy or ash-strewn district, considerably overgrown with light green bush, but for one half hour we had to toil over a bit of ground strewn with rugged, sharp-edged rocks, beyond which we camped.

We were visited by very few natives, as we were now a considerable distance from a kraal or bumba. So far we had not seen any Masai village at all. Here, for the first time, a Masai seemed anxious to pick a quarrel with us. An old man who had come two days' journey to see us flung back the present we offered him, and declared that our march would lead us through his district, but he would not allow us to pass as we had sick cattle with us.



BETWEEN LAKE NYIRI AND MASIMANI.

This seemed such a very justifiable reason for refusing right of way that Count Teleki had five oxen killed. True enough, everyone of them had the lungs more or less diseased, and we had to reassure the old man by promising to have all the rest of the cattle slaughtered the next day.

The Masai are of opinion that the murrain from which oxen have been suffering for the last ten or twelve years was introduced by an ox which had been stolen from Samburaland. The disease, which seems to be rapidly spreading and in some Masai districts is universal, threatens the very existence of the people, who, as before stated, can think of no mitigation but the breeding of sheep.

On August 5 we left the shores of Lake Nyiri, which a little beyond our camp made a bend northward, and pursued our journey in a westerly direction, entering a level tract of country with many low, outlying spurs of Kilimanjaro on our right. We camped after $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours' march at the foot of one of these hills near a reedy pool, at a place called Masimani, or near the water pool—the pool, the water of which was sweet and good, being in a low channel some 500 paces long by from 5 to 50 wide. From the hills near by a view could be obtained of a vast steppe stretching away on the north of Kilimanjaro, which from this point does not look anything like so imposing as from the south, although we were there but a little higher up, the altitude of the camp being about 1,240 feet. The slope of Kilimanjaro is very slight at first, only becoming really steep at a considerable height. At the base, especially on the northern side, are numerous cone-shaped hills, most of them with crater-like summits. The ice-capped Kibo, it is true, looks grand, but its real height would be underrated there, whilst Kimawenzi seems but an insignificant hump. There is a belt of forest on the northern side of Kilimanjaro, but the mountain slopes give one the impression of barrenness, and

are dotted with nothing but dry yellow steppe grass. Not a stream flows from this northern side, and it would appear that all the water sinks through the ashes, reappearing at the base of the mountain only in the form of pools.

Far away on the south-west we could see Mount Meru rising up like a dark blue pyramid flanked by lower heights, amongst which was conspicuous the rocky peak of Ngaptuk, over 6,000 feet high, and the equally lofty mass of the Doenye Erok la Matumbato, looming forth like a dusky rampart, whilst on the north-east and east the horizon is bounded by the lower Ulu and Julu ranges.

Between us and them stretched a barren and almost level sandy plain, which glowed in the heat of the sun. Whole tracts were strewn with snow-white natron, and none of the atmospheric deceptions so frequent in these parts were needed to produce the effect of a landscape dotted with ponds and lakes. There is, indeed, no doubt that we have here the old bed of a large lake of which Lake Nyiri and the various pools are all that is now left.

In the afternoon Count Teleki went hunting in the direction of the base of Kilimanjaro, where the dense thickets of bush harboured large herds of buffaloes. Remembering the danger which he had incurred near Lake Nyiri, he took care this time to have the game driven into the open by his Somal and the Masai moran, and by this means he wounded two bulls so severely that they fell to the ground at once, but they were soon up again, and taking refuge in the thicket escaped, although they were followed for a long time.

Our next march, of an hour and a half only, brought us to a natural cistern in a volcanic rock in the midst of the barren steppe. Though the water looked clear it had a horrible smell, and was scarcely fit to drink. Boiling it somewhat

lessened the disagreeable odour, but it still tasted strongly of salt and of decaying vegetation.

The march here had been across a salt-strewn steppe overgrown with succulent bush and two kinds of grass, one resembling coarse swamp grass, the other looking like soft green sward, but with stiff stems ending in sharp needle-like points which hurt the feet of our men. Even where this grass grew the ground was covered with a layer of salt, and we scrunched it under our feet with a noise like that made by hard, frozen snow. A row of light green acacias, forming a regular avenue, were the only trees we passed, and bore witness to the presence of an underground stream. There was plenty of game about, so Count Teleki and his Masai friends made a detour for hunting whilst the caravan pressed straight on, joining us again a few hours later, bringing three gnus and one zebra.

From the top of a low, flat hill we could make out at a distance of some 2,000 yards from the camp two large ponds, one on the north, the other on the west. From the latter rose clouds of smoke, bearing witness to the presence of natives, and we learnt that there were two Masai kraals or bumbas beside it. Beyond stretched a forest extending to the base of a low range of heights on the west.

It is now time to describe, with some detail, the noble race of the Masai through whose country we were now passing. They call themselves Ol-Masai, and are by far the most interesting and most powerful people with whom we came in contact in our journey of exploration. Even the uninitiated must be struck with the immense difference between them and the negro tribes dwelling on the south of their dominions; and as a matter of fact they are quite unconnected with the negro family. Whilst the negroes belong to the great Bantu¹ stock,

¹ The word Bantu is used by Bleek as a general term for those African languages in which the prefix is used in declination and conjugation. ¶ With this

the Masai form the most southerly group of the Nilotic tribes, extending far away to the north, and are, so to speak, wedged in amongst the Bantu tribes and the people of Kamasia, Suk, Turkana, Karamoyo, and Lango, form a connecting link with the Shilluks and Bari.

The districts occupied by the Masai extend on the south as far as S. lat. 6° , and are bounded on the east first by the Upper Pangani, then by the Lederick or Kibonoto river, beyond which the frontier line skirts round the northern base of Kili-



WATER-HOLE AT MASIMANI.

manjaro to Kimangelia, whence it extends from Ngongo Bagás and the western boundary of Kikuyuland to the western base of Mount Kenia. The northern boundary may be said to extend from about the junction of the Guaso Narok with the Guaso Nyiro in a south-westerly direction, the extent of territory owned by the Masai on the west being undefined, though it may be roughly said to coincide with $35^{\circ} 40''$ E. long.

construction are, however, associated certain special racial peculiarities, so that the name has come to include a whole ethnographical group.

Masailand is divided into districts, and these in their turn into sub-districts. The most southerly province is Kibaya; that dominated by Mounts Meru and Kilimanjaro is Sigirari, subdivisions of which are Leitokitók and Nyiri. Sigirari is bounded on the north by Matumbato, beyond which is Kapotei with Dogilani on the west. The country north of Lake Naivasha is called Kinangop, whilst the highlands west of Kenia are known as Leikipia.

The Masai are pre-eminently a pastoral people; as a rule, confining their wanderings in search of fresh pastures for their cattle to their own districts. They cling devotedly to their own customs, and have maintained the purity of their race, allowing no inter-marrying with other tribes. There is nothing of the negro type in their appearance. They are slender and tall, above the medium height, but they are not particularly muscular. They have clear chocolate-brown complexions, pointed prominent chins, noses narrower than those of the negroes, thin lips and oval-shaped eyes with an upward slant. Their hair is frizzy, but it is thinner and much finer than that of the negro. Their limbs are beautifully formed and developed, their feet and hands remarkably small. The expression of some of the younger men is almost feminine in its gentleness, and regular features are more common amongst the males than the females, the profiles of the latter approaching much more nearly to the negro type. Moreover their hair is coarser and their complexion often a shade darker than that of their brothers. Some of the quite young unmarried girls are however charming enough, but they soon degenerate into poor wrinkled, shrivelled-looking creatures, whilst the men retain to old age their noble aristocratic appearance.

Little children of both sexes amongst the Masai are called *ngerai*; a young boy is a *lujon*, who as he grows older becomes a *barnoti*. A *barnoti* turns in due course into a *moran* or

warrior, who develops into a *moruo* or married man. A young unmarried girl is a *doje*, the plural of which is *ditto*; a married woman is a *sjangiki*, an old woman a *gogo*, and a very old one a *gogo olaj*.

Boys between twelve and fourteen years old undergo the rite of circumcision, after which they go with their fellow-sufferers to the woods for two or three weeks, where they shoot little birds with bows and arrows. The *doje* does not escape an operation of a similar kind to circumcision, after which she goes into the world, so to speak; in other words she leads a free life in the warrior camp for a few years, when she is married, that is to say, sold to a husband. It is the custom of the country for the married and unmarried to live in separate kraals. If we had paid a visit to the two bumbas or kraals near our camp at Masi-mani, we should have



A MASAI BARNOTI, OR YOUNG BOY.

found in them only old married men, women, and little children, the young people living in villages of their own, known as the *bumba a moran*, often several days' journey from their parents.

When a *barnoti* is fifteen or sixteen years old, he becomes a *moran* or warrior. Hitherto he has lived with his parents

and younger brothers and sisters, eating meat and vegetables, and drinking milk. All is now changed. The moran must live on meat or milk alone, but must not take them together. Other travellers relate that a purgative is taken to remove all traces of milk from the stomach before meat is eaten, but this we did not ourselves verify. Even now a moran must not eat the flesh of a wild animal, and vegetables, honey, beer, &c., are also strictly forbidden. He must not smoke or take snuff, and would sooner eat his own cow-hide sandals than touch any of the prohibited luxuries. On a long journey, however, he is allowed to make one exception in favour of the gum of the acacia, which the Masai chew. The meals of the moran consist of lightly cooked or boiled meat, or of fresh and clotted milk. They look upon cooking milk as a crime, not liking even strangers to do it, so that they are very unwilling to sell milk.

They add a certain bark to the liquid in which the meat is cooked, which dyes it red, and this broth they drink. They take their meals in retirement,¹ and can eat an enormous quantity at one time.

The appearance of the young moran is now as completely changed as his mode of life. He receives from his father a spear with a blade nearly three feet long, a large elliptical shield of buffalo hide with the heraldic device of the district on the outside, in white, red, or black, a long straight sword, and a club made of heavy wood as hard as iron, or of rhinoceros horn. Firearms have not yet been introduced to Masailand, and it is only rarely that bows and arrows are used instead of spears.

¹ Thomson says, *à propos* of the meals of the moran: 'He must not be seen eating meat in the kraal, neither must he take it along with milk . . . so many days were devoted entirely to the drinking of new milk, and then, when carnivorous longings came over him, he had to retire with a bullock to a lonely place in the forest, accompanied by some of his comrades, and a ditto to act as cook . . . they killed the bullock . . . then opened a vein and drank the blood fresh from the animal . . . this sanguinary draught concluded, they proceeded to gorge themselves on the flesh.'—*Through Masailand*, pp. 251-252.

We shall learn later where these weapons are fashioned, for they are none of them of home manufacture.

Thus equipped, the young moran goes to the warrior kraal of his district, where amongst his comrades and the ditto or unmarried sweethearts he leads for a time a life of free love.¹ Although this is the custom of his country, he has to beware of certain consequences which may ensue.

Now that he has come to man's estate the moran is bold, conceited, easily excited, and fond of thieving. His greatest desire is to dip his spear in blood, if it be only in that of some stray, half-starved porter, whilst his chief duty is to protect his district, and on this account the warrior kraals are situated near the most exposed portions of each division of Masai-land.

A Masai kraal consists of an outer circle of huts, looking like brown cardboard honeycombs, varying in height from about three and a half to six feet, by nine or twelve feet in diameter. In the open space within this circle are a few smaller shelters for young calves and kids. The population of the kraal varies greatly in number, and some of them contain more than a thousand souls. When a change of pasture is necessary for the cattle, the framework of the huts is often taken up and, with the few milk-bowls, straw mats, calabashes, smoke-dried oxhides, and other household goods, packed on the donkeys and draught oxen or carried by the women. The exodus begins, and when fresh grazing grounds are reached the women have to rebuild the bumba.

The moran kraal differs from that of the moruu in having

¹ We did not ourselves see anything of the severe treatment of an unmarried girl about to become a mother, in the warrior kraal, alluded to by Thomson. Her lover would have to pay her father the fine of an ox, a goat, a sheep, and eight pots of honey, but it is not likely that a native of Africa would put his daughter to death for a slip from virtue, as she is to him merely a marketable article. What Thomson says, however, with regard to the preventive measures taken, was fully borne out by what we learnt.

no fence.¹ Cattle-stealing is the chief occupation of the warriors, and their raids often take them long distances from their own land. A frequent distraction to the monotony of their lives is to throw trading caravans into a state of terror with a view to making the leaders more ready to part with their goods.

Order is maintained in the kraal by the Lygonani, an old married man chosen by election, who is the leader in battle, the spokesman in council and in discussions about tribute. If a number of kraals combine to make a raid, the leadership is confided to a Lygonani chosen in the same way.² The Lygonani of Sigirari is a kind of headman of the whole of Masailand. There are also district Leibons or medicine-men, and one head Masai medicine-man, whose name is Mbatian, and who is held in the very highest esteem, his skill having made him the richest man in the country. He lives on the Ngare naerobi, on the north-west slope of Kilimanjaro, and, according to W. Astor Chanler, he is very old and half blind, having a great dread of Europeans, not one of whom has yet succeeded in seeing him.

Married men or moruu take no part in raids. The preparations of the warriors for such expeditions generally last for a long time, and consist in gorging themselves with flesh and blood, and in sending an envoy to Mbatian to ask for advice and war medicine. This preparation time is called *ndorossi*, and its length depends on the importance of the raid; it sometimes lasts several months, and is spent in the retirement of the woods, no intercourse with the outside world being allowed. The idea is that the flesh and blood of the oxen consumed will imbue the moran with strength and courage.

¹ Thomson tells us this is to train the young warriors in watchfulness and courage.—TRANS.

² Thomson says the warrior elected by a number of kraals is called the *Lyttunu*, to distinguish him from the Lygonani, who is the leader of one kraal only.—TRANS.

There is really more pretension and impudence behind the self-consciousness of the moran than real courage, and they owe much of the dread in which they are held to their effective get-up. The short mantle of brown-haired kid-skin, which he generally wears fastened on the right shoulder, is twisted into a girdle and transferred to his waist. He leaves some of his gala ornaments at home, substituting for them an iron bell worn above the knee.

His head and shoulders and also his spear are profusely smeared with red grease, which makes him look as if he were dripping with blood. Below the knee he fastens a strip of colubus skin, which, with



MASAI MORAN IN WAR ARRAY.

the long white hair still on it, stands away from the legs in front. Round his neck is tied the naibere, which consists, as already stated, of a long piece of white cotton with a stripe of coloured stuff sewn in the middle. This flows straight down

his back, and is supplemented by a deep collar or cape of black vultures' feathers, whilst his face is framed in an extraordinary head-dress of ostrich feathers stuck in a band of leather. Thus adorned he dashes on with diabolical cries, his shield in his left hand and in the right his uplifted spear. Such an apparition strikes terror into the hearts of the natives, and at its approach they flee without coming to blows at all. But those who see in a Masai moran only a fantastically got-up savage have really no cause for fear.

When a moran has had enough of life in the warrior kraal, or when his father dies and he becomes his heir, he marries and settles down into a moruo. He buys as many wives as his stock of cattle will permit, for he does not marry for love, but to secure servants to work for him. He lays aside the manners of a warrior, and becomes a quiet and peaceful member of society. An outward sign of the inward change which has come over him is the wearing of a huge spiral ear ornament made of thick brass wire. His fine long spear and beautiful shield he perhaps gives to his younger brother, or he changes each for a cow, for every weapon a Moran has used is worth a cow to any of his brothers. He himself is henceforth content with a common spear, or with a bow and arrow. He may now indulge in a varied diet, and can eat beans, bananas from Kikuyu or Kilimanjaro, drink beer, and smoke tobacco or chew it mixed with natron salt, called *makate*. He may also eat other meat than beef, but he does not care for it much.

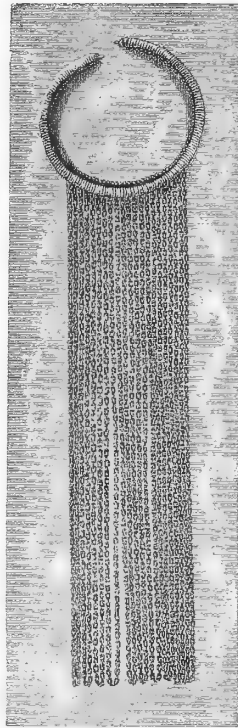
The Masai bore the ear-lobes and stretch them out as far as possible, beginning their cultivation quite early in life. Sometimes, too, they break off one or two of the incisor teeth. Girls are often tattooed about the body and breast, deep wounds being inflicted in the process.

The hair is all carefully removed except from the head. Young Masai, especially the women, cling to the kid-skin

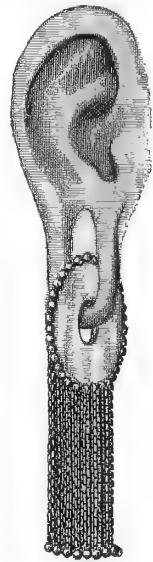
garments their parents wore before them, only some of the elder men wrap themselves in cotton. Their favourite ornaments are thick iron wire and thin iron chains, and girls and women so cover their arms and legs with thick wire that they look as if they were in armour. In southern Masailand they also wear a flat neck ornament made of spiral iron wire. These heavy decorations cannot readily be taken off; they give their wearers an extraordinary appearance, and make walking difficult to them. The only actual garments the girls wear are leather aprons, which reach from the waist to the knees; the bosom is left bare, at least all of it not covered with iron chains, strings of beads, and so on.

Masai men greet each other by holding out the right hand and saying *schore* or *schorelaj sobaj* ('Friend, or my friend, I greet you'), to which the proper reply is *ebaj*. Girls and women never speak first, but must be addressed

as *doje* or *sjangiki* (maiden or matron) before they can reply, and they never offer their hand till asked for it, but merely reply *iko* or more rarely *tagwenja*. If you want them to give you their hand, you must ask for it by saying *holele*. Spitting lightly on the face or hands is a sign amongst the Masai, as,



MASAI NECK ORNAMENT
WORN BY WOMEN.



MASAI EAR
ORNAMENT.

indeed, amongst nearly all the people in the districts we visited, of friendship and goodwill.

I have not half exhausted the manners and customs of this interesting people, but I must not longer delay my narrative ; other characteristics will, however, be noticed in the course of it.

We should come to no more water till we got to the somewhat distant Doenye Erok la Matumbato, which trading caravans generally take two days to reach from here. We resumed our march at ten o'clock on August 7, intending to follow their example. Unfortunately, we had to leave one of our men behind, as he was ill with fever and quite insensible. We gave him into the care of the Masai, paying for his keep in advance with an axe, and they promised to look after him till he was well enough to join some passing caravan.

Our route led us at first across a flat, sandy steppe, here and there strewn with salt. We then came to a second large pool, the water of which, after the horrible stuff we had had to drink during the last twenty-four hours, seemed to us delicious. We could not imagine why Jumbe Kimemeta would not let us camp here, but when we asked him he gave the usual answer, '*dasturi, bwana*' ('It is such a bad place, master'). When our people had filled their calabashes we pressed on, in the heat of the mid-day sun, across the gleaming white wilderness, our eyes feasting again and again on what in the deceptive atmosphere looked like beautiful lakes. After another two hours' tramp, during which we noted the change from volcanic to metamorphic formations, we reached two little rugged hills of metamorphic rock rising up like islands from the desert, beyond which the ground became more undulating, and we began steadily to ascend.

A little before sunset we halted for the night, alas ! to our dismay, where there was scarcely a blade of grass to be seen





MORAN AND THEIR DITTOS OR SWEETHEARTS DANCING.

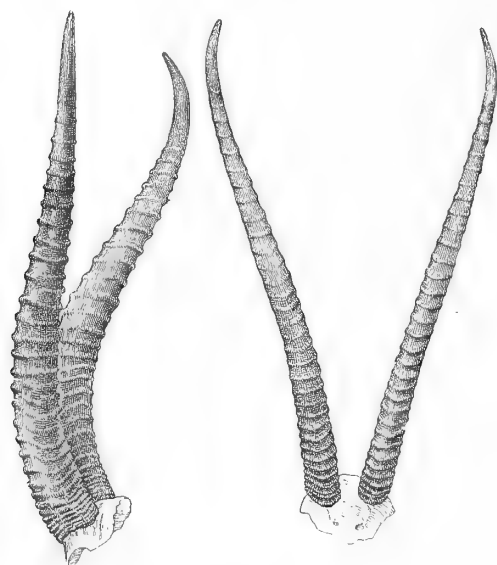
and not a drop of water to be had for our weary and thirsty men, so that the camp was soon wrapped in silence.

At the first gleam of dawn the next morning we were off again, reaching in less than an hour and a half a shallow grass-grown channel, the end of the swampy mouth of the Ngare na lalla, or Ngare Manga (both names meaning broad water), a short, sluggish stream flowing from the Doenye Erok. After our men had quenched their thirst with the muddy water, we pressed on, waded across a reed-encumbered arm of the stream, followed its course on the other side for a short distance, and camped. We were now at the foot of the steep hill first mentioned, at a height of about 4,120 feet, in a densely populated portion of the Masai district Matumbato, where we might hope to buy plenty of cattle. We therefore decided to halt here for two whole days, which would also give our overladen donkeys time to recruit their exhausted strength.

Natives soon appeared in considerable numbers, and we found we could get cattle, but not donkeys. The business of purchasing was given over to Jumbe Kimemeta and Qualla, which left us free to hunt. The moran and their inseparable dittos or sweethearts stood about our tents at a respectful distance, made no attempt to beg, and gave us no trouble at all. They watched us at our work of taking astronomical observations, writing up our journals, and so on, and when they got tired of that they went outside the camp and amused themselves with singing and dancing.

The Masai have a good many songs suitable for different occasions, and though they are not a bit more melodious than those of other coloured races, they are quite unlike them. Some dances are performed by warriors only, others by them and the dittos together. The natives here allowed me to photograph them without taking any notice of what I was doing.

The neighbourhood of Doenye Erok is a regular zoological garden. The steep slopes, especially near the base of the mountain, are clothed with luxuriant vegetation, chiefly acacias, the nickname of erok, or black, originating in the dark colour of the foliage. Moreover, the trees stand well apart and without the dense undergrowth usual in tropical Africa, and amongst them roam countless Mpala antelopes and a kind of wild dog. But for the sound of their footsteps and the occasional



HORNS OF GAZELLE (SPECIES UNKNOWN).

cry of a small hornbill with a slender red bill and mottled dark-green feathers, absolute silence reigned. We liked going to this wood just to watch the wild creatures in it.

The bush-grown steppe beyond the mountain was tenanted by numerous rhinoceroses, giraffes, zebras, wild boars, gnus, gazelles, ostriches, bustards, guinea-fowls, and part-

ridges. In half an hour's walk Count Teleki wounded four zebras, but he lost them all, as he had gone out alone, and did not like to go too far from the camp. When close home he also brought down an antelope of the size and shape and with the horns of a gazelle, but of the brownish-red colour of a European stag, with white hair on the abdomen. The following day he shot a rhinoceros and a wild boar, having seen two other rhinoceroses. The next afternoon the Count hunted along the eastern base of the mountain, where he was much hindered by

the numerous deep water-channels, mostly with perpendicular sides hollowed out of the laterite soil. He brought down, however, five Mpala antelopes and one gazelle Thomsoni. Whilst cutting up some of his game Count Teleki told two of his men to follow the course of one of these streams and try and find a suitable crossing-place. They came back almost directly with the news that they had come upon a lion tearing a zebra to pieces. The Count hastened at once to the spot and found the headless corpse of the zebra, but the lion was gone. His footprints could be clearly seen, however, and were promptly followed up. They led to a portion of one of the ravines over which the lion had evidently sprung, dropping his booty however, for the zebra's head lay on this side. The stream where the lion took his leap was nearly 11 yards broad by some 22 deep, and the sides were quite perpendicular.

The second afternoon of our stay here I, too, went hunting, choosing the direction of the wood, as, whether I was lucky as a sportsman or not, I was sure of plenty to interest me. And for a long time I watched the various creatures, coming close now to a mother antelope with her young, now to a pair of antelopes, without any idea of spoiling the idyll with a shot. I did not give hunting a thought till a great yellowish-brown creature suddenly came in sight at a distance of some eighty paces.

It was a giraffe, but I was so taken by surprise at seeing it so near to me, and so far from the steppes these shy creatures generally haunt, that I could not at first believe my eyes. I crept cautiously nearer so as to get a good view of the body and choose the best point at which to aim. The giraffe, a splendid full-grown male, did not budge, but went on feeding on the tender topmost leaves of an acacia, without the slightest suspicion of danger. Never had I had a chance before of anything but a flying shot at one of these noble animals, and my

heart beat like that of some cockney sportsman. All the hunter's zeal, laid to rest for a time amongst the quantities of game, awoke within me again, and as I approached I spied a second smaller giraffe and realised that the two were a pair who had withdrawn together to the forest. After long consideration as to where the heart might be in a body of a form so unfamiliar to me, I fired. The buck was wounded to death, and as he struggled in his last agonies, he turned slowly towards his wife, who stood rooted to the spot, her great gazelle-like eyes fixed on her mate. The hunting fever once aroused, I had lost all mercy, and I did not hesitate to fire at the female. Though both were now mortally wounded, the two remained standing, with their forelegs stuck out far in front of them, so I put a rapid end to their sufferings by firing again. The little wife was the first to die; she fell forwards, and then wound her long neck over on the left till her head almost touched her tail. I did not actually see the buck die, as I was watching the passing away of his mate. When I looked again he was lying upon his side quite dead.

A very good shot is required to bring down a giraffe. I killed both these animals with the 500 Express, which was a favourite weapon with us, as we could carry it ourselves, instead of having to depend on the men to hand it to us. It was light, extremely handy, and fired hardened spherical bullets, with six drachms of powder, with wonderful accuracy. Although I fired in this case at both animals at a distance of some twenty paces, it was from a minute to two minutes before either of them fell. I am sorry now that I did not measure the male. The size of the wild giraffes is ever so much greater than one would imagine from seeing them in zoological gardens only, and the largest elephant I saw on my wanderings did not impress me as half so imposing as a full-grown giraffe. The flesh tastes not unlike venison, of which we were unfortunately

not at first aware, as we had never tried it. The skin is nearly as thick as that of the buffalo, and tremendously tough.

I now sent two of my men back to camp to fetch some of the porters to help carry home the quantities of meat, and continued my walk through the wood. I soon came upon another giraffe, equally free from shyness or suspicion as were those already killed, but, as I was not very anxious to secure it, it escaped. My wanderings finally led me down to the bush-steppe, where I saw plenty of ostriches, but too far off to get a shot even with the long-range weapons we had with us. I also came upon another pair of giraffes, which gazed at me inquisitively and made no effort to escape. Though there was really no need to secure any more meat, I could not refrain from firing at the male. Mortally wounded, he tried to save himself from falling by standing with forelegs wide apart, whilst he swayed his long neck to and fro. A second shot brought him down. His wife ran off at the first shot for scarcely two hundred paces and then remained standing, gazing sadly at her mate, not even moving away when we busied ourselves about his corpse, which we covered over with thorny branches to protect it from hyenas and other beasts of prey.

The next day's march led us by good sandy paths first along the southern base of the mountain, where we had to cross many such deep channels hollowed out by rushing torrents as I have already described, then we skirted the eastern base, after which we bore in a northerly direction.

We passed quite close to two little Masai kraals with low huts made of thin pliable stakes stuck in the ground in a circle and bent towards each other at the top, the spaces between the stakes being filled in with interlaced branches, the whole plastered over with a mixture of cow-dung and earth. There is no opening except a small one for entrance and exit. As the cattle are all brought into the central space, round which

the huts are built, for the night, the ground is always covered with dung.

After not quite three hours' march we camped by the little Guaso Kidongoi or Kedong, a stream springing from the eastern side of the Doenye Erok and ending in a small swamp after an easterly course of about a mile and a half or two miles. Guaso, wasso, and ngare all mean water, brook, or river, and Kidongoi signifies quiver, a name it owes to the fact that the district through which it flows is overgrown with a species of branched euphorbia, from the stems of which the natives make their quivers.

The Masai, who at once came to our camp, were at first very surly, chiefly on account of some diseased cattle we had with us. To pacify them we let them pick out the affected animals themselves to be slaughtered. There were four altogether.

There were a great many Masai in this district, living chiefly in the undulating plain on the east of the mountain. As they never hunt, there is an immense amount of game in the neighbourhood, zebras, antelopes, and gazelles grazing close to the herds of cattle, as if they felt safer near them.

Count Teleki would have liked to press on the next day, but the traders wanted to remain to buy ivory, so for their sakes we stopped two days longer.

In some of the ravines on the mountain there were settlements of the Wandorobbo, that remarkable tribe of hunters, who live in small scattered parties with no connection with each other, throughout the greater part of Masailand. We met a few of them for the first time during our march along the Pangani. The word Ndorobbo means in Masai language poor folk without cattle or other possessions, and traders have added the Bantu Wa as a sign of the plural, calling them the Wandorobbo. In general appearance they are not unlike the

Masai, and when even experienced ivory traders see a Ndorobbo approaching with his quaint hunting-spear in his hand they cannot tell to which tribe he belongs without asking him. They also speak the Masai dialect though it is not their mother language, and they employ an idiom of their own in talking amongst themselves. They neither breed cattle nor till the ground, but keep bees and trade in ivory, so that naturally elephants are the game they chiefly hunt. The so-called Masai ivory is really supplied by them, as the Masai themselves never go hunting. For all that, the Wandorobbo are anything but good sportsmen, and are hardly able to get a living, although there is such a quantity of game in their neighbourhood, and they do not object to eating half-putrid meat. They therefore prefer to live near the Masai, from whom they can now and then buy cattle. Very often they cannot pay for it, and remain in the debt and power of their creditors, to whose interest, of course, it is to know where they are. As a matter of fact the Masai are, as a rule, well informed as to the number and size of the elephants shot by the Wandorobbo, and the latter are always very much embarrassed when there are any Masai in the camps of the ivory traders, their dealings with whom are conducted in secret, so that we very seldom came actually face to face with any of these timid people.

Hunting in the low grounds at the base of the mountain was as interesting as it was fruitful, and on the very first afternoon Count Teleki brought down a giraffe, a rhinoceros, and a spotted hyena, whilst two badly wounded giraffes got away. There are but few spotted hyenas in this part of Africa, and as we never molested them the Count would not have shot this one, but, catching only a fleeting glance at a yellowish-brown body moving about amongst the grass of the steppe, he mistook it for a leopard.

I set off with my gun under my arm to explore the course

of the Guaso Kedong, and with a view to losing no time I meant to resist every temptation to turn aside till I reached its swampy mouth. But at the edge of a little acacia wood bounding the swamp on the east a herd of zebras dashed past so very close to us that I could not help firing at one, which turned its side full towards us. It fell to the ground and remained motionless.

At the same moment we heard an extraordinary noise like the yelping of a young hound being flogged, and rushing to our victim we discovered that a young foal had been hidden by its mother's body. The bullet which had killed her had passed through its neck. We had some of the flesh of the foal cooked, and found that it tasted like broiled fish.

Early in the morning of the second day the traders assembled before Count Teleki's tent and begged for another reprieve as they had not yet concluded their ivory purchases. The Count yielded, and we shouldered our guns once more, determined at least to bring down game enough for the day's rations.

On August 14 we resumed our march, the traders having bought fifteen fine tusks, whilst we had succeeded in obtaining four more pack-animals. First we started along the base of the Doenye Erok till we reached its northern end, and then we crossed a dreary, unfruitful, undulating district in a north-westerly direction, Count Teleki bringing down three rhinoceroses by the way, arriving, after a long, hot march, at the waterhole of Bartimaro at about 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

The neighbouring districts were inhabited by Masai, and the water, which was in a deep cistern-like cavity, forming part of the bed of a dried-up stream, encumbered with sand and débris, was carefully guarded by a party of natives, who drove our poor thirsty men angrily away. There was no other water nearer than several hours' journey, but not until





WATERHOLES OF SEKI.

the tribute had been paid were our people allowed to lower their calabashes on cords and draw them up full.

There were plenty of acacias and bushes here, but very little grass; game was scarce, too, and we saw next to nothing but giraffes and hartebeests.

Our next march brought us to the waterholes of Seki in the same dried-up bed already described. There are some fifteen or twenty holes, about 12 to 18 feet deep, with water one foot deep at the bottom. We found that different natives had rights over the various holes, and that here, too, our men were driven away till presents had been given. Jumbe Kimemeta and the traders were very careful not to wound the susceptibilities of the natives, and superintended the drawing of the water themselves. They seemed to take to heart all the remarks made in their hearing, even if only by some conceited boy. The porters were assailed with all manner of abuse and bad language, but behaved in a most submissive, humble manner themselves.

Joseph Thomson implies in his account of his journey here that his people made the waterholes of Seki, but we learnt from the Masai that they were dug out by the Wakwafi, a powerful cattle-breeding tribe who once owned the district. In every rainy season the holes get filled up with sand and rubbish, and have to be cleaned out again and again as the water subsides.

The Masai of the neighbourhood own large herds of cattle, which they water here with the aid of primitive troughs made of stones and mud. Two women fill the troughs from leather bags, and the work is done very much more rapidly than we should have thought possible, some 2,000 animals being supplied with water in a few hours.

The humble demeanour of our men, of course, had an unfortunate effect upon the natives, who consider gentleness and

courtesy signs of weakness. So they became more impudent than usual, and two thefts were attempted in the afternoon. One moran snatched a piece of meat out of the hand of a porter and ran off with it. The porter yelled to him to bring it back, and as he did not obey, fired, missing the robber, who, however, dropped the meat. Another stole a wooden spoon from our cook, and was disappearing with it when one of our light-footed Somal caught him, wrenched away his booty, and gave him a good drubbing with it. Nothing further came of either incident, but a less satisfactory accident occurred to the traders. As already several times remarked, the people from the coast delight in making the natives wait upon them, and Kijanja, the guide and headman of Kimemeta's caravan, had made a moran fetch water and other things for him. As a pledge of faithfulness, the warrior had left his spear in Kijanja's tent, and came to fetch it in the evening after being paid for his work. But the spear had disappeared, and though the whole camp was searched for it, it could not be found. The traders offered the man another and much better spear, but he would have his own back and no other. The whole thing was in fact a trick; the moran had got one of his comrades to carry off the spear, and knew that he could get pretty well anything he liked out of the terrified traders. He demanded the value of ten cows in goods. The traders, who all hang together in their journeys in Masailand, got the goods together with much incense-burning and praying, the death of the thief being the principal thing asked of Heaven; and the moran eventually went off chuckling, with 200 coils of iron wire, 100 of brass wire, 100 strings of beads, and ten naiberes.

The traders, who were ashamed of the whole affair, tried to keep it secret from us, but the incense-burning betrayed them. Count Teleki would never have submitted to such an extortion, though he would have paid what he thought really fair. We

escaped scot free in the matter, except that we sacrificed one rocket, which the traders got us to let off in the evening. With a loud petition from the assembled crowd for the utter confusion and destruction of the thief and all his cattle the rocket sped heavenward and broke in a grand shower of fire in the direction of the Masai kraal, but nothing whatever came of it.

The ivory traders make it an invariable rule to keep friends with the Masai, even when doing so ruins their own undertakings. They are induced to act thus partly from fear, and partly because but for the friendly co-operation of the Masai they could not hope to discover the whereabouts of the Wandorobbo, from whom they buy their ivory.

The beginning of the next march was across a district of very much the same character as before: undulating ground sloping towards the west and fairly sprinkled with acacias, but with little grass. On the east the dreary Mavarasha hills rose to a height of about 6,400 feet, whilst in the north the view was shut in by the blue-grey wall of the Turuka plateau. As we advanced the district became more and more undulating, the trees rarer, till at last they disappeared altogether, whilst the grass became more and more luxuriant. In the last hour's march we rounded an isolated hill some 1,000 feet high, called the Doenye Lomeiboti, camping after four hours' tramp by the banks of the little Besil stream, at the southern base of the comparatively low Doenye Mellevo.

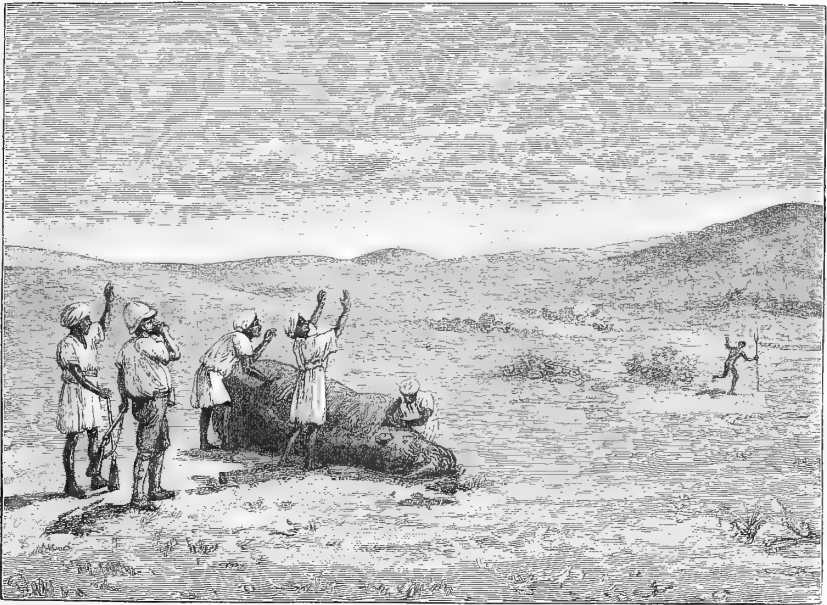
As the advance-guard of the caravan approached the camping-place, three rhinoceroses came in sight, lying together on the sandy slope of the mountain, so Count Teleki went off to hunt them, leaving the men to go on alone. As there was no cover whatever he had to fire at long range; but after they had escaped several times he finally brought them down. He did not rejoin the main body of the expedition, but continued to wander about alone, and presently I saw the porters

halt. As usual I was with the rear-guard, and was wondering what could be the matter when three men came running up, shouting that two rhinoceroses barred the way, and though the Koma or caravan flag had been unfurled in their faces they would not budge. I hastened to the front, and came upon a most interesting spectacle. There, directly in the path, stood the two huge beasts perfectly motionless, gazing at the caravan with their meek little eyes, looking like two Cerberi forbidding the passage. Opposite to them, at a distance of some three hundred paces, were all the men, one of them wildly waving the flag. This was no new situation to me, and fearing that one of the rhinoceroses might charge, I got into the right position without delay and fired at the shoulder of the nearest to me. The animal gave one groan only and fell to the ground, whilst his companion, taking absolutely no notice of the shot, remained stock still. I fired again almost immediately, and to my astonishment the second rhinoceros fell at once, a result I did not expect, as I used the small light 500 Express rifle. The delight of the men, who had watched the whole thing, knew no bounds, and some Masai who had joined the caravan were beyond measure astonished. They seized my hand again and again, spitting lavishly upon it, and murmuring their *Ngai* (God), which is their way of expressing wonder at anything unusual or incomprehensible.

Soon after this we camped. It is never possible to do much trading directly after arrival at a new camp, the natives being too much occupied in satisfying their curiosity and arranging about their hongo to care to fetch the cattle from their distant kraals, and as our donkeys needed rest and good fodder, which had been scarce the day before, we decided to halt another day.

The Besil stream by which we were camped rose a few hundred paces higher up at the foot of the Mellevo, flowed a

little further in a south-easterly direction, and then disappeared. In the rainy season it is swollen by two other rivulets from the Gurugeish Mountains and flows some distance farther, but it is not known in which direction. Near to us the stream was prettily bordered with rushes, papyrus, and castor-oil plants, and at the mouth there were little groups of acacias with fresh green foliage.



TAVÁLA, MORUO ! TAVÁLA ! (STOP, MORUO ! STOP !)

After a night disturbed by the noise of numerous hyenas a lovely morning dawned. From our tent we could see four rhinoceroses, and Count Teleki soon went off hunting. He only brought one of them down, however, its fall being witnessed by the whole caravan. It is very interesting to watch a hunting episode from a distance, for when actually taking part in it it is impossible calmly to note every incident, and the whole thing is often much more exciting to a witness

than to the sportsman himself. In this case the Count fired at the animal nearest to him, which dashed off in the direction of a Masai moruo, who was approaching all unconscious of his danger. Directly the rhinoceros caught sight of him he charged, wounded to death though he was. Of course, the moruo took to his heels, and, though the animal soon fell dead, he continued to run as fast as his legs could carry him in spite of the shouts of the whole caravan assuring him that all danger was over. Our men were immensely amused at this ridiculous scene, though they would have acted in exactly the same way themselves.

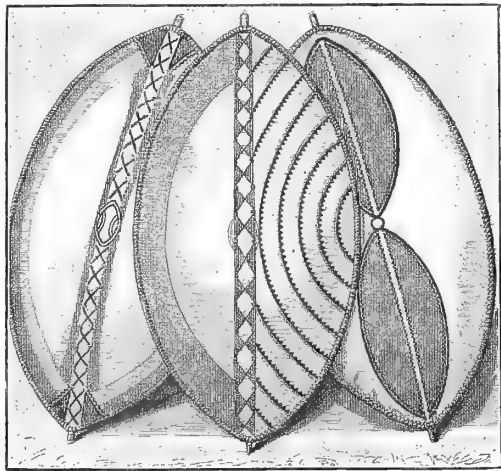
It would take too long to tell of all the Count's further adventures that day. Immense quantities of game, including four zebras, five gnus, and one hartebeest, were brought down, whilst one sorely wounded ostrich escaped with plumage dripping with blood. Count Teleki's account of the behaviour of some moran who accompanied him, when they became eager in the chase, was very interesting. On one occasion they went after a gnu which had been lamed by a shot, seized it by its horns and tail, and dragged it to the Count for him to give it its *coup de grâce*. As a reward they asked leave a little later to follow a slightly wounded hartebeest, and killed it with their spears.

Natives poured into the camp on this day, and from the devices on their spears we gathered that they belonged to the Matumbato, Dogilani, and Kapotei districts; the last-named spoke Kabudi. They did not bother us at all, and had the very greatest respect for our hunting prowess, of which they had already heard, speaking of us first as 'Ngai,' their word for God, and later as 'Moran,' which was, of course, an immense honour for us!

In the afternoon I started, accompanied by a moran, to climb Mount Lomeiboti, as I hoped to get an extended view

from the top. At the base of the mountain I came upon a great herd of zebras. I did not attempt to shoot any of the animals, which showed the most wonderful confidence in us, allowing us to pass within a hundred paces without moving. It took us some two hours to reach the peak, as the sides of the mountain were very steep. Huge blocks of quartz, some pieces almost transparent, strewed the ground. We noticed a great many elands, which are first-rate climbers, and greyish-brown (hornless?) antelopes about the size of a roebuck. We had a splendid view from the top, embracing Kilimanjaro and Meru, but a strong, icy-cold wind soon drove us down.

Just before sunset we had some trouble with a number of insolent Masai from



MASAI SHIELDS.

Kapotei, one of whom went so far as to fling his spear across the brook at one of our men. The spear was confiscated, and the moran had also to pay a fine of a cow, which cooled his zeal for aggression a little.

This sort of thing always made our Somal very wroth, and with very few words and anything but a mirthful expression they would take very prompt measures, such as our porters would have been quite incapable of, to prevent any recurrence of a similar thing.

We started again on the morning of August 18, having bought eleven oxen and three donkeys. Our march now led

us in a northerly direction, along the base of the Doenye Mellevo, first over an undulating steppe, which, as was the case with the Turuka plateau, became more hilly and wooded as we advanced. The Turuka range, with its spurs and buttresses, made very much the same impression upon us as it did upon Thomson, namely, that of some mighty stronghold; the little Mount Kimbay, which stood out on our left, resembling an isolated outwork. Not until after a long, hot march did we reach, at the foot of the plateau, the dried-up bed of a brook filled with blocks of gneiss, and with here and there a few holes, some of them evidently made by the hand of man, containing a little thick greenish water.

On this march we had a good opportunity of noting the devastation wrought by elephants when feeding in herds, for great trees were uprooted or stripped of all their barks, whilst the ground was strewn with branches.

Count Teleki had seen a group of four elephants just before he got to camp, and in the afternoon he went off to hunt them, while I remained in camp to work at our maps.

A little later the news was brought to me that four elephants had been seen some twenty minutes' walk from the camp on a low hill surrounded by bush, standing perfectly motionless as if indulging in an afternoon siesta. Feeling sure these must be the same animals the Count had noticed in the morning, so that there would be no fear of my disturbing him at the wrong moment, I decided to go to him, taking with me one of Kimemeta's men who had hunted with me before, and was trustworthy and useful, although he had but one eye. The sun was already sinking, so that there was no time to lose, and we bore towards the place where the elephants had been sighted, Hassan carrying an 8-bore rifle. But alas! when we got there there was no sign of them or of their spoor. Crestfallen we turned towards home, when the happy thought

struck me to climb a rock some 30 feet high, and have a good look round. It was no use hoping to do more as the sun was just about to disappear below the horizon. I had hardly got to the top of the rock, when I spied the four elephants just where they had been before. They had evidently got scent of us, for they were huddled closely together. There was not a moment to lose if I was to get a shot before it was dark. The white tusks stood out clearly against the grey and green background, so that it was easy to pick out the biggest elephant. I quickly made sure of the direction of the wind; it was in our favour, and we sped quickly down our rock in the direction of our game. We were soon close to them, but not an inch of their bodies could we see for the bushes, and my heavy boots made such a noise on the gneiss and débris that I had half a mind to take them off. But there were too many thorns for that, and stealthily, as if our very lives depended on our caution, we crept on till we came to an acacia, and were at last face to face with the elephants, though I could only make out the big male clearly. There he stood some twenty-three paces off, innocent of his danger, carelessly stretching out his long trunk for another branch. Full of the greatest impatience, I waited for the right moment to fire. I had no experience whatever in shooting elephants, and was anxious to aim at the heart if I could only make sure just where it was. There was some little delay, for which I was not exactly sorry, for never have I been so excited, before the elephant was in the right position, and as it was impossible to fire through the thorny upper foliage of the acacia behind which I stood, I threw myself flat on my face so as to be able to aim under the lowest branches. The great creature at last turned towards me, raising his trunk to secure some specially juicy morsel and exposing his side completely. It was so dark now that I could hardly see, but I raised the heavy gun and fired, aiming at

the shoulder, near the edge of the huge unwieldy ear. At the same moment I got a tremendous blow in the face, and saw blood streaming down on the still smoking gun. I could not imagine what had happened, and took no further notice of the blood then, for I was absorbed in watching what was going on in front of me. The wounded elephant had approached a step nearer and was apparently about to charge. There he stood, drawn up to his full height, so that he looked enormously tall but thin, his ears outspread, and his trunk, which he wound in serpentine coils, threateningly uplifted. And on either side of him, shoulder to shoulder, stood two of his comrades also with outspread ears and uplifted trunks, whilst behind him loomed the fourth. Motionless the four remained, standing sniffing the air and peering towards our acacia, the silence only broken by the dripping down of my blood. I had been almost stunned by the blow on my face, my mad zeal for hunting was gone, and I felt incapable of firing another shot, however necessary, in my own defence. The few seconds during which the elephants remained standing seemed to me an eternity, but presently they all turned tail and dashed off, the noise of the cracking of branches gradually dying away.

I now discovered that my nose was split nearly open, the right nostril hanging loose. The recoil of the elephant gun is so lessened by a thick piece of indiarubber at the end of the butt that it is hardly felt, but the barrels have a strong tendency to fly up on firing. I had already experienced this, but was careless, and moreover I fired lying down, which one should never do with so heavy a gun. The rather sharp-edged comb of the left hammer slit up one nostril, and cut the bridge of my nose. How glad I was that we made it a rule never to cock both barrels of our elephant gun.

I bound up my nose as well as I could, noted the direction of the elephants' spoor, and then returned to the camp in the

dark. Count Teleki was just having a bath in his tent when I got in, and having heard the shot, called out to me, 'Well, how went the hunting?' And as my wound was not very painful, and things might have been much worse, I was able to reply cheerfully enough with a laugh—'Pretty well—the elephant bleeds and so do I!' Stained with blood as I was I looked in anything but a laughing condition, and as soon as he saw me the Count hastened to get out all his surgical implements, carbolic and sublimate liniments, and piles of bandages, with which by the light of a lantern he proceeded to treat his damaged friend. He did not let me go till my face was done up in a regular mask as stiff as plaster of Paris. The wound was not painful, but it was a good six weeks before it healed. Only one small scar and a certain numbness of the tip of the nose still remind me of my first elephant hunt.

Count Teleki had failed to find the elephants on account of the stone-encumbered ground, but when seeking them he came across a lion. Following the course of the stream by which we were camped, he heard the roaring of a lion in the bush. Soon after, one appeared at a distance of 150 paces. He did not seem to have noticed the hunter before, but now he started and offered a good chance of a shot at the shoulder. Count Teleki fired with the 500 Express, and the lion staggered, but was able to get away into the bush. He bled freely, and the Count could hear him roaring but he could not see him. He followed him to within about 80 or 100 paces and then had to give up the chase as the sun was setting.

During the night several lions prowled about the camp, and towards morning we could distinctly make out three at once.

The next morning Count Teleki went off after the wounded elephant. The blood spoor was very distinct for some thousand paces, and here and there were pools of gore. The Count was

able to make out that the animal had soon separated from his companions and had gone off alone, but he could not find him after all, as he lost the spoor on the stony ground beyond the bush. Teleki then turned his attention to the lion he had shot, but with equally unsatisfactory results.

From Turuka two paths lead to Ngongo Bagás on the frontier of Kikuyuand, for which all trading caravans make when passing through the Masai country. One path goes westward along the course of the Turuka stream, and then northward, striking the base of the Doenye Erok la Kapotei. Most caravans take this route, and so did Thomson. The other crosses the Turuka plateau, and bears northward on the east of the Doenye Erok. It is far more arduous than the first, as two days' marches are through uninhabited districts, but for all that we chose it in order, for a time at least, to avoid following Thomson's footsteps. We had only one day's provisions left, so we were anxious to buy food from the Masai. We were close to a warrior kraal containing seven moran and their dittos who often came to visit us, but they were very unwilling to let us have any cattle. We decided, therefore, to send Maktubu with thirty men to Dogilani in advance, which delayed us here some time longer; and, alas! he returned in a couple of days with empty hands, for, owing to Jumbe Kimemeta's forgetfulness, he had gone without any goods for barter, and could not, of course, make any purchases; and, moreover, the Masai seemed very averse to selling cattle. It was nearly night, and we had nothing left, for the only game brought down that day had been a little Mpala antelope. The men gathered about us with woful countenances, for they knew they would probably have to go to rest with empty stomachs, and we were making up our minds to the situation when there was a cry of zebras! A herd of six had approached the camp, and though the sun had

already gone down behind the mountain Count Teleki rushed out with his gun. At the sound of his first shot there was a loud shout of joy ; the fires which had been allowed to go out were lit again. They were soon blazing cheerfully, and when two zebras were brought in, the camp presented a most festive appearance.

Most of the traders decided to take the westerly route to Ngongo Bagás, but Jumbe Kimemeta and some fifty of his men remained with us. The traders who deserted us had had no luck in buying pack-animals, as we had always spoilt their market, and they were not likely to get any in Kapotei or Dogilani, though they might possibly have bought ivory. Moreover, they were probably tired of the strict discipline enforced in our camp, and we were, truth to tell, by no means sorry to get rid of them.

On August 22 we were off again, the Turuka plateau rising up in front of us like a perpendicular wall. The path wound through a ravine, and the ascent took a long time, though we had not really much more than 300 feet to climb. Once at the top we had a perfectly uninterrupted view of the tableland of Turuka, which is unbroken by so much as a tree or shrub. The ground is covered with short steppe grass, strewn with volcanic débris of all kinds, intermixed with bits of obsidian and of red and yellow jasper. It is only on the west that the sides are steep ; on the east the plateau slopes down to the plain, extending on the north to the base of the table mountain of Doenyo Erok la Kapotei, which is more than 6,000 feet high. The whole plateau, as well as the neighbouring Mount Kimbay, which is also flat-topped, are of volcanic origin, but the crater from which were ejected these beds of lava and ashes, levelling the whole district, must have lain somewhere farther to the north, as in spite of a most careful search we could not find it in the immediate neighbourhood.

It was a long time before all the porters and pack-animals got to the top of the plateau, and even after their arrival we had to wait for Jumbe Kimemeta, who had stopped behind to settle up finally with the other traders, so that it was ten o'clock before we could go on, late enough in view of the arduous march before us.

Meanwhile Count Teleki shot a gazelle of a reddish colour, resembling the one he brought down on the Ngare na lalla. At mid-day we saw numerous rhinoceroses and ostriches, and, to make sure of a day's rations, Count Teleki halted the caravan and went off hunting. The rhinoceroses stood and lay about in the open where there was not a scrap of cover, and the only way to hunt them was to make some of the men draw off their attention. At the first shot all the animals went off, and had to be followed. The tracks of several wounded animals crossing each other, the Count hunted now one and now another till he brought down two. He then went after a third which had hidden somewhere, and, as he thought, soon reached it. But, instead of being badly wounded, the animal, he found, had not been hit at all, and, as he advanced quietly towards it, it charged full upon him. A shot in the shoulder turned the furious beast aside in the nick of time, a second broke a hind leg, and a third finished it off. A fourth rhinoceros received seven Express bullets in head and shoulders, but escaped after all, as it would have taken too long to follow it. We saw five other rhinoceroses here, two of which had quite young ones with them.

Interesting as was the hunt, which was carried on in view of the whole caravan, we were very glad to get off again at ten minutes past two, for the heat was very great on the bare, unprotected plain. We now bore northward in the direction of the base of the Doenye Erok; the ground became more and more undulating till at last it was quite hilly; vegetation, too,

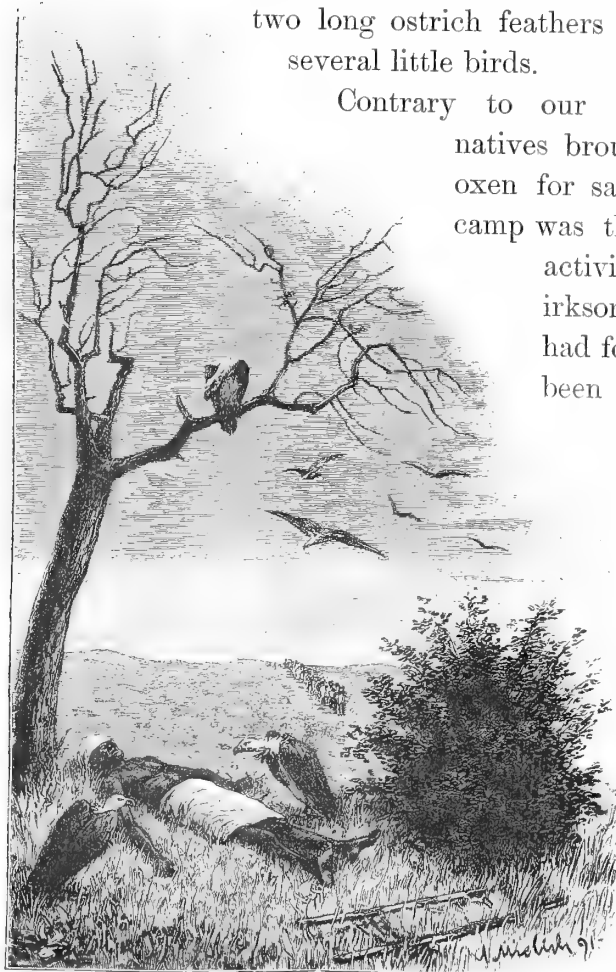
reappeared, and at five o'clock in the afternoon we reached the dried-up bed of the Migungani stream, bordered with acacias, and camped for the night. Alas! there was no water here, and, cruelly disappointed, our men went off to search for some. Fortunately our Somal, used to this kind of emergency, and endowed with wonderful acumen, found a little in a mountain ravine before darkness set in.

The next day we marched northward round the eastern side of the mountain, passing through grand but dreary scenery. The mountain slopes were perfectly bare, and there were but a few patches of grass at wide intervals on the lava and *débris* strewn plains. All the beds of streams we crossed were dried up, and we went up and down hill in such heat as we had never felt before, but at last we entered the inhabited portion of Kapotei; some Moran came to meet us, and we saw herds of cattle once more.

The natives told us that the place at which we had meant to camp was too far off and offered to guide us to another nearer water. Passing by a well-populated Masai kraal we came to the ravine-like bed of a brook, and camped a little before mid-day on its rocky bank. Only in a few holes was there still a little water, and there was neither tree nor bush. Water for cooking and fuel for the fires were brought from a distance by women and boys. Of course we had to pay for it, and the usual boma, or fence, to protect the camp, could not be made at all, which mattered the less as the crowds of men, women, and children who came to see us behaved very well. This really was the very dreariest district we saw in tropical Africa, but for all that it seemed densely populated.

We noted that the spears of the warriors were exceptionally long and of good workmanship. Amongst the numbers who crowded around us were several young fellows who had but just undergone the operation alluded to before, after which they

leave their father's kraal for that of the moran. They wore a kid-skin garment, which covered them from the shoulders to the thighs, and their heads were decked with two long ostrich feathers and the skins of several little birds.



GESILA'S END.

Contrary to our expectations, the natives brought a good many oxen for sale, and soon the camp was the scene of great activity. This was very irksome to me, as I had for some little time been feeling very unwell. Even in Turuka I had had a good deal of pain, and to-day my symptom took an acute form, so that, in spite of the great heat in the tent, I had to take to my bed. This was, though I did not know it then, the be-

ginning of dysentery and of a long, weary time of suffering for me.

We pressed on, on August 24, accompanied by a number of Masai women carrying the loads of some of the porters. Small and thin though they were, these natives had wonderful powers

of endurance, scarcely seeming to feel the 70 lb. weight of the packages, which they carried easily on their backs upheld by strips of leather passing across the forehead.

The Kapotei plateau, which was still bare of vegetation, sloped somewhat more rapidly downward on the east. At the beginning of the march we passed a large Masai kraal from which the cattle were just being driven to pasture; the natives also ran out in crowds with much laughing and shouting to watch us pass, but none of them followed us. We then climbed several stony ridges, passed a deserted kraal, now and then crossing the dry rocky bed of some stream, with here and there a little green turbid water. During this march the scenery was as dreary and melancholy as ever; we sighted the Doenye Lamuyo (about 1,640 feet high), at the northern base of which lies Ngongo Bagás, camping at mid-day at a little pool of water, near to which Count Teleki shot an eland.

The next day a four hours' march brought us to a big reed-grown pond. I had to ride on a donkey, for I had eaten nothing for four days, and this was anything but a pleasant mode of progression, as the donkeys are so accustomed to tramp along together that they make a great fuss if they are separated; so I had to put up with all the bumps and blows resulting from this companionship.

One of the Askari, Gesila by name, who a few weeks before had been the very picture of health and strength, was suffering, as I was, from dysentery, but things turned out worse for him than for me. In spite of every care—we had kept him alive with our scanty stock of rice for eight days—he became a mere skeleton, and, as he could hardly breathe when we started on the 25th, he was carried by Qualla and another guide, all the rest of the men giving him a wide berth. As his bearers were cutting down the stakes in a wood hard by, of which to make a litter, I had to drive the vultures off

the dying man ; a terrible task for me, as I had within me the seeds of the same disease which might bring me to a similar end. The poor fellow died during the march.

As we approached the Doenye Lamuyo the scenery improved. On the eastern side rise several insignificant streams and a rivulet called the Morio, all of which flow eastward, and, meeting those from Kikuyu, form the Kaya, which is in reality the upper portion of the Sabaki, which flows into the Indian Ocean near Melinda. On the south grows one kind of tree only, the poisonous morio (*Acocanthera Schimperii*, Hochst. Bth. and Hook), which Hidelbrandt met with near Taveta and on the Arl mountains in northern Somaliland. The effect of a landscape in which the morio grows is very weird and quaint, the squat, bulky trees, with bare stems only some five to eight feet high, surmounted by a massive cone-shaped crown of leaves, standing out as if carved in wood against the yellow steppe. They tolerate no other tree or plant near them, but congregate in little groups ; the variety we saw here were all about the same height, and though the trunks looked as if they were single, they really consisted of several thin stems twisted together like those of a vine. The leaves and flowers are both small ; the latter are white or of a pink colour, resembling those of the elder, and they give forth a delightful aromatic scent. The Wakikuyu and Wandorobbo, as well as the people of Somaliland, use the distilled sap of the roots to poison their arrows. Natives and caravan-men alike consider the whole tree deadly poison and will not even smell the flowers. Our experience, however, was that the dangerous qualities of the morio are much exaggerated, for the scent is certainly perfectly harmless.

Only a few moruu and a couple of Masai medicine-men, the latter the first we had seen, came to the camp. These leibons were quite young, and evidently of no very great repute.

Instead of the usual kid-skin garment, they wore a strip of kaniki or blue baft, and one of them had a string round his



A MASAI SJANGIKI.

neck of beads of an unusual shape, whilst on his head he sported a tin teacup.

Here I was able to procure a bowl of good fresh milk, which however cost as much as an ox. The Masai, in fact, hold milk in very high esteem, and think it desecration to boil it. They believe, too, that any adulteration of the milk leads to the sterility of the cow which yielded it. It is a pity this idea should not take root amongst the milk sellers of Europe!

Every day since we left Migungani we had expected to camp in the evening on the Morio stream, but as a matter of fact we did not get there till early in the afternoon of August 26, having crossed an undulating district with clumps of morio. Further north this tree disappeared altogether, and was replaced by a variety of foliage.

Numbers of natives flocked into our camp, bringing plenty of oxen for sale, but nearly all of them were so terribly diseased that even our men, who were not nearly as particular as we were, could not eat them. As elsewhere, our visitors were perfectly friendly.

On August 27 we reach Ngongo Bagás, or the spring of Bagás, an important camping-place on the borders of Masailand and Kikuyu. We were now on the eastern side of the Doenye Lamuyo, and the neighbourhood was more hilly. The latter part of our march here had been partly between luxuriant woods and partly across beautiful meadows, or over little watercourses fringed with soft green grass, all alike presenting a marked and delightful contrast to the dreary waterless plateau of Kapotei.

We met very few Masai, and only saw natives in any number when we passed two kraals at the edge of the wood, from which a crowd of men, moran and moruu, women and children, rushed out to see us pass, chattering, laughing, and screaming. Many of the women brought eleusine meal,

tobacco, sugar-cane, &c., which they had got from Kikuyu, and offered to sell them to us, but we hastened on without stopping as everyone saw the longed-for spring of Bagás behind the next hill. It was not however until near mid-day that we really came to it, and found that it issued from a shallow cleft overgrown with rushes. We camped upon a flat rugged hill, having now come to a very important stage in our journey. Our march through Masailand was over and we stood upon the threshold of Kikuyuland, on the eve of a time full of trial and adventure.

CHAPTER V

TO KENIA

From August 27 to October 8, 1887.

The reputation of the Wakikuyu—Making our palisade—Antics of the Masai—We open relations with the Wakikuyu—Making brotherhood—We cross the frontier—Shauri to welcome us—*Kutire kimandaja*—An uncomfortable camp—Our mode of travelling—A shauri about rain-making—*Orioi muma*—Difficulties of marching in Kikuyuland—Our first fight—We make peace—A day of rest—Renewed hostilities—A fight amongst the Wakikuyu themselves—False rumours—A dangerous brook-crossing—A second fight—March across Kikuyuland—First sight of Kenia—Want of union amongst the Wakikuyu—Our third fight—Abedi's tragic death—On the northern frontier—Our journey in Kikuyuland over at last—March to Ndoro—General account of the Wakikuyu and their land.

OUR camping-place at Ngongo Bagás was in a very pretty neighbourhood, on the edge of a thick wood behind which dwelt the dreaded people of Kikuyu, whilst on the south stretched vast pastures tenanted by the great herds of cattle belonging to the Masai.

Here, in addition to many trading caravans, had camped the English traveller Joseph Thomson, as well as the unfortunate Bishop Hannington, who laid down his life for his faith in Usoga.

Ngongo Bagás is a regular oasis in the wilderness to caravans. The food bought by them on their northern journey to Kilimanjaro is always exhausted by the time they get here, and but for the vicinity of Kikuyu with its wealth of natural productions, they would have to send to Leikipia or

Lake Baringo for fresh supplies. Purchases are therefore always made either here, where the natives are dealt with direct, or at Miansini, a place a little further on, also on the borders of Kikuyu, where the Wandorobbo act as go-betweens.

Before our arrival little was really known about the land or the people of Kikuyu, with the result that countless tales were afloat of the fierceness and hostility of the natives. A caravan from Mombasa, it was said, had attempted, a few years ago, to enter Kikuyu from the east, and had been destroyed. Since then no traders had dared to venture within range of the poisoned arrows, which natives hidden in the dense woods were reported to shoot at every intruder in their land. And two of the men with us assured us that Dr. G. Fischer had had to fight every inch of his way when he crossed this redoubtable district somewhere in the north, on his way to the



OUR CAMP AT NGONGO BAGÁS.

coast from Kavirondo.¹ Moreover the Masai had shaken their heads when we spoke of our intentions, so that there seemed reasons enough for us to change our minds about going to Kenia by way of Kikuyu.

It is the custom at Ngongo Bagás to protect the camp with a strong palisade some 10 to 12 feet high, instead of the usual boma or bush-fence, not because of any special danger here, but of the scarcity of firewood. It is no light matter to put up such a palisade in a short time, and hundreds of strong arms wielding sharp axes are required for the work. We did not finish ours for a couple of days, although we had the remains of an old enclosure to help us. This usually silent and deserted corner of the world now presented a truly lively scene, some of the men cutting down trees in the neighbouring woods, whilst others dragged the trunks to the camp, singing as they came, and the remainder prepared a small circular trench enclosing an area some two hundred paces in diameter, in which the stakes were set up close to each other.

These proceedings were watched by hundreds of loitering Masai, and unfortunately our friendly relations with them were disturbed by an accident on the morning after our arrival. I was lying ill in my tent surrounded by a number of harmless natives, when they were all of a sudden seized with panic and rushed out helter skelter. In ten seconds the camp was completely deserted. The women and children made screaming for home, whilst the men paused at about 500 or 600 paces off and raised the war-cry. The whole scare arose from the following incident: several morans had menaced one of our men who had gone to fetch water unarmed, and Maktubu, who had seen this from the wood where he was felling trees, had

¹ Dr. Fischer died very soon after his arrival in England, so that full details of his adventurous journeys have never been given to the world. He added greatly, however, to our knowledge of the districts surrounding Lake Baringo.—TRANS.

hurried off with his men, shouting for guns. The warriors responded with their war-cry, and though not a blow had been struck or a shot fired, there was a regular stampede.

Count Teleki at once sent Jumbe Kimemeta to the natives to try and make peace, and the Masai promised not to molest us; but we had begun the quarrel, so they would have no further dealings with us, and we should have no more cattle, unless we were prepared to pay another hongo as an earnest of our goodwill. To this the Count consented, as he was most anxious to maintain a good understanding and to buy more cattle.

During the afternoon of the same day two small thefts and one fraud were practised on us. Kijanja, a negro from Tanga and guide of Jumbe Kimemeta's caravan, was negotiating outside the camp for the purchase of a bullock, and after he had paid the price the owner of the animal let go the chain, at which, of course, the bullock at once made tracks for home, whilst the moruo laughed in his sleeve at Kijanja's discomfiture. The natives, moreover, now avoided us as much as possible, and most of our visitors were old women, few men and no girls or children venturing into camp.

We had, however, no need to be anxious about provisions. Even large caravans such as ours could easily, in normal seasons, buy food for several months of the Wakikuyu in a very short time. There are no markets exactly like those in other parts of Africa, as the Wakikuyu do not venture out of the forests from fear of the Masai, and caravans have to seek them. A well-armed contingent of a travelling party goes into the wood and calls the attention of the natives by firing two or three shots. In a few minutes the signal is answered by the appearance of some envoys; a time and spot are fixed on for the holding of a market, and in due course the traders make their way to the rendezvous, soon to be joined by hundreds of

men and women laden with the superfluous produce of their fields, which they are very glad to dispose of. All now goes merrily, and in a few minutes piles of provisions are exchanged for strings of beads, but the slightest misunderstanding, an unmeaning and generally quite groundless cry of terror from either side is enough to cause all the natives to flee wildly away. Such, we have been told, is the usual course of proceedings, but although in the general *mêlées* that ensue many, generally on the natives' side, are wounded or killed, it is always quite easy to arrange for another market.

When our camp was pitched we too sent fifty men under Tom Charles, and a few of Jumbe Kimemeta's Askari to the Wakikuyu to open negotiations, and rather late in the evening they returned, reporting that they had reached a stream where they found an old man, to whom they gave a little present, telling him they wished to buy food. He told them to remain where they were and he would send some. After several hours of vain waiting some of our men got impatient, and with the consent of Tom Charles, who, in fact, had not sufficient control over them, penetrated further into the wood. In the course of an hour they came to a clearing, where they met natives carrying food. They had bought a considerable quantity when they noticed that the numbers of the Wakikuyu were rapidly increasing, became frightened and took to their heels, firing two shots to frighten the natives and so aid their own escape. The rest of the men, who had stopped by the stream, had also been able to buy food, and had returned home quite quietly, bringing it with them.

Tom Charles had managed very badly in his attempt to smooth matters for us, and so we had to send out another contingent the next day. Fortunately an old Masai woman, named Nakairo, who was held in high esteem by the Wakikuyu, happened to be in the camp when our fugitives ran in, and she

offered to be an intermediary between us and the natives. It is a noteworthy fact that the women on both sides are always perfectly safe, in spite of the constant feud between the Masai and Wakikuyu, and knowing this we appointed the old lady our diplomatic agent. The next day she acted as guide to our people, and a market was held on the brook already mentioned, to which many women but only four old men brought food for sale. The rest of the natives could, however, be seen watching proceedings from the wood. In the course of the afternoon Count Teleki went over to see what was going on, and his appearance at first aroused the greatest terror amongst the Wakikuyu, but they were soon reassured, and gave the white Samaki or chief, as they called him, a friendly reception. Juma Mussa, who understood the language of the natives, now had to make friendship with one of the more important of the men, which ceremony consisted in each taking a little water from the brook and pouring it over the head of the other. As the drops trickled down the face they must be caught in the right hand and drunk. After this Count Teleki had to pick a few blades of grass and place them on the head of the Kikuyu, whilst the latter did the same for Mussa. The market went on quite quietly after this, and our men returned to camp with heavy sacks full of sweet potatoes.

We had already noticed how badly rain was wanted, and Nakairo told us as a first result of her mission that the way through Kikuyu would be open to us as soon as we had brought the country rain. We had expected this and hastened to tell our representative to assure the natives that we were greatly disposed to meet their wishes, but we could not do so till we had reached a certain spot in the heart of their land.

The next morning Nakairo went to the Wakikuyu accompanied by Qualla. She did not intend to stop by the stream this time, but to lay our wishes before the assembled Samaki of

the land. She really was a clever woman, and we felt assured of her faithfulness, as she had left us a hostage in the person of her son, a young warrior, whom she had brought to the camp to be doctored, as he was disabled by a wound in his foot. She had seen how carefully Count Teleki had dressed the wound, wrapping it up in fine linen bandages, and was not likely to fail us now.

The negotiations with the natives went on very smoothly this time. Qualla knew well how to inspire confidence by his own assured demeanour, and at the very first interview he got so far as to make blood brotherhood with several Wakikuyu. This ceremony takes place thus. A sheep is killed, the liver only is cooked and eaten by the brothers that are to be. A little hitch occurred however, one of the natives on this occasion having substituted the liver of a dog for that of a sheep. The horror of Qualla, who is a strict Mahomedan, may be imagined.

Luckily for us it rained a little on September 1, and Nakairo confirmed our expectation that the timely shower would be laid to our credit. Soon came the good tidings that we were free to go through Kikuyuland, but we must first make a treaty of peace. We agreed to this at once, and Qualla and Kijanja with a few men hastened to the place indicated, where they found a few old men waiting for them. When the endless speechifying customary on such occasions was over, our men were told that we were now welcome to enter their land, and need no longer wait at the stream, which was a bad place for holding a market, so they went with their new friends to the clearing to which Tom Charles had penetrated the first day. Here they found such an immense number of native men—most of them, it is true, laden with food—that our people dared not leave the shelter of the forest, and some of them, including Kijanja, even ran away. Qualla, however, remained calm, and made his way through the crowd, which appeared greatly

excited, but when the numbers were increased by fresh swarms of gesticulating natives, he too began to feel alarmed. The young warriors, however, soon restored order, drawing their long knives or swords, and laying about them vigorously, with



MAKING FRIENDSHIP IN KIKUYULAND.

the flat sides only, but some blood was drawn. Some of Qualla's men meanwhile, having plucked up courage again, gathered about him. The buying and selling was now rapidly finished. According to Qualla's account things looked very

bad several times, and with swords flashing on every side it was impossible to tell friend from foe. One native snatched a bundle of beads out of Qualla's hand, another stole the turban from Maktubu's head, but the warriors themselves caught and flogged the thieves, compelling them to restore the property taken. In the evening our men came back to camp with three days' provisions, consisting this time chiefly of beans, maize, and millet.

Qualla had met two caravan men who had been left behind here through sickness several years before and had been made slaves by the Wakikuyu. They told him that we should never succeed in getting through the country, for if the people of the frontier districts let us pass, those living further north would not permit us to set foot in their land. This had been the burden of everyone's song since we left Pangani, but for all that our relations with the natives became daily better, especially as the God of rain was favourable to us and sent several light showers. Daily our men went to the frontier brook to buy food, often accompanied by Count Teleki.

I was now getting better, and on September 3 was able to leave my bed for the first time. Our preparations for the further journey were by this time so far advanced that we were able to think of starting. We hoped to achieve our purpose without bloodshed, but we did not mean to trust the natives too much, and were prepared for all contingencies. Our forty axes were sharpened and, where necessary, provided with new handles; all our weapons were overhauled, and ammunition was given out. These were, of course, only precautionary measures, and we represented this to our men. Our one fear was that they would fail us, for we knew well enough what they thought about this further journey. Recently they had been very quiet, and we guessed that their silence boded no good to us. The chances were that they would leave us in the lurch at the

last moment, for this had been all too often the experience of other travellers.

All went on peacefully enough in camp now ; only a few old women came to us to sell water and fuel for a few strings of beads. These ancient sjangiki sometimes stopped all night, but no young girl ever did such a thing ; and when Thomson says that Masai women often remained all night in his camp, it would have been only fair to add the age and very unprepossessing appearance of these visitors. I think, too, that the same traveller says rather too much about the free love prevailing in the Masai warrior kraals, for many a moran chooses and remains true to one sweetheart. A little incident that occurred to us in Ngongo Bagás illustrates this. A warrior came one day into Count Teleki's tent and, taking off his beautiful sword, he laid it on the table and said he wanted to sell it for forty strings of beads. The price asked was so low that the Count inquired why he was so anxious to part with such a good weapon for so little. The moran replied : ' My doje is angry with me for giving her no beads, and my sword is all I have, so I have brought it to get some for her.'

On September 7 all was ready for a start, and an old Kikuyu, named Kassa, with a whole body of warriors, promised to guide us to our next camping-place. The order of the march was as follows : Count Teleki with Jumbe Kimemeta, Maktubu, and the Somal led the way, accompanied by forty men carrying the tents, our personal luggage, and the axes. These men had instructions to begin felling trees and cutting brushwood for a palisade directly the camping-place was reached. Under the care of the Askari and guides came the next detachment, with the pack-animals, and our few oxen, goats, and sheep, whilst the rest of the porters, Qualla, Juma Mussa, my three fellows and I, brought up the rear. All had orders to have their weapons in constant readiness.

To our surprise none of our men showed any signs of mutiny when we began our march, but Jumbe Kimemeta remarked that we were not at all likely to carry our plan through, though we might as well try it. The path led us over a hilly district in a northerly direction, chiefly through grass-grown clearings surrounded by thick bush. About half way we met Kassa with three warriors, who, first spitting vigorously on to their right hands, held them out to Count Teleki, greeting him heartily; then they hurried on to Qualla, whom they had evidently quite taken into their hearts, to shake his hand also. An adventure Count Teleki had with a rhinoceros by the way raised him greatly in the esteem of the natives, who after it cried, whenever they saw him, *Moratta, kutire kimandaja* ('Friend, we do not want war'). We crossed the brook bordered by luxuriant vegetation, at which the first market was held; climbed the steep, but not lofty, hill on the other side, and camped in a wood on the ridge. The vanguard set to work at once with axes, and by the time I arrived with the rear-guard part of the palisade was already up.

The natives who had escorted us thus far now disappeared, but soon returned to invite us to a shauri of welcome. Accompanied by Kijanja and three Somal as a bodyguard, we followed our leader to a clearing in the wood some 400 paces from the camp, where six natives were already waiting for us. We noticed a crowd of warriors, however, a little further off, who drew back when we arrived, but soon returned to stare at us. Then a sturdy young warrior, named Terrere, who had made blood-friendship with Qualla, flung us a few bits of sugarcane and stood up to make a speech. In his right hand he held a club, very like that of the Masai, with which he emphasised his meaning by striking the ground with it so vigorously that it was soon reduced to splinters. Of course we did not understand what he said with such emphatic

gestures, but his words sounded hearty and friendly. The introduction consisted of a kind of litany, in which he assured us of his goodwill and friendship, which litany we had to repeat after him word for word; then he expressed his delight at our visit to his country, assured us that we were free of every path in it, and offered to guide us wherever we went. Each one of us, as long as we remained in Kikuyuland, would have a warrior by his side to watch over his welfare. So he held forth for a very long time, whilst we listened very happily chewing our sugar-cane, though we could only understand with the help of an interpreter. We made Kijanja answer him in the same style, and then went back to camp. This reception had exceeded our wildest hopes, and we failed not to express the favourable impression made on us by sending plenty of presents.

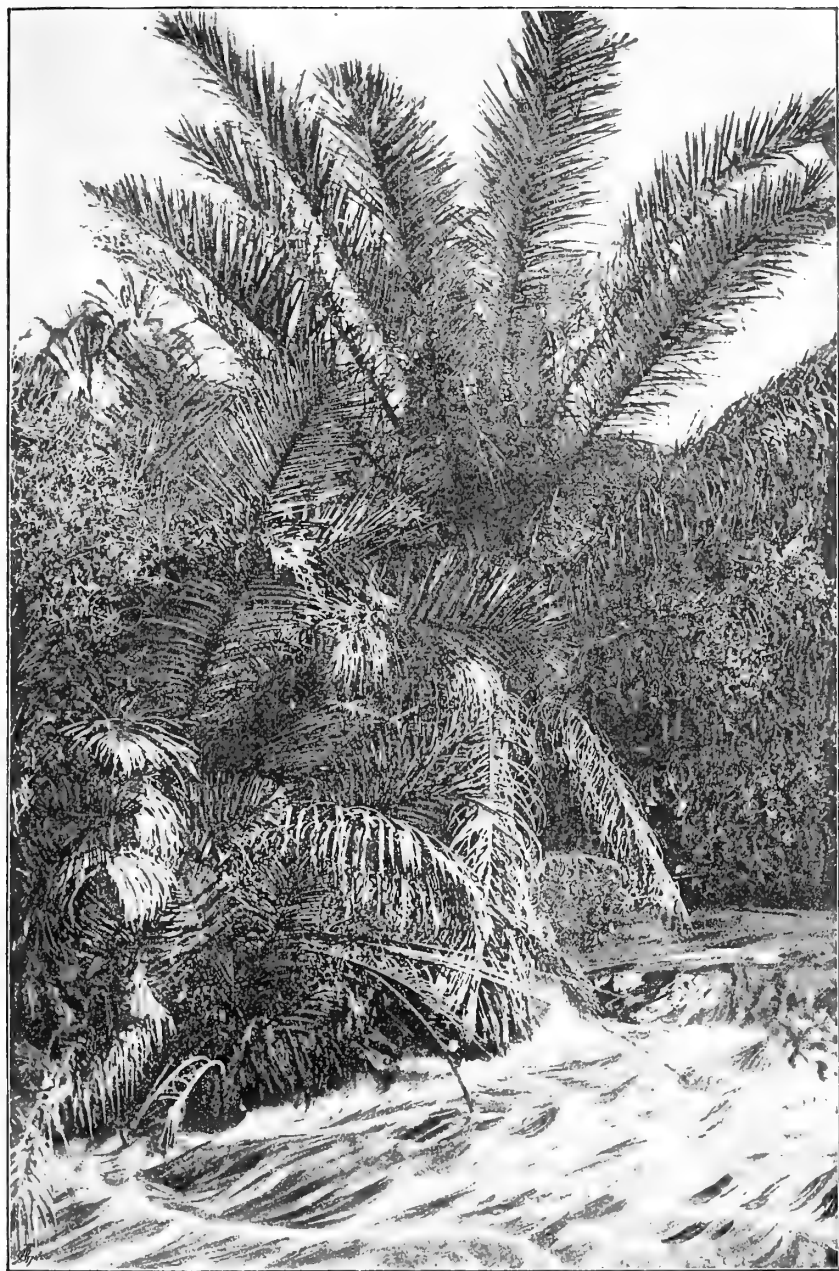
The camp was soon crowded with men, women, and children bringing food and tobacco for sale, the food including sugar-cane, maize, beans, cassava, millet and eleusine, and on every side resounded the cry of *Moratta, moratta, kutire kimandaja*, which not only means, as already stated, 'Friend, we do not want war,' but is also used to decline a bargain. The prices asked were very low, and we bought a day's ration for 350 people for 210 strings of beads. The natives were equally ready to sell their ornaments and weapons, but, in spite of their outnumbering us so completely, they were shy and timid, hastening away as soon as they had got rid of their wares, so that by three o'clock not one was left in camp.

Our palisade was finished the first day, although we made an especially strong one, meaning to open negotiations with the various chiefs of the land before going further, which might delay us some time.

This frontier camp was at a height of about 6,240 feet, in the very middle of a wood, and, as the sky was overclouded, it

was quite cold. At night and in early morning the centigrade thermometer marked $+ 11^{\circ}$, but, chilly as it was, the natives arrived before daybreak the next morning with all manner of things for sale, waking us with their *Moratta*, *moratta*, &c. They were all so very friendly that we could not help thinking the traders who had had such difficulties in these parts had only themselves to blame, probably because in their nervousness they always fired a few shots with a view to overawing the people before breaking up camp. This would, of course, at once suggest hostile intentions on their part. There is no doubt, however, that the Wakikuyu are of a very restless and excitable temperament, easily roused to action, their swords starting readily from their scabbards, as proved by the many scarcely healed wounds and scars on the bodies of all the full-grown men.

Count Teleki, accompanied by Kassa, Terrere, and a few other natives, went in the afternoon to the clearing already several times alluded to, hoping to be able to make arrangements for the further journey. There he found a certain Utahaj Uajaki and a troop of natives, who requested him to stop and confer with them. Utahaj then told the Count that he was the Samaki of this district, not Kassa, nor any other man; and, turning to Kassa and his companions, he reproached them for having taken upon themselves to invite us and treat with us. Kassa said nothing, but looked very crestfallen. The chief then went on to impress upon the Count that it would be very foolish of us to attempt to travel in Kikuyuland accompanied only by inexperienced men, but that, as he had heard a good report of us and understood that we would give rain to the land, he would take upon himself the heavy responsibility of seeing us safely through our enterprise. Meanwhile a great crowd of natives had assembled, and Utahaj, who seemed uneasy, suggested a return to our camp, explaining that he



WATER PALMS.



had been on his way there when he met our party. So they all went back together.

The new Samaki struck us as being a very intelligent, well-informed man. He lent a willing ear to our assurances that we were altogether averse to war, and seemed to realise the advantages which might accrue to the Wakikuyu if they gave us a passage through their country. In a long interview we put before him the aims of our journey, and told him how many miles we had already accomplished in peace, adding that our weapons were, in the first instance, beads and stuffs, but for those who molested us we had fire-spears! We begged him to tell his people this, and gave him and his escorts some presents. Kijanja begged Teleki at the close of the shauri to give the land a little rain at once, so as to set a seal on our friendship with the Wakikuyu, and, most opportunely, it actually did rain that same night.

On September 9 we were off again, full of anxious expectations as to what would befall us by the way. Half an hour's march through a dense wood brought us to a ravine, forming part of the frontier line of Kikuyu, down a stream bordered with wild, varied, and luxuriant vegetation, flowing in a southeasterly direction. The banks were so steep and slippery that a zig-zag track had to be cut before the men could get down to the water, the crossing of which took more than an hour. The most noteworthy trees here were water palms and a beautiful variety of *dracæna* (?) with much-forked stems from about 31 to 37 feet high, surmounted by a massive bushy crown of leaves.

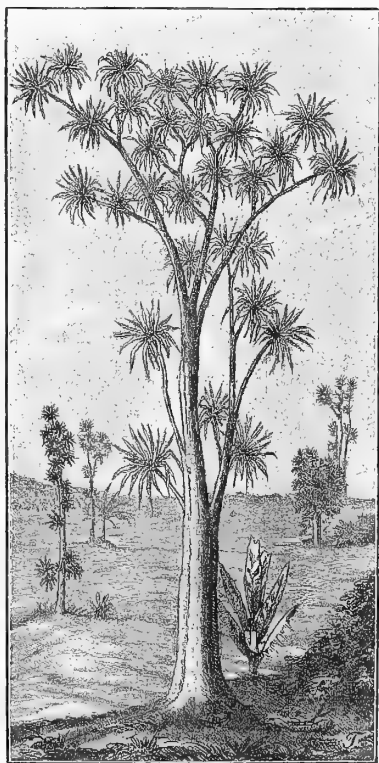
Another ten minutes' march brought us to a new-made clearing, round about which natives were attacking the primæval forest with fire and axe, many charred and still glowing trunks lying strewn about in wild disorder on the smoking ground. Here Utahaj Uajaki and a large number of

natives were waiting to lead us further. A little further tramp uphill through the narrow belt of primæval forest which forms a natural frontier encircling the whole of Kikuyuland, and we found ourselves on its inner edge, looking down upon a charming landscape, with nothing to recall the dense woods with which it had once been covered but here and there a group of trees or a few stumps some three feet high. From the picturesque little groves still left rose columns of smoke, betraying the presence of native settlements, whilst all around them as far as the eye could reach stretched well-cultivated, undulating pasture-lands, which were a revelation to us, explaining the ease with which the Wakikuyu can supply the needs of the largest caravans.

The path now led through fields, and many natives, some old acquaintances, others strangers, came out to meet us, all spitting on their hands before they offered them to us. The fame of Qualla and Kijanja had already spread far and near, for everyone who approached the caravan called out their names and seemed delighted when they caught sight of them. Crowds of warriors now escorted us, so that our march assumed the appearance of a triumphal procession.

We now went down by a gentle slope to a narrow, shallow brook flowing through a ravine on the borders of a little wood, in which a number of huts were hidden. Here a crowd of some three or four thousand natives awaited us, but after the friendly reception already given us their numbers did not alarm us. But we soon had cause to change our minds, and when I came up with the rear-guard Count Teleki told me that his party had been surrounded by hundreds of warriors, who barred his way, ordering him to stop, and were only with difficulty persuaded by a few of their headmen to stand back. This change of attitude was as unexpected as it was unwelcome, but we kept calm, though we carefully watched every indica-

tion of how things were likely to go. We soon saw that the old men were the most persistent in their hostile cries and efforts to make us turn back. It was a good opportunity for showing our *sang-froid*. One fellow shook his fist in the Count's face several times, whilst another, who was quite tipsy, made at him with his drawn sword. The aggressors were always driven back by Utahaj, but Count Teleki was so jostled about that he presently cocked his weapon. Kassa seemed to guess what this portended, and tried to disarm the tipsy man, but he was not overpowered until Terrere, holding up his shield to protect himself, chased him down. This critical state of things had lasted for a whole hour when Utahaj begged us to pay a small tribute to quiet the people. But he threw the beads and stuff we offered him to the ground at our feet, and in the scramble which ensued for them we should certainly have had one or another spear flung at us if our warrior friends had not protected us with their uplifted shields.



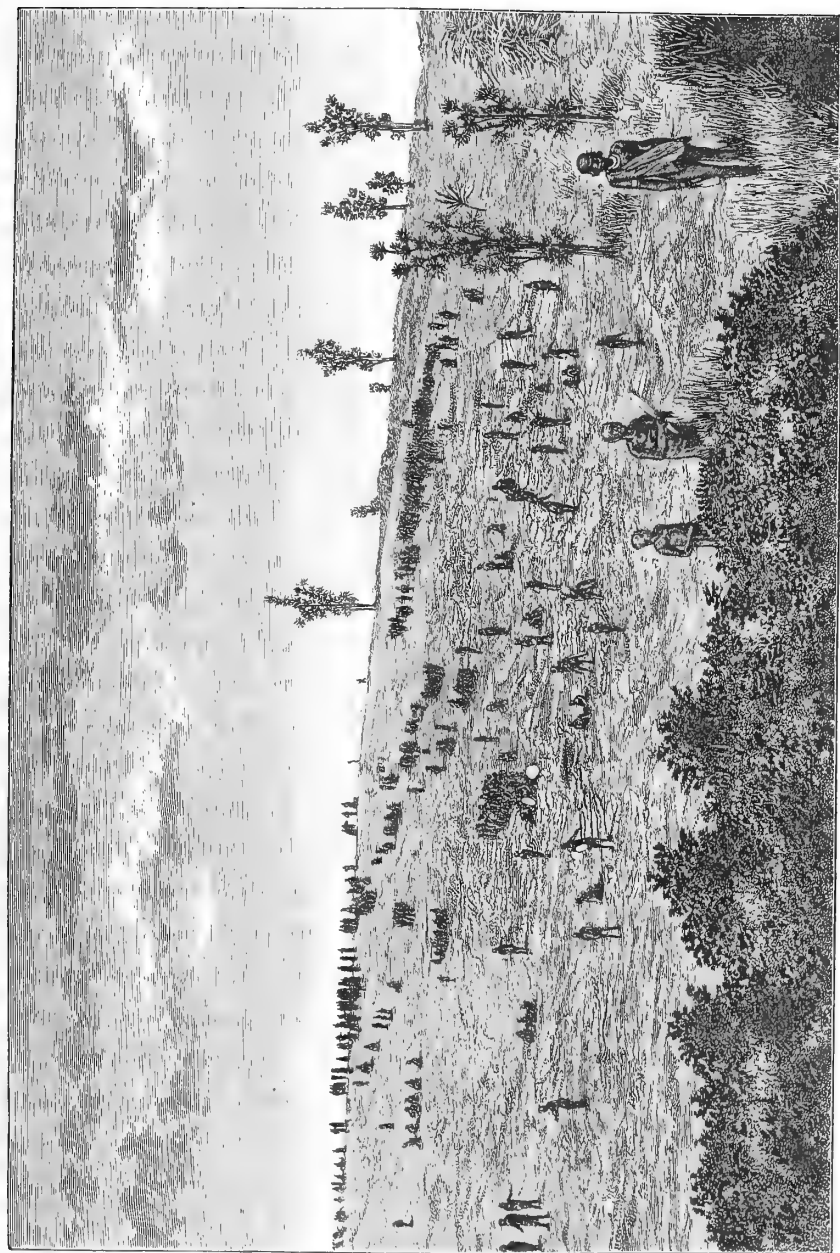
DRACÆNA SP.

All this gave us plenty of food for reflection, but the die was cast once for all, and we pressed on to the top of a low, flat hill in a little valley, where Utahaj told us we could camp. North and south of our hill flowed little streams, and on the bank of one of them was a group of remarkable-looking trees,

the only vegetation of the valley. These trees, of which illustrations are given on pp. 303 and 305, are thought by Schweinfurth and Ascherson to belong to the *dracæna* group. Of course we could not make a fence with so few materials at hand, and there was no fuel to be had but a little brought to us for sale by women and children. We stacked the bales under the trees and allowed our men to camp about them. The natives, many of whom had followed us, watched our proceedings from the neighbouring heights, and were kept from intruding on us by Utahaj and his warriors, who drove them back with clubs every now and then. Our situation was anything but pleasant, as our men could not even fetch water without the escort of our friends.

When we had got things a little in order the natives were allowed to enter the camp. They soon flocked in in considerable numbers, some only out of curiosity, others bringing food for sale ; and now began a very trying time for us, as the men, women, and children, every feature expressive of terror and excitement, hurried to and fro amongst us. Every now and then from the hills near by rose a cry of warning, when our visitors would gaze about them in fresh terror, and if a louder shout than usual was heard outside the camp, or some specially bold warrior raised his voice, off went all the natives like the wind, tumbling helter skelter over tents and fires. Now and then, too, a real war-cry, an oft-repeated long-drawn-out *u-u-u-i*, rang out, and a few arrows were let fly at us, but they always fell short.

Our native friends did all they could to restore calm and to inspire their people with confidence in us. We too did our best by constant shouts of 'Kutire kimandaja,' and our visitors would creep cautiously back only to flee again at the slightest alarm. Seven times that afternoon did we witness a regular stampede, and once our ape, Hamis, who was also very



IN KIKUYULAND.



much excited, was the cause. We were constantly on foot, going about amongst our people to prevent any careless action of theirs fanning the smouldering fire; but at last, when arrows began to fall thickly, and the warriors on a hill on the north grew more and more insolent and aggressive, we thought it was time to damp their ardour by bringing our own weapons into evidence a little. Some of our friends were entrusted with a message that, in gratitude for their performances with their arrows, we would show them what we could do with our fire-spears. Utahaj lent us some buffalo-hide shields; they were set up at a distance, and, making the natives stand aside, we fired at our targets. The shields, riddled with holes, were then exhibited to the warriors, and they were warned that if we were attacked we should point our guns at them. The answer was a cry of 'Kutire kimandaja!' from a thousand voices.

So passed the day in anxiety and excitement, but with twilight the natives dispersed and in the evening Jumbe Kime-meta, Utahaj Uajaki, and Terrere came to Count Teleki's tent to hold a shauri with us. Utahaj was in a very serious mood, and feared that there would certainly be bloodshed if we did not give up our purpose of going through Kikuyuland. He seemed really interested in our fate, and begged us in any case to go to his village the next morning, where he could ensure our safety, and give us the necessary material for a good fence for our camp.

When night fell we sent up a rocket every now and then in one direction or another, the unusual apparition serving to keep the natives in awe. Rockets are extremely useful for this purpose amongst the negroes of Africa, and we secured a quiet night with them now. We were careful, however, also to make forty men watch all night, relieving guard at midnight, and at 3 o'clock A.M. We mustered the men, inspected their weapons, and gave them the strictest orders as to vigilance and readiness for an emergency. After our tiring day's work

we slept soundly till the early morning. There was a pretty heavy fall of rain in the night, which shows that we were very anxious to keep our promises.

The next morning we crossed several little brooks and some rather steep ridges. The path led up hill and down dale, and as the rain had made it slippery we had some bother with our pack-animals. Once, indeed, we had to unlade them, and on this account we were more than an hour getting through one little valley. We had to creep along, coming to a standstill every now and then, but not a man was allowed to remove or even ease his load for a moment, as only those in front had the least idea what would happen next. Crowds of natives harassed us, especially in the van and the rear, and though we kept as closely together as possible, we formed a long column, the whole of which could not be seen at once. I was always totally ignorant of what was going on with Count Teleki's party, and he was in constant anxiety about me. We were both, however, protected by a few warriors who did their utmost to shield us and drive the natives back. I think, however, that our white skins were our best protection, and we had already discovered that whatever danger our men might be in, not a native was likely to dare to touch us ourselves. I am pretty certain that we should never have achieved our transit of Kikuyuland if there had not been a European at each end of the caravan, and the white bandages I still had to wear had also something to do with the effect I produced.

Most of the natives became more friendly as the day wore on. There were fewer weapons brandished, and we saw hardly any arrows ready for shooting. As before stated, the Waki-kuyu poison the tips of their arrows with morio sap, generally protecting this sap with little strips of leather, removing the leather when about to take aim, so that we could always tell when there was real danger of the arrows being used against us.

At every one of the many streams we crossed we had to pay a little tribute, each small valley having its own Samaki, a fact which was the chief element of difficulty in our journey through Kikuyu.

We camped at mid-day on a ridge near Utahaj's village, which, as usual in this country, is in a wood. Our ridge, which was some 115 feet high, sloped abruptly down to a brook with an equally lofty hill on the other side. There was certainly



UTAHAJ UAJAKI'S VILLAGE.

plenty of bush here for making a fence, but it was not of the right kind, and we put it up chiefly for show, as it would scarcely protect us from arrows, whilst a charge would carry it completely at once. Whilst we were at work some thousand natives surrounded us, and were only kept back with the greatest trouble by Utahaj and his friends.

Our chief care was to make sure of several days' provisions, so that if hostilities really broke out we should have, so to

speaking, a freer hand, at least at first. Utahaj had bestirred himself in the matter, and we had plenty of opportunity of buying food here. But we had a repetition of the scenes of sudden panic of the day before, although our friends continued to take the greatest trouble to maintain peace and order. Twice petty thefts were the beginning of the stampede, all the other natives fleeing as well as the thief, for of course they expected we should begin firing. In both cases a few strings of beads were all that were taken, and our friends fetched the culprits back, gave them a good flogging, and drove them out of camp. Often, too, tipsy men, generally old fellows, caused squabbles by their open show of hostility.

In the afternoon some 500 or 600 elders came to have a shauri, and Jumbe Kimemeta and Utahaj Uajaki asked me to take part in it, as Count Teleki was just then engaged elsewhere. Although I was still far from well, as I had had a relapse after my apparent recovery, I went with them and squatted down on the grass in the same style as the assembled natives, who formed a crescent opposite to me, Kijanja, who understood Kikikuyu, acting as interpreter. The appearance of the Wakikuyu reminded me greatly of that of the Masai at their shauri, only here the speeches were rather screamed out than spoken, the meaning being emphasised with a club till it was reduced to splinters. The whole bearing of the speakers was aggressive and insolent, every speech ending with an *Aterere Wakekoyo* ('And so I tell you, Kikuyu').

I did not like the look of this assembly of wild warriors at all. I several times nearly got a blow from a brandished club. I did not understand a syllable of what was said, but one sentence which recurred again and again sounded like, 'Kill them all dead, the Lagomba!' (caravan people); but I was too weak and ill to pay much attention to anything, and in the end I discovered that our position was not nearly as bad as I feared.

The words I thought meant ' Kill the caravan people ' were only ' Rain we must and will have,' and that was no business of mine, but of the head Leibon, Count Teleki.

Kijanja's answer left the question of rain unsolved, for he said a shauri in which so many tipsy men took part could lead to no result. This seemed reasonable enough, and four sober men were picked out for a fresh consultation. Utahaj brought a black bullock and a sheep to make blood-brotherhood. The broiled livers were eaten, and we on our part promised rain. This promise we honourably fulfilled, for some fell that same evening. We really began almost to believe in our own power, so often did it rain when we had undertaken that it should. We may be blamed for our behaviour in this matter, but it must be remembered that the native belief in our being able to make rain was the only thing that enabled us to cope with numbers ten times greater than our own and to prevent much useless bloodshed.

When it was already dark and the natives had withdrawn to their villages two arrows were suddenly shot into the camp, one of which wounded a man in the arm whilst the other fell to the ground harmless. Count Teleki at once ordered the men to have their guns in readiness, to draw back from the fire, protect themselves with the ox-hides most of them had bought at Ngongo Bagás for such emergencies, and to fire at anyone who approached the camp. Terrere, who was still with us, hastened off to Utahaj's village, and the Count treated the wounded man, who considered himself dead already, as the arrow was sure to have been poisoned. The wound was washed with a sublimate, an antidote dropped into it, after which it was carefully bound up. Utahaj was soon with us, and assured us eagerly that the culprit certainly did not belong to his village ; he begged us to fire at anyone who came near the camp, but fortunately we did not have to proceed to this extremity, for

two rockets we sent up kept everyone at a distance. Utahaj went away but returned almost immediately, bringing a sheep with him as compensation for the injury, and he spent the night in our camp. He and Terrere examined the arrow and, with much head-shaking, decided that it was poisoned.

Our camp was at a height of about 6,184 feet, and the weather was very dull and cloudy, quite cold and misty in the early mornings. We remained here another day to accustom the natives to the presence of a caravan in their midst. The news would be sure to spread throughout the land, and the natives further on would be assured of our peaceful intentions before we appeared. We were anxious, too, to give the outlying Samaki an opportunity to come and make friends with us.

In spite of the unfavourable weather natives came to the camp long before daybreak the next morning, but waited patiently outside, shivering with cold, till we gave them leave to come in. We were anxious at once to heighten our fence, so as to protect us from arrows, at least; and soon we had some difficulties to settle with the people of the next valley.

Contrary to our expectations the Samaki who had professed himself ready to make friends with us the day before, and had even sent us a sheep for the ceremony, now declined to have anything to do with us. True, we had had to send his sheep back, as it did not meet the required conditions of the ceremony, which are that the animal sacrificed should be quite white or quite black. Of course such animals are difficult to get, and when one is procured there can be no doubt of the chief being in earnest in the matter. In this case the Samaki had slept upon it, and decided to have nothing whatever to do with us, and would not hear of our marching any further. Instead of coming to see us he sent a message that any attempt on our part to cross the brook would be resisted by force, and that he meant what he said was evident from the assembling of a

number of armed men some 500 or 600 paces from the camp. Utahaj and some of his people went over at once to see what they could do to alter the Samaki's purpose, and the enthusiastic Terrere held forth for a whole hour in vain, the only result being a yet more determined 'Go back!' At last Count Teleki, who was anxious to judge for himself how the matter was likely to end, went to speak to the natives—of course, with



MAKING BLOOD-BROTHERHOOD.

a strong body-guard, at the same time bidding us hold ourselves in readiness for an attack, which, however, we scarcely dreaded as our position commanded the Samaki's valley. The appearance of the Count, the great Leibon who had already more than once given rain to the land, had the best effect, and before very long the wrathful Samaki had found a black sheep with which to make blood-friendship with us.

It was very interesting to note the behaviour of the natives

at this critical juncture. Before taking our weapons we warned our visitors of our intentions, and, though they retired quietly from the camp, they lingered about outside looking on unmoved at our preparations. They did not dream of going to the help of their own friends, but waited till our column was formed for attack, and as soon as ever we laid down our arms again they were back amongst us and the camp was as lively as ever.

The ceremony of making blood-brotherhood was gone through after this almost every day, as we had to make a treaty with every Samaki through whose territory we passed. The following was the order of proceedings:—A number of Wakikuyu and of our men squatted in a circle as witnesses, whilst in the centre sat the Samaki and Qualla, the latter acting as our representative. The sheep, which was provided by the natives, though we had to pay for it, was killed beforehand, so that the liver and part of the shoulder could be roasted during the ceremony. When all was ready the eloquent Kijanja took up his parable; a crossed gun and spear were held over the heads of the two parties to the bond; Kijanja drew his knife and whetted it on the barrel of the gun, whilst he made a long and generally senseless speech. The whetting of the knife really had nothing to do with the matter in hand, but the sly fellow wanted to sharpen it so as to have it ready to cut a good slice of meat when the sheep was divided later. Then followed the regular speeches accompanied by the triple repetition of the words *Orioi muma*, the second, signifying blood-brother, being shouted by all in chorus. On our part Kijanja said, making it up as he went along, of course, something to the following effect: ‘And I tell you,¹ you Wakikuyu, that we are come in peace. We will give you beads, stuffs, wire, and

¹ In all dealings, even the simplest, the Wakikuyu begin with these words, so that one hears their *aterere*, or ‘I tell you,’ at every turn.

all manner of beautiful things, and we will give you rain, if you will let us pass through your land unmolested. We promise to keep peace if you keep it. But beware of war, for war with us is an evil thing. We have arrows which give forth fire and will burn your villages. And in war, too, you might lose your oxen and sheep, for when once we let fly our fire-arrows, not one of you will be able to stand against them.' This harangue ended, the natives made many protestations of friendship. Death and the wrath of Heaven were invoked on all who should break faith; one arm of each of the contracting parties was gashed and each wetted his lips with the blood of the other, and, to the accompaniment of shouts of 'Ndugu' (brother) and 'Muma' (blood), the broiled flesh was eaten by the two.

The natives brought food, weapons, and ornaments in great quantities for sale. They also offered us slaves, chiefly girls from Ukambani, with a few Masai maidens. They were ready to accept almost anything in payment, but they preferred deep-red Masai beads and thick brass wire. Some of our people, who had been ailing ever since we left Taveta, ran away here in the night, probably tempted by the fertility of the land, but their fate was pretty sure to be slavery, and the natives always consider such fugitives their property. A good many caravan men are caught in this way, but they always hope to evade their new masters on some favourable opportunity.

On September 12 we started again accompanied by Utahaj Uajaki, the path leading, as before, over many ridges and streams, the whole district being covered with fairly steep hills, extending north-west and south-east with a south-easterly trend. In the ravines and valleys flow insignificant streams, and the country is almost bare of trees, but very well cultivated, the more humid valleys with sugar-cane, more rarely with bananas or colocasia; the hill-slopes with potatoes, beans, gums, millet,

tobacco, and so on. The native tracks lead straight over the hills without any detours to break the steepness of the ascent, so that it was hard work, especially for the donkeys, and we were often delayed for hours in crossing some brook. In fact, it is difficult to give any idea of the arduousness of the march on this day. We advanced perhaps ten steps, then stopped for two minutes, got forward another five paces, and halted for ten minutes. In single file and close together we struggled on for from five to seven hours, only to accomplish a very few miles, and all the time we were harassed by hundreds of natives. Of course Count Teleki, at the head of the caravan, had the worst of it, for he had to cleave his way through the natives, who always gathered in force at the streams, where, after terribly tedious delays, they had to be mollified with presents. Sometimes, however, peaceable means failed, when there was nothing for it but to put aside the spears barring the passage, and press fearlessly on. Often and often it seemed as if a fight could not be avoided.

We camped safely this time, however, but had to abandon all hope that we should achieve our journey without difficulty, for we were little more than prisoners, so surrounded were we with ever-increasing crowds of natives, whose hostility to us was unmistakable. We were still, however, determined not to give in, and had we turned back there is no doubt that it would have been the signal for an attack. We must hold our heads high and assume a confidence we were far from feeling if we were ever to get to Mount Kenia. Originally we had imagined that it would take us eight days to cross Kikuyuland, but here we were, on September 12, after three marches, still, so our guide told us, ten days' journey from our goal. And I became more ill every day, whilst inflammation set in in the wound on my face, causing me much suffering. We both had a great deal to bear on this part of our expedition.

Our camp on the 12th was at a height of about 6,486 feet, and on our way here the clouds had parted once, revealing the rugged peak of Mount Kinangop, some 13,120 feet high, belonging to the Aberdare range. In the night heavy rain fell, making the paths very slippery.

The next day's march took us over the highest ridge of Kikuyuland, and we camped at a height of about 6,800 feet, the maximum reached by us so far. The flat summit of the ridge was now completely overgrown with a species of fern from $6\frac{1}{2}$ to 8 feet high, forming whole thickets.

Utahaj and Kassa had left us the day before, but not without providing a substitute, and we went on the next day under the guidance of an old grey-headed man, the chief of one of the valleys before us. The natives became more and more aggressive, and we felt that a struggle was inevitable, in spite of all our efforts to keep the peace. Hitherto only drunken men had clamoured against us; now some of the sober warriors were for turning us out of their district. Our men, who did not dare to go to fetch water except in large numbers, had stones thrown at them, and were threatened with spears. Complaints increasing, of calabashes being broken by the stones, Count Teleki set out himself with fifty men and a few Somal to warn the evil-doers, and, if possible, catch one of them. The rest of our men were left behind under arms, and the camp presented quite a military appearance. Two natives were caught, crowds looking on the while, and were brought into camp, where they were put in chains. They were strong, well-built young fellows, and evidently thought their last hour was come, for they struggled with their captors with all their might. We demanded three sheep in payment for the broken water-vessels, and ten minutes later the fine was paid, the culprits were set free, and the camp was besieged once more by hundreds of natives.

On September 14 we resumed our march amid scenery very much the same as that just passed through, except that there was less cultivation, with more grass, bush, and ferns. The country was, however, still well populated, and we passed several little settlements, consisting of from three to about twenty huts, either hidden in the woods or nestling against the slopes of the mountains in the midst of banana plantations. The huts of the Wakikuyu present a very picturesque appearance, and are of the bee-hive or conical shape, thatched with straw or rushes, above which protrudes the central beam; the roof springs from perpendicular walls with outside supports. The walls are made of interlaced branches, supplemented by well-hewn planks or smeared with clay. Near each hut are two smaller structures of the same kind, in which fruit and vegetables are stored.

The number of natives who attended our march increased to thousands as we proceeded, the women and children dashing off in terror at the slightest incident, whilst the warriors pressed more closely upon the caravan. The greatest caution was needed, and we were in special danger when we had to divide our forces in two for crossing a stream; an attack would have been most unfortunate for us, and we were so hemmed in that the natives could have despatched us with their clubs alone. However, after a long hour of suspense we got over unmolested. On the ridge of the next hill our guide suddenly turned aside from the direct path, and led us towards a brook on the other side of which we were to camp. It was now one o'clock, and, as usual, the delays were endless. For a long time the people of the caravan waited, huddled closely together, on the edge of the perpendicular side of the brook, we in the rear-guard quite unable to see what was going on in front. Suddenly we heard a shot, then another, and another, till a perfect volley was rattling from the direction of the vanguard. We looked

behind us, noted that we were well protected in the rear, and that very few natives had followed us. All the danger then was in front, and presently we saw the natives drawing back, and were able to bear our share in the struggle. Count Teleki soon routed the enemy completely, and his assailants fled before him like the wind in every direction. He then gave orders for the camp to be pitched then and there, and, with a few trusty followers, went off to clear the neighbouring woods of spies, and to set a watch on a body of men, some thousand strong, who had gathered again about a mile off.

So the first blow had been struck at last, and, of course, the natives had been the aggressors. There had been the usual fuss about paying tribute at the stream, but all the goods offered had been scornfully rejected by warriors whose freshly greased bodies, &c., showed they were prepared for war. One of these warriors at last ventured so far as to let fly an arrow, which wounded Chuma, one of Jumbe Kimemeta's men, in the foot. With a shout of 'The Wakikuyu are shooting!' Chuma fired and missed. A second arrow followed the first, but fell short, but one of our men, terror-struck at the attack, fired, hitting no one however. The Count forbade any further firing, but even as he spoke a shower of arrows fell amongst our people, one hitting Count Teleki himself, but, fortunately, only lodging in a fold of his coat. Of course a general volley answered the arrows, although the latter had done scarcely any harm.

There were now but seven natives with us, and of all those with whom we had lately made blood-brotherhood, but one, the old Samaki who was acting as our guide, remained. We regretted the loss of our other brothers the less, as their influence did not extend beyond their own district, and as a matter of fact we were always able in Kikuyuland to secure faithful guides who would even warn us of the designs of their people against us.

Our old Samaki had indeed known of the present plot and tried to circumvent it by making a detour. It was only the quarrel about the tribute which upset his calculations, and he was so indignant at the native attack that he rushed to the Count and begged him to let his men go on firing.

Chuma was not at all badly hurt, but he nearly died of fright, although he knew that the other man who had been wounded with an arrow said to have been poisoned had recovered.

It was most unfortunate that hostilities had broken out, for we still had apparently many days' journey before we could reach the northern frontier of Kikuyuland. We were extremely anxious to make peace with the natives, and great was our relief when very soon after the firing had ceased an old man approached the camp alone, holding up a green bough in token of amity. Of course we let him come in unmolested, and referred him to our guide, who had already received instructions to conclude a league of peace as soon as possible. Half an hour later two small groups of natives appeared, all also carrying green boughs and making professions of friendship. They, too, were welcomed, and a peace shauri was soon in full swing. An agreement was quickly come to, and even before the customary gifts were exchanged the natives flocked into camp with food for sale, so that anyone who had looked on us then would have found it difficult to believe that but a few hours previously we had been in deadly strife with our visitors.

Even before this untoward incident Count Teleki had given the strictest orders that on no account would any plundering of the natives be allowed. In spite of this some of our men who, in the pursuit of their assailants, had come upon a little lonely group of huts, had set fire to them. We had seen the smoke without guessing what it portended till the culprits came back to camp carrying some lambs. As a punishment

they were now flogged in the presence of the natives and the booty returned to its owners. Jumbe Kimemeta thought we were quite wrong to act as we did in this matter, declaring that our only chance was to make the natives fear for the safety of their property.

During the fight some of our pack-animals and one of Jumbe Kimemeta's had disappeared, the latter carrying off a valuable tusk and the tent for holding the traders' stores. Amongst our peace conditions we insisted that four chiefs should find the necessary sheep the next morning for making blood-brotherhood with us, and that the stolen donkey with its load should be brought back to camp. The natives then withdrew.

As no more could be done now, we remained where we were all the next day. A strict watch was kept at night, and the first thing in the morning we strengthened our fence, as there was no saying whether the natives might not change their minds. Things looked suspicious too, for no one came to visit us, though a large party gathered near the camp in earnest consultation. Presently, however, an envoy appeared, bringing two sheep as a gift for us, with a message that we should take them and be gone. Of course we could not agree to this, and there was another long weary shauri before we could at last get the chiefs to make blood-brotherhood with us. The ceremony over, our new brothers received handsome presents, and the owners of the burnt huts were compensated for their loss. We also paid for the use of our camping-ground. But even now the natives did not seem to trust us entirely, for no women or children came into camp, and Jumbe Kimemeta's donkey returned without its load, which could not be found anywhere. True, two sheep were brought to make up for the loss, but of course they did not represent the hundredth part of its value. We were ourselves, however, content enough,

having achieved the blood-brotherhood we were so anxious about.

Late in the afternoon it rained heavily, much to our regret, as the difficulties of the path were bad enough when it was dry. We did our best for the donkeys by feeding them up with sugar-cane, which is very nourishing and which they eat greedily. These grey Muscat asses are used to the steppes, and the dryer and hotter it is the better they like it, whilst damp cold soon kills them.

During the next day's march we saw no gesticulating natives, only a few silent groups squatting by the wayside, some of them with green boughs in their hands. After walking a short distance we came to a somewhat broader valley through which flowed a little brook. Just as we were preparing to cross it the rain came down in torrents. It continued to pour for hours, and the steep banks became so slippery that we could hardly keep our footing on them. The men slid down somehow with many a fall, but we had to unlade the donkeys, and even then it was all we could do to get them over. It took us four hours to climb the ridge on the other side, which was only some 330 feet high.

Our slow progress was dreadfully depressing; one or more of our donkeys succumbed every day, and at this rate we feared we should lose them all before we got to the frontier. We therefore asked our guide if there were no other route; it seemed very probable that the hills on the east were not so steep, and that we might find paths going north in that direction. With his consent we now deviated from the course pursued thus far, striking along the ridge eastward, arriving at three o'clock at a good-sized brook.

We pitched our camp close to the water in a narrow ravine shut in on three sides by pretty steep hills. The natives we had passed on our way here and those who visited us now



BEGINNING OF HOSTILITIES BY THE BROOK.



seemed to be in a state of nervous dread. They were eager to meet our wishes, and were satisfied with our gifts. As there was plenty of food to be had, the Count decided to rest a day. True, in case of hostilities, we were rather awkwardly situated, but after our recent experiences he did not think we should have any more trouble with the natives.

On the morning of the second day a lively scene of buying and selling was going on in camp. The numbers of natives assembled near were, however, constantly increasing, and we presently noticed that consultations were being held, and preparations for a fight were being made amongst them. Our guides now told us that some of the people from our last stopping-place had come over to try and persuade the natives here to join with them in a general attack upon us. Part of our neighbours seemed disposed to agree, whilst others held back, evidently fearing what might happen if we got the best of it. We could watch every movement; we saw the orators going from one party to another urging war, but as long as words only were indulged in we felt pretty easy in our minds.

At nine o'clock some of the older men came to weed out of our camp all the women and children and loiterers, always a preliminary step to hostilities, so we thought it was time to take up our own weapons, still hoping, however, to escape a conflict. The natives anxious for war were now assembled on the height on the north, whilst those for peace were opposite to them on the south. At the head of the former, and some eighty paces from us, stood an old man, whose attitude and every feature expressed the greatest excitement and longing for a fight. In his left hand he held his bow and a bundle of arrows ready for shooting, whilst with the right he kept twanging the string of the bow to see that it was taut, looking over at the peaceably disposed natives as if waiting in the hope that they would come over to his party. After things had

been going on like this for some little time the scene suddenly changed; the natives began to fight each other, using their wooden clubs only, so that very little execution was done. After some ten minutes' struggle the peace party appeared to have won, for soon a few Samaki came to our camp and wanted to make blood-brotherhood with us.

We were just going through this ceremony in the usual manner when an extraordinary incident occurred. The natives on the southern height suddenly closed up their ranks, and, with a terrible war-cry, dashed at those on the north, driving them almost down into our camp. What the meaning of it all was we never discovered, for the 'Orioi muma' ('And I tell you, blood-brother') was going on vigorously all the while. No harm was done after all, except that we had to remain under arms the rest of the day, and at night to send up rockets, which, as before, ensured our safety.

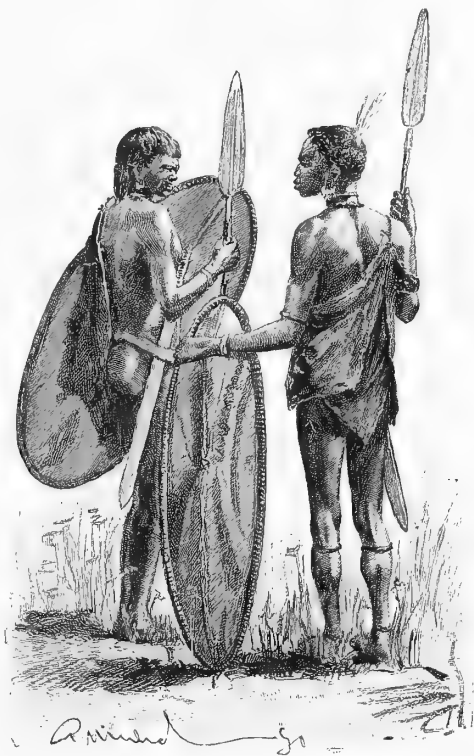
Day after day passed with constant alarms of war, but with no actual hostilities. The whole burden of coping with the trying situation fell upon Count Teleki, as I was too ill to be able to be of much use to him. My suffering exhausted me terribly, and the only comfort was that it dulled my perceptions a little as to what was going on. Nothing but the spur of absolute necessity could have made it possible for me to drag along, now on foot, now on a donkey, in the terribly protracted marches of the previous days.

We had had actual difficulties enough to contend with, and now to these were added constant false rumours, generally communicated by Jumbe Kimemeta, and though we did not believe them they affected our men, and did much to harass us in the little time we might have had for rest of an evening.

The next morning, when we were preparing to start, we were told that the warriors of Kikuyuland had decided to combine to attack us at the next stream, and the fact that our

friends from the frontier, who had visited us in camp, had all disappeared, lent colour to the rumour. We therefore advanced with the greatest caution, but when we reached the stream in question to find no warriors there, only a few unarmed natives, who came to meet us quietly, we concluded that the struggle was to be in the next valley, the transit of which, we knew, would be arduous in any case.

We camped at three o'clock in a little almost completely shut-in valley, without having met an enemy or struck a blow, but crowds of warriors were assembled on the slopes overlooking us, all evidently prepared for war. The Wakikuyu, like so many other tribes of East Africa, smear head, face, and shoulders with a thick layer of red fat, and in this case the men had decked themselves in a very grotesque fashion, some having grease round the mouth or eyes only, whilst others had yellow or white earth all over their bodies. Most of them carried freshly pointed spears.



KIKUYU WARRIORS.

Though the natives looked formidable enough as they stood some 200 or 300 paces from us, they seemed to ignore our presence altogether, taking absolutely no notice of our repeated

requests that their chiefs would come and confer with us. This assumed indifference is an ordinary ruse with them, and we, in our turn, remained apparently unmoved by their war-cries, the slight movement of the hand in cocking a gun being all but imperceptible. As it began to get dark we sent Kijanja with fifty men to ask the warriors to retire, saying that if they did not do so quietly we must clear the ground by force. They then drew back, and when it grew dark we sent up a few rockets, after which the chiefs of both sides of the valley came into camp to make blood-brotherhood with us.

The next day, September 20, owing to the direct road being impracticable, our course formed something like a capital S. As usual we had two brooks to cross, both presenting special difficulties, though they were in themselves quite insignificant. At the first some 2,000 old warriors, with arrows ready for shooting in their hands, looked down on us from the neighbouring ridge, rejected our offered tribute with scorn, and so pressed upon Count Teleki and his guard that he had to order one half of the men to stand under arms and protect the others whilst they clove their way through the crowds with the bales and donkeys. For a whole hour we in the rear-guard had to stand waiting, and if a fight had come off it would have gone hardly with us. But once more it was averted, though why the natives did not attack us it is difficult to say; they could certainly never have a more favourable opportunity. We did not breathe freely till the brook was left far behind us. The rest of this day's march was through a district equally rugged, but not nearly so densely populated, and round about our next camp there were only yam and banana plantations, no cereals.

On September 21 we bore first eastward, then south-eastward; the hills were broader here and the valleys wider. Numbers of natives followed us, but there were a good many women and children amongst them, which did much to reassure

us. About mid-day we came to a good-sized brook, where we had to unload the donkeys, and here, as usual, difficulties arose. The Count was well on the alert, as his guide had said a little before we came to the water that he did not feel well and would go home. From our position we could see a tussle going on between the natives and the first men to cross, but Count Teleki's appearance was enough here, as so often before, to settle the dispute, inspiring more awe than all the muzzles of the loaded guns.

We crossed the brook uninjured, and were waiting in the shade of the few trees on the further brink for some of the donkeys to be saddled and loaded, our long line of men standing with a perfect wall of natives, numbering from 800 to 1,000, close behind them, whilst on the other side of the water were about an equal number. An unnatural silence prevailed, and it seemed as if the Wakikuyu were waiting for a signal. That signal came. Silently half a dozen arrows whizzed through the air and fell amongst us. Neither the Count nor I saw them coming, and the first note of alarm was the cry of a man at whose feet one of them fell. In a moment every other sound was drowned in the noise of the guns fired simultaneously by all our men. We were suddenly enveloped in a cloud of smoke, and were being roughly hustled about, chiefly by our own men, without knowing what it all meant. We were, in fact, in much more danger from the wild firing of our porters than from the natives, but presently the latter broke up and fled, hotly pursued by our men, and I was left behind with Jumbe Kimemeta and a few of the sick on a battle-field strewn with shields, spears, &c., but with few dead or wounded.

The whole thing was over so quickly that I only managed to fire one shot, after which something went wrong with my weapon, a sixteen-shot Colt's repeating rifle.

The firing soon ceased, and our men came trooping back, some

of them with a captive woman or child, others with trophies of all kinds. Count Teleki with Maktubu and the Somal guard also returned uninjured, but it was a long time before we were all together again. Before we went farther the porters were compelled to give up all their spoil, as this was the only way to check their plundering propensities. We destroyed the shields, which would have been too heavy to carry behind, but the swords and spears were done up in bundles and taken with us. We also retained our eight captives, as they would serve as hostages, and help to bring about peace with their people; they did not seem much concerned at their position.

Our guide, who belonged to the northern frontier district of Kikuyu, had expected the attack, but thought it was fixed for the following day. It was very evident that the onslaught had been planned, for we picked up hundreds of leather bags dropped by the fugitives, which were either empty or contained strips of skin intended to tie up the bales, or perhaps even to bind the captives the natives had hoped to take. After the bloody struggle by the brook we resumed our march, keeping a more vigilant look-out than ever. We soon noticed fresh crowds of natives at different points, but we pressed on in an east-south-easterly direction, over a dreary, uncultivated district till we reached a commanding position at the top of a ridge. Thousands of natives soon assembled near by, and Count Teleki went off with a party of our men to disperse them; they did not, however, retire till they found that they were not safe from bullets even at a distance of 1,000 paces.

Our camp on the ridge was near the eastern frontier of Kikuyuland, and about from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 miles from the wood, which seems to encircle the whole district.

When we had secured the safety of our camp we sent our guides to the next village, to tell the chief we wished to make friends with him, and were willing to set our captives free on

payment of one sheep for each of them. Only two Samaki from our immediate neighbourhood came into camp, each bringing a sheep to make blood-brotherhood with us. Later several relatives of our captives appeared, but only three young women were ransomed. The night passed over quietly.

When we were preparing to start the next morning, our guides, who had passed the night in the next village, returned with the rumour that all the chiefs of Kikuyuland had entered into a league to take vengeance on us, and prevent our going any farther. We marched on for a short distance eastward, without seeing any natives at all, till we came to a spot from which we could look down the next ravine-like valley. Through this valley flowed a stream, not more than $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards wide and only 2 feet 3 inches deep, which it took us, however, two good hours to cross. There was none of the fertility here we had noticed elsewhere in Kikuyuland; the arid, sun-scorched soil was thinner and often bare even of grass, whilst volcanic rocks were of frequent occurrence. The rest of this day's march was through an uninhabited district, and we were told that it was deserted on account of the slaving raids of the Wakamba, who, being much less numerous than the Wakikuyu, are only successful when they take the latter by surprise.

Not until we had camped, in an uncomfortable position, on the sloping left bank of a considerable stream, did natives visit us in any numbers. The rest of our captives were ransomed here, but none of the chiefs put in an appearance. Two rather bold thefts were committed which indicated that our troubles with the natives were not over yet, and Count Teleki sent a message to the effect that we should open hostilities ourselves if the stolen goods were not restored, a threat which had the desired effect at once.

We had now entered the lower-lying valleys of Kikuyuland, our camping-places varying in height from about 4,750 to 5,070

feet, whereas in the earlier portion of our march their altitude had been from 6,220 to about 6,550 feet above the sea-level. The difference was marked by a considerable increase in the heat of the sun.

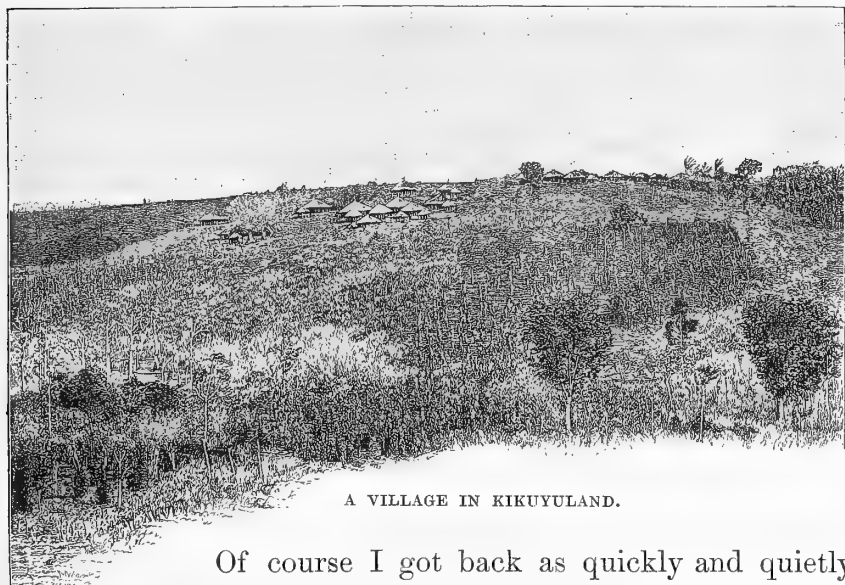
The next two days we marched in a north-easterly direction, at a distance of from $3\frac{1}{2}$ to $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the boundary wood. Crossing several flat hills and a very fruitful district, where we were again harassed by numbers of natives, we came, on September 23, to a swampy little brook, flowing through a wide valley, on the bank of which we camped. The people seemed disposed to be friendly here, and we noticed, as a general rule, that it was the natives of the districts we had just left, or were about to enter, who threatened us; those we were actually amongst fearing for the safety of their property in case of a quarrel with us.

During our march here we had passed through districts so carefully and systematically cultivated that we might have been in Europe. There was very little bush, and we should have given up all idea of a fence if the natives had not themselves always brought us a supply of material, which they had got from a distance. Of course they did not let us have it for nothing, and it cost from 150 to 200 strings of beads, but they never failed to appear with it in Kikuyuland, before they dreamt of trading with us or molesting our camp.

Although we were in a very fertile valley we could not get up a market. The people did not trust us thoroughly enough to allow their women and children to visit us. As usual, crowds of old men and warriors gathered about the camp in an insolent and aggressive manner, our guide trying to get them to draw back. Now and then, too, the war-cry was raised, and we saw warriors, mostly from a distance, trying to incite the natives to attack us, but nothing came of it.

Our porters and donkeys sorely needed rest, so we remained

where we were for the next day. As usual, the natives, seeing that we settled down peacefully and had no idea of attacking them, became bolder and bolder, so that at one time a general charge seemed imminent, the war-cry sounding throughout the entire valley. I had slipped out of camp alone with a view to having a look at Mount Kenia, and, creeping through the plantations of beans about the camp, had climbed a hill some 2,300 to 2,600 feet above the camp, when I heard the shouts



A VILLAGE IN KIKUYULAND.

Of course I got back as quickly and quietly as I could, and fortunately, thanks to disputes amongst the natives themselves, there was no attack after all. Indeed, presently ten of the elders came into camp to assure us of their peaceable intentions, and in the course of the afternoon the chiefs of the next district, in which we should have to halt, arrived to offer us their friendship and protection, so that, as the darkness gathered about us, Kijanja's familiar 'Orioi muma' rang out again and again through the stillness of the evening.

In the last day's march we had noted a marked change in the character of the country, and this change was intensified

as we went on, the heights, rising in a north-westerly and south-easterly direction throughout the whole district, became broader and less lofty, varying in altitude from about 100 to 300 feet, whereas those we had crossed earlier were from 300 to 500 feet high. The difficulties of the way decreased rapidly now, as much better paths led up the slopes here, and we were astonished at the skill with which these paths had been made, and the care with which they were kept in order. From the top of a lofty hill, which we crossed on September 25, we had an extended view of much of Kikuyuland, and we could see how near we had kept all along to its eastern frontier. We also noted that the plain between Kikuyu and Ukambani becomes narrower towards the north, and finally melts away altogether, so that the mountainous portion of Kikuyuland becomes merged in the plateau of Ukambani. It also became clear to us that this ridge connecting the highlands of Kikuyu with the plateau of northern Ukambani must form the watershed between the Sabaki and Tana, so that the various streams of Kikuyu, of which so far we had crossed thirty-six, belong to the Sabaki system.

During this march some two or three thousand natives had followed and surrounded us, but we were glad to see that some of them bestirred themselves to keep the peace. At about eleven o'clock we reached a capital camping-place, with plenty of bush and trees near by. The chiefs kept their people away till our fence was made, and we felt quite cheered up by the friendly behaviour of all the natives, but we were still rather disappointed at the length of the journey, for six days previously we had been told that we should get to the frontier in another four; and when we were at Ngongo Bagás we had hoped to effect the transit in eight days. It was now three weeks since we entered Kikuyuland!

The next day we marched in a northerly direction through

beautiful banana and shrub-like bean plantations, over several ridges and brooks, till we entered a broad valley through which flowed a considerable stream known as the Maragua, on the farther side of which we camped. The natives, who had accompanied us in thousands, were perfectly harmless but full of nervous dread of us. For instance, once when I dismounted from my donkey, which my suffering often compelled me to do, some five hundred of them fled before me in abject terror, whilst another time I produced the same effect by merely stopping to look at my pocket compass.

At the beginning of this march we were reminded of our predecessor in Kikuyuland, Dr. G. Fischer, recently deceased, some of our people telling us that we had cut across his route, which was in a westerly direction. According to our informant, he had traversed Kikuyu in four days, fighting every inch of the way.

There was every sign of prosperity in the beautiful valley in which we were camped, some twenty little villages dotting the slopes and ridges in our immediate neighbourhood.

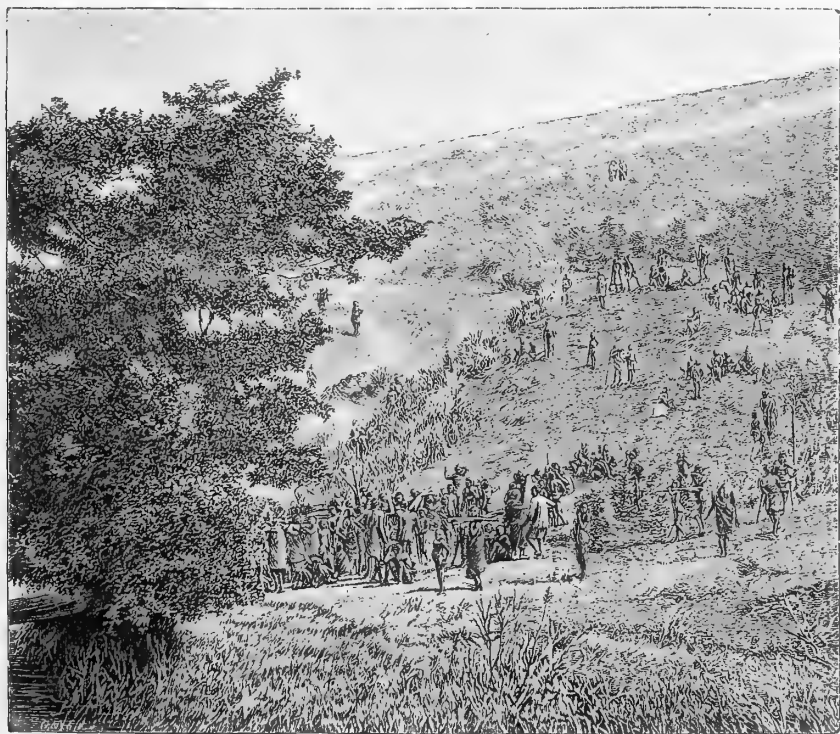
On September 27 we passed through equally beautiful and well-cultivated scenery. Some of the valleys had a slope of about 530 feet, and we had to cross one rushing mountain brook called the Tayahez. For the first time since we entered Kikuyuland the sky was clear of clouds, and we had at last an opportunity of looking down from a lofty ridge upon the grand Alpine-like landscape for which we had so often longed in vain. On the north-west rose the Settima chain with peaks some 13,100 feet high, whilst far away in the blue distance on the north-east, but distinctly defined, was the lofty Mount Kenia, the northern rival of Kilimanjaro, which cannot, however, compete with it in beauty of outline or of general form. Seen from the south it looks like a broad flat truncated pyramid, and might be taken for a lofty plateau. Only on the extreme

western edge one precipitous and rocky peak caps the mountain mass, standing, however, in no relation to the huge block above which it rises. On the north-east of this peak there is a rounded snow-capped summit. The gradient of the western slopes of Mount Kenia is very slight, whilst on the east it is so gentle as to be almost imperceptible, so that there the masses of snow extend far southwards, and give the impression of a grand and lofty glacier-covered plateau. Although we were disappointed in the general appearance of this mighty African mountain, it exercised an irresistible fascination upon us, as the goal of the present stage of our journey, especially upon me, as I was now reduced to a perfect skeleton, and nothing but constant excitement kept me going at all.

Quite unmolested, we reached on September 28 a wide stream called Masiyoya, and the next day a rushing brook of the same name some 50 to 60 feet wide by about 3 feet deep. The trunk of a tree formed a good bridge over Masiyoya No. 1, but we had to wade through No. 2. The crowds of natives who accompanied us were friendly enough, and many of them had no weapons, but we could see that their behaviour was dictated from motives of policy, not by any liking for us; but perhaps, indeed, they were thinking of all they had suffered at the hands of Dr. Fischer's people. All paths leading past villages were carefully guarded, and the plantations were in many cases protected with rows of stakes stuck in the ground along the edge, whilst we were roughly ordered to keep the track.

I should like to remark here that there is altogether a wrong impression abroad as to the proper treatment by a traveller of hostile natives. In districts where might makes right, and retaliation is the custom of the country, submission and forbearance are looked upon as signs of fear and weakness, and to employ force is the only means of producing the necessary impression. The oft-repeated assertion that the forcible

entry of one traveller into a country adds to the difficulties the next will have to encounter, is altogether false and could not be uttered by anyone at all familiar with the subject. As for me. I would far rather follow in the footsteps of a European who has known how to make himself feared than in those of some roving philanthropist. A large well-armed caravan, ready to



MASIYOYA NO. 1.

fight if necessary, is much more likely to avoid bloodshed than small exploring expeditions such as are now so much advocated, but which are, in my opinion, altogether a mistake.

We camped on the left bank of Masiyoya No. 2, at the mouth of a little tributary called Esurusuru, which issues from a steep valley on the north. The numerous natives who

surrounded us were very self-possessed, and seemed, as our guide had warned us in the morning, not indisposed to attack us. We therefore kept our weapons in readiness, for our guides were never mistaken. In fact their honesty and faithfulness to us in the midst of their own people struck us as being amongst the most remarkable facts of our journey through Kikuyuland.

We had no fight, but once there were loud *u-u-u-i* cries, with a general stampede from the camp. This war-cry was often started by young girls who wanted their lovers or brothers to come to blows with us in the hope that all our fine possessions might fall into their hands.

On September 30 we marched on first through the Esurusuru valley and then over a flat hill with a gentle slope to the north, from the top of which, to our delight, we were at last able to see the wood on the northern frontier of Kikuyuland, for though we could not hope to reach it that same day, we were at least not far off the end of our much harassed weary tramp. For the first time since we left Taveta we saw a few isolated specimens of the lofty feather palm. We camped on a gentle slope beside a shallow brook with clumps of rushes here and there, and near a little island-like wood haunted by numerous colobi monkeys, who however fled at our approach.

The natives had been very aggressive on this march, much more so, in fact, than ever before. The warriors were all freshly smeared with grease, many of them had newly painted shields, both tokens of readiness for a fight, and one insolent fellow went so far as to threaten Qualla several times with his spear. Qualla lost patience at last and aimed his gun at his tormentor, whilst I shouted out to the native to beware of what he was about in very good German, which, as often before, made the desired impression.

We were greatly relieved at arriving without bloodshed at

our camping-place, and whilst the men were scattered about putting things to rights and making the fence, always a specially dangerous time, the Count and I kept guard ourselves with loaded weapons. The natives were made to keep a respectful distance, and even when the camp was pitched we only allowed a few of them, and those unarmed, to enter it. Heavy rain fell at intervals during the afternoon and night, which did more perhaps than anything else to keep the peace, but we did not really gain much by it as the paths became so slippery that we could not resume our march the next morning.

Almost before daybreak, crowds of natives came to the camp, most of them with food for sale, but as no one was admitted, they had to be content with gathering in groups on the neighbouring heights, whence they gazed curiously at us. We had a presentiment that they meant us no good, and kept careful watch on their movements, for even the day before our men had been threatened with spears when they went to fetch water. They were all in such good heart now, however, that it took a good deal to scare them; they had won so easily before that they did not dread another encounter.

The insolence of the natives was constantly on the increase, and as we waited in the captivity of our camp we momentarily expected an attack. Once a quite trifling and harmless incident all but resulted in a collision. Count Teleki was writing in his tent, and I was lying on my bed in my clothes on account of my illness. As usual, there were loaded guns all round us, so that we could reach one with each hand without moving. The natives were squatting round the camp, and we could hear them every now and then, but on the whole it was very quiet, so quiet that it was evident our men were not enjoying the state of armed peace, with their guns for ever in their hands. Suddenly there were loud cries, and a rush from the natives in the direction of our camp; the Count and I seized our guns and

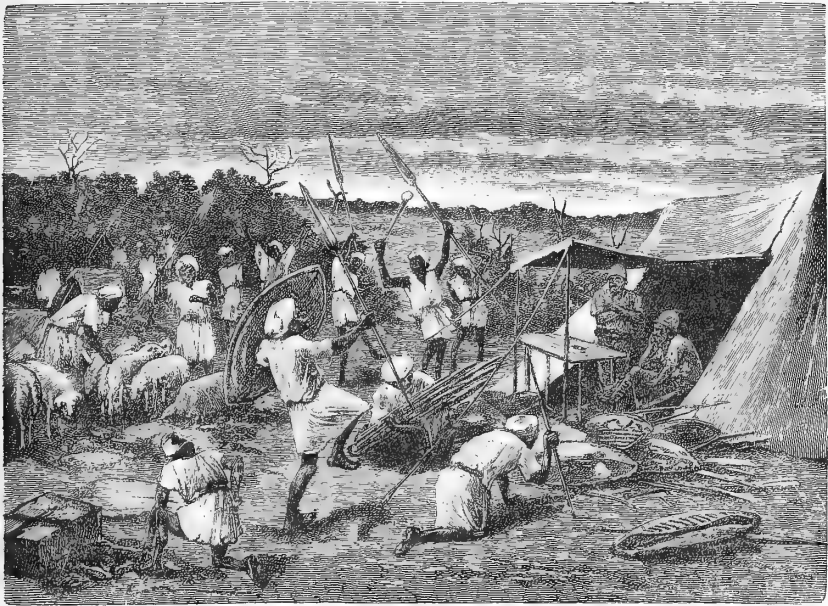
hurried out, and saw hundreds of natives making for the camp, the nearest already only some fifty paces off. It was lucky neither the Count nor I fired, although we were both convinced that we were about to be attacked, for our first shots would have led to a regular *mêlée*, but a warning cry was heard from one of our men, and it turned out after all that the natives were only chasing a little gazelle, which had started up close to our camp, and was in the end caught inside our boma.

In the course of the afternoon Qualla, who superintended the purchase of the provisions brought to the camp, was several times threatened by warriors, and more than once complained about it to Count Teleki, who told our guide to warn his people that we should fire on them if anything of the kind occurred again. But it was no good; Qualla soon reappeared with the same tale, and was told he might draw upon his next assailant. I heard this permission given as I lay on my bed, and then I fell into a refreshing sleep, from which I was roused about an hour later by the noise of continuous firing. I jumped up, and, in spite of my weakness, ran out of my tent and fired again and again. Count Teleki was standing near doing the same thing. Presently the natives began to run away, with our men, who were not to be held back, after them. Worn out with the perpetual petty worries of the preceding days, our people were determined to pay their persecutors out now, and soon no one was left behind but the Count, Jumbe Kimemeta, a few invalids, and myself. We heard several shots in the distance, and then all was still.

About an hour afterwards, smoke rising from the direction of the villages showed that they had been set on fire by the victors, and parties of our men began to return, screaming, singing, and dancing, as they fired off their own weapons and flourished those they had taken from their enemies. Nearly all of them were also driving cattle before them, whilst some

had taken women and children prisoners. Soon the camp was so crowded with cattle, &c., that it seemed impossible it could hold more, and our men, drunk with victory, smeared with their own blood and that of their victims, presented a horrible appearance, as they danced a war-dance opposite the tent of their master, and laid their booty at his feet.

By five o'clock everyone was back but Qualla and three or four others. Just as we had noticed his absence, another party



DRUNK WITH VICTORY.

of warriors appeared on one of the neighbouring heights at a distance of some thousand paces from the camp, in the very direction from which we expected Qualla to come. Feeling pretty certain that our Somal was in the greatest danger if not already lost, Count Teleki sent fifty men to meet the warriors, hoping to turn their attention from Qualla should he be anywhere near. One warrior presently advanced from amongst

the others and began wildly gesticulating. He was probably demanding a conference, but as he was fully armed and did not carry a green branch as token of amity, he was taken prisoner and bound. At the same moment Qualla and three of his companions appeared on the same height, and catching sight of our contingent, hastened to place himself at their head and advance upon the foe. A parley ensued, but nothing came of it, for soon arrows were flying and guns firing again. When the natives turned and fled, Qualla came into camp, and explained that he had fired because the warriors were about to charge. The rest of the day passed over quietly.

The fight had been the result of the overbearing insolence of a few warriors. Qualla had been outside the camp overlooking the buying of provisions, of which not nearly enough were brought in, and we were hoping to get the natives to trust us more and supply us better. But some of them continued to insult and harass our men. One young donkey driver, who had gone down to the water, had been wounded, though he had done nothing to provoke an attack, but had quietly awaited a rush from a number of yelling natives, and Qualla had been three times assailed by a warrior, who dashed out at him from the crowd with drawn sword. The Somal had put up with all this for a good hour, and had then said that he would fire if the blade so much as touched him. But for the fourth time the same man came forward and pointed his spear at Qualla's breast, whilst another seized a bundle of strings of beads hanging from his arm. At the same moment there was a fiendish yell from the lookers-on, and Qualla fired, which was, of course, the signal for a general volley from our men, with the result already described.

We now had nineteen prisoners, ninety cows, and 1,300 sheep as quite unexpected guests in our camp. Of course, there was not nearly room enough for them all, and the evening

and night were passed in the very greatest discomfort. The cows bellowed, the sheep and goats lifted up their voices, the women and children wept and moaned, whilst our men shouted and danced with joy. We ourselves were filled with anxiety about the immediate future, as the natives might very easily attack us again in greater force, either from the hill which commanded our camp on the one side, or from the shelter of the wood on the other. Strong outposts were therefore placed in both these directions, and a careful watch kept in camp, in which we shared.

Our safety thus assured, we took counsel as to what was to be done next. Of course we greatly regretted the burning of the villages, but it could not be undone now, and Jumbe Kimemeta declared that it was the very best thing that could have happened, the only thing, in fact, which could have saved us from a general attack; we had but to go on as we had begun and all would be well. We still clung to our wish for peace, however, and hoped to bring it about with the aid of our various captives.

The night passed over without incident, and we anxiously awaited the dawn, which broke dull and cloudy, so that we could not see far from camp. As it grew clearer we spied two figures creeping, in a shy, hesitating manner, towards the camp from the height on the south. They wanted to find out whether we were still in camp or had gone on farther. A little later four other natives appeared, carrying green branches in their hands, and pausing every now and then to cry 'Kutire kiman-daja!' We greeted these envoys of peace most cordially, and invited them into camp; but they squatted down at a distance of some 300 paces, declaring that they could not come any nearer, so we sent Kijanja and the only guide we had left to parley with them. Our other guide had gone off soon after we camped, as he said, to visit his friends. He had received no

pay from us, so we fully expected to see him back; but we were mistaken, he never reappeared. The other, a very sensible young fellow, assured us that we need not be at all afraid of his deserting us too, but he seemed rather anxious and disturbed, which was no wonder, as, of course, he was looked upon as a traitor by his fellow-countrymen. We did our best to comfort him by telling him he would be doing his people a great service if he took us safely to the frontier of Kikuyuland.

This guide and Kijanja were instructed by Count Teleki to tell the natives that we were anxious for peace, but would only conclude that peace with the whole neighbourhood, as it was important we should know in our further journey whether we had to deal with friends or foes. With this end in view we invited all the chiefs of the villages in our further route to come and make blood-brotherhood with us, after which we would set our captives free and restore the cattle taken.

The four envoys listened to what our ambassadors said and went away, returning an hour later with the news that their own villages and the chiefs of a few other valleys were willing to make friends with us, but that those on the south and north-west wanted war.

To this we replied that we would wait till mid-day, and if by that time all the chiefs had not come in to make blood-brotherhood we should conclude that they were all our enemies and act accordingly.

Once more the envoys left us, and for several hours we were left in peace. But the messengers did not return, nor was there any sign of the chiefs. Instead of that, towards twelve o'clock numbers of warriors gathered on the hill on the south, gazing at us from above their freshly painted shields, whilst from one of our outposts higher up came the news that another thousand natives were in sight. This compelled us to give up all hope

of peace, so we sent Qualla with an advance guard of 120 men to drive off the natives, who dispersed at the first discharge.

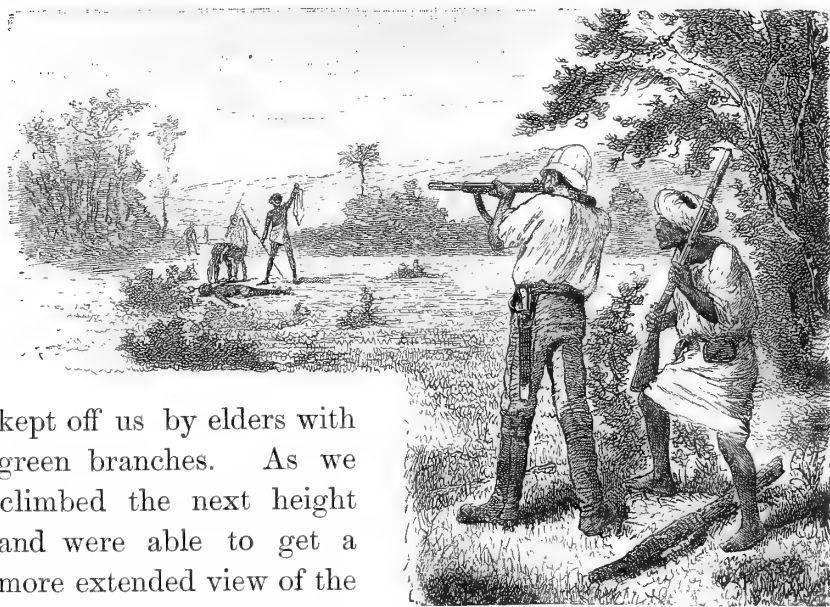
The next night passed over quietly, and on the morning of October 3 we prepared to start again, still anxious for an opportunity to make peace, but the valley was deserted and so were the various heights we passed after leaving the camp. We had, of course, a great deal of trouble with all the animals we now had with us, the cattle dispersing in every direction directly we were outside the hedge. And we kept looking anxiously behind us, for we knew too well how many enemies we had in our rear, and had no hope of escaping further hostilities.

We passed several villages, all deserted, and now we began to see groups of their inhabitants on the hills anxiously watching us. When they saw that we pressed on, taking no notice of them, they seemed reassured, and many of them came down and stood beside their huts, some of them with green branches in their hands. They let us pass unmolested, and, though thousands of warriors were now gathering, either following us or accompanying us in paths alongside of our own, they caused us little anxiety as they did not approach very near.

On this march we lost a man, Abedi wadi Heri by name, in a very melancholy way. Like myself, he had long been suffering so much that he could hardly keep up with the caravan, and more than once he had crept into the bush, as he expressed it, to die in peace. Hitherto we had always missed him in time for Qualla to go to the rescue and bring him after us, but this time he could not be found, and, as we were hunting for him we saw a number of warriors gathered together some 400 paces off, one of whom was mockingly holding up a blood-stained shirt towards us. A shot from us avenged his death.

We came presently to a shallow but very rapid brook called

the Bura, some eighty feet broad, where the Count was met by some old men with green boughs in their hands, who assured him no one meant to harm us. There was a good bridge over this stream, but as the natives demanded payment for the use of it, it seemed better for us to wade across to avoid any occasion of strife. In spite of the number of animals with us, we were all over after an hour's hard work, during which numbers of natives had gathered on the other side, who were



WE AVENGE ABEDI WADI HERI

kept off us by elders with green branches. As we climbed the next height and were able to get a more extended view of the country, we saw cause for considerable anxiety, every ridge and slope being covered with natives, who watched our every movement. Had we merely to do with an armed peace-party gathered to ensure our being allowed to pass unscathed, or were these warriors, outnumbering us by fifty to one, gathered from far and near to strike us down at the very gate of exit from their country? for we were now within sight of the frontier. It was impossible to say; as we moved they moved, where we went they went, but all the time the elders with

green boughs kept between us and them, evidently determined to protect us from molestation.

At last, without further incident but the loss through theft of some of our sheep and goats, we arrived about mid-day at a broad, shallow, reed-grown brook, and camped at the edge of the forest on the northern frontier. This was our last march in Kikuyuland; we had only to pass through the wood and we should be again in the open uninhabited wilderness, for which we had longed so often in the previous weeks.

We should have liked to place this wood between us and the Wakikuyu the next morning, but it would not do to attempt this when we might still be attacked at any moment and were quite unacquainted with the way through.

A few elders with green branches met us here also to assure us of their friendly feelings towards us, but no Samaki appeared at all, whilst ever-increasing numbers of armed natives gathered round our camp. And our last guide had now disappeared also without having received any recompense from us for his long and faithful service. It was a matter of the deepest regret to us that we were unable to make him a present, for a whole estate in Kikuyuland would not have been beyond his deserts.

The day passed over quietly, although we saw the natives consulting constantly together, of course about us, and we had to be continually on our guard against surprise. The night, too, wore away without our being molested, though once we had to fire at some warriors who approached the camp too closely.

Early the next morning we saw the natives eagerly talking together at a distance of from 1,000 to 1,500 paces from the camp, and as meanwhile we noticed crowds of heavily laden women and children hurrying away, we came to the conclusion that the result of the shauri was to be war on us. Great then was our surprise when, at about eleven o'clock, instead of the

expected rush of warriors, fifteen old men approached the camp holding on high green branches and singing in a kind of chorus. Arrived in camp, they squatted down and a long peace shauri began. They informed us that all night long consultations had been going on, the people of the villages destroyed by us having tried to persuade the warriors to avenge them, but that in the end it had been decided that peace should be made with us; if anyone had stolen sheep or goats from us, on the head of that one be the blame; they themselves were ready to make blood-brotherhood with us.

This was more than we had dared to hope, and never had the 'Orioi muma' sounded sweeter in our ears than now. Blood-brotherhood was made between Qualla and a dignified young warrior, the Lygonani of the frontier, who came into camp without a sign of fear. The ceremony was witnessed by a large crowd. We on our part now asked for food enough to last us till we got to Ndoro, at the foot of Mount Kenia, or, as the natives here call it, Mount Kilimara, whilst the Wakikuyu demanded rain, a request which had not been made to us since September 11. We promised to set free all our captives as soon as we had crossed the frontier, stipulating that we should not be followed by any natives on our way through the wood, and should be at liberty to treat as an enemy anyone who infringed this condition.

Maktubu was now sent out with thirty men under the guidance of one of our female captives to make a reconnoissance of the forest, and soon returned with the favourable report that it was of very small extent, with a good path leading through the thick bush, &c.

The next morning, October 5, dawned cold and foggy, but we were off again early, and first skirting round a little swamp, we tramped through the thick bush, soon leaving the only two wooded heights behind us, and camping at mid-day by a

shallow brook not more than 100 paces from the outer edge of the forest. As soon as we halted, the natives reappeared. We took no notice of them at first, but when we saw numbers creeping up from every side we drove them off with a few shots, which, however, hurt no one, except perhaps the ape Hamis, who was always almost thrown into convulsions by the sound of firing. They served, however, to convince the natives that we were well on our guard, and to put a stop to their attempts to steal our sheep. Peace then reigned in camp.

We were now at a height of about 5,750 feet above the sea-level, the average height of our previous camping-places in central Kikuyuland having been from 4,550 to 5,000 feet. It had begun to rain on the march, and the weather remained cold and foggy the whole day, so that everyone stopped in the tents or in the huts hastily constructed of branches. This was how it happened that at five o'clock twelve men and women, bringing food for sale, led by the Lygonani with whom we had made blood-brotherhood, suddenly appeared in camp opposite Count Teleki's tent, but without our having had any warning of their approach. We were astonished that none of our people had seen them coming, but one of our men, Jibu wadi Kombo, whose bright straightforward answers had often delighted us, told us naively that they *had* seen them, but that the gleam of the sugar-cane they were carrying had been too much for the poor fellows to resist. The Lygonani, to whom we pointed out the danger he had run, also told us that he had been warned against approaching us by some of our people whom he had met, but he had not taken any notice of what they said, for was he not our blood-brother now?

He remained with us now to act as our guide the next day, but the natives who had come with him returned home. Very much to their surprise and delight we allowed our captives to go too, giving them all a number of presents. The women and

children had all along known that we should do them no harm, but the warriors could scarcely believe their ears and eyes when they found themselves not only at liberty, but the owners of all the wonderful things we had chosen for them.

The next morning we resumed our march, crossing several steep hills which had evidently once been well wooded, and crossing two good-sized brooks flowing in an easterly direction, camping on the farther side of the second in a sheltered ravine-like valley. A few shy natives had followed us on this march, and when some of our people went to fetch the flesh of a rhinoceros Count Teleki had shot by the way, they found it already cut up, and the horns carried off.

The scenery through which we had just passed impressed us as very dreary and barren, but there were clumps of bush-tree, euphorbia, and of *Calotropis procera* (Arab. *Oshar*). To make up for this, the valley we were camped in was a charming little nook, with its steep slopes covered with short soft sward, from which rose here and there lofty isolated palms with their feathery crowns of leaves. We wished we could have made this the starting-point for our ascent of Kenia, but it would have been on the one hand too near the frontier of Kikuyuland, and on the other too far from Ndoro. So we reluctantly left again the next morning.

It was a long tramp in a north-easterly direction to Ndoro, across a gently ascending undulating district, in which woods alternated with greyish-brown openings overgrown with steppe grass, great patches of the latter having, however, been here and there recently burnt. Once we marched for nearly an hour amongst beds of flowers through what might have been a deserted park, the smooth sandy paths winding between groves and clumps of trees. Nothing was wanting to complete the illusion but the ruins of a castle. A rugged ravine hewn deeply in the volcanic rock shut in this park, and descending

it by a path bordered with thick bush, we crossed a clear stream at the bottom called the Ngare no erobi, or the cold brook, and climbed up the further side on to a grass-clad steppe, where we found to our surprise some twenty Wakikuyu awaiting us with food for sale. This we found was Ndoro, and we camped here, but it suited us very badly, the water being too far off and the pasture poor, a serious matter for us with all our cattle. So the next day we pushed on for another three-quarters of an hour to the upper course of the Ngare no erobi, which flows through a flat and easily accessible channel bounded on the left by a narrow strip of wood stretching down from Kenia. This was in every respect the very place for us, and we made it our headquarters for the following weeks.

So we had carried out yet another portion of our programme, having crossed Kikuyuland. For me, worn out as I was with suffering, it was time indeed for the conditions of our daily life to improve, and if we had not now been able to settle down quietly a little and get fresh nourishing milk for me to drink I should have ended my life's journey once for all at Kenia. Before we finally leave Kikuyuland, I will try and give a condensed account of it and its inhabitants, which are, as I believe, destined to play an important part in the future of East Africa.

The Wakikuyu, or, as they call themselves, the Wakekoyo, occupy a stretch of land from about eight to eleven miles in breadth, between Ngongo Bagás and Kenia. As far as we could make out, the height of the land in the south is from 6,000 to 6,500 feet; in the central portions, from 4,500 to 5,000 feet; and in the north, from 5,000 to 6,000 feet. It is intersected by parallel heights trending N.W. by S.E., with valleys of a slope of from 100 to 500 feet, the general inclination being the same as that of the ridges, from the N.W. to the S.E. There is no doubt that the whole of Kikuyuland was once densely

wooded, but the industrious natives have cleared away almost every trace of forest from the interior, leaving only a belt as a frontier buttress from one to two hours' march deep.

A great many streams—we crossed sixty-two—flow through Kikuyuland. Those from the south, which number forty-two, join the Morio and form the Kaya or upper course of the Sabaki; the twenty from the north, which are of considerable volume, join the numerous streams from Kenia to form the Sagana, which, flowing southwards, joins the Tana on its way to its outlet in the Indian Ocean at Lamu.

In the light grey volcanic soil of Kikuyuland grow nearly all the cereals native to East Africa, and it is, in fact, the granary of a very extended district. Several kinds of bananas are grown as well as beans, sugar-cane, maize, potatoes, yams, eleusine, dhurra, millet (*Panicum italicum*, L.), mawale (*Pennisetum spicatum*), gourds, colocasia, and tobacco. Of course all these are not equally distributed, millet, beans, and potatoes being most plentiful in the south, whilst bananas abound in the north and millet is entirely absent.

The occurrence of millet in Kikuyuland is of peculiar significance, as it has not so far been met with elsewhere in Africa. Dr. Schweinfurth is of opinion that it was introduced from India, which implies intercourse with that country in pre-Mahomedan times. The Wakikuyu call millet *mkombe*, or, when still in the husk, *mkombe mo-konjore*.

Bananas are seldom allowed to become ripe, and we could rarely get them. They are picked when still green and either cooked for food or dried to make flour. Dhurra, eleusine, and yams are also used for flour. Sugar-cane thrives admirably here, but it does not grow to the great height it attains in tropical lowlands. The natives chew it and also sometimes make it into an intoxicating beverage, and in almost every village we saw the long tree-trunks with some ten or twelve

holes hollowed out in them, each capable of holding some five pints, in which the peeled and cut-up sugar-cane is pounded by the women. The juice thus pressed out is left to ferment for three days.

Of wild plants turned to account by the Wakikuyu I may mention the ricinus or castor-oil, from the fruit of which they



POMBE MAKING IN KIKUYULAND.

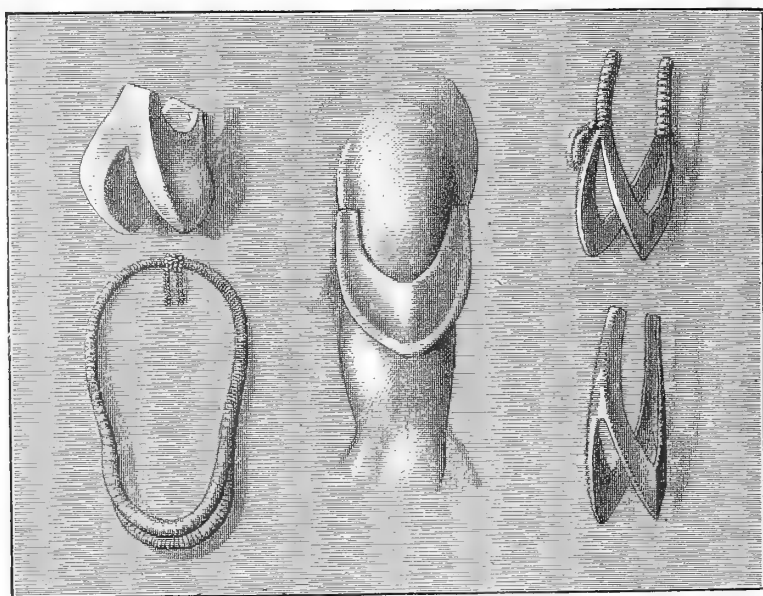
press out a brown oil used to smear the body in illness, and the *Eriosema erythrocarpon*, one of the leguminosæ, which yields a dark yellow dye.¹

The Wakikuyu are not only zealous agriculturists, they also keep bees and breed cattle, sheep, poultry, and goats—occasionally castrating the rams—which they are willing to

¹ Great quantities of this plant, which grows wild in Eden and Harar, and is cultivated in Southern Yemen under the name of *wars*, are exported every year to India.

sell, though it is difficult to get them to part with their cattle.

The lively, restless temperament of the Wakikuyu is far more indicative of their relation to the great Bantu stock than their physical appearance, which resembles that of the Masai. Though seldom above a medium height they are well built, muscular, and strong. Their characters vary very much. Their natural complexion is a rather dark brown, but the fat



ARM ORNAMENTS OF THE WAKIKUYU.

with which they smear themselves makes it look red. Their clothes and ornaments are very like those of the Masai and the Wakamba.

The young men wear their hair arranged in several different styles, but chiefly in that already described in speaking of the Wataweta and Masai. They are fond of binding quantities of feathers from the breast of the guinea-fowl or the wild dove round their heads, so that they look as if they grew there. Boys

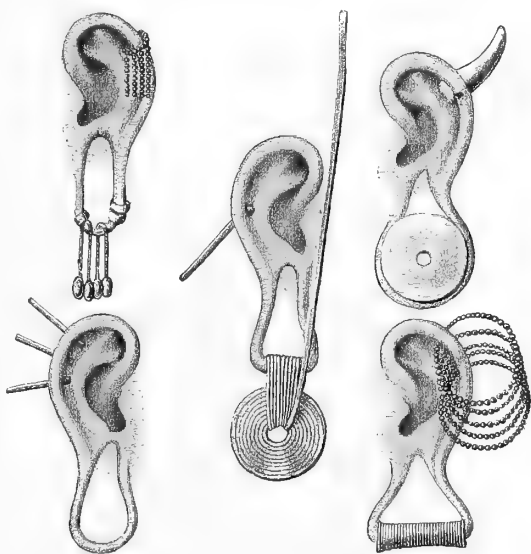
and older men have their hair cut short at a certain stage of growth, whilst young girls leave only a circular cap-like patch of hair on the top of their heads. Both sexes remove all the hair from the body.

The men, though the temperature is often low, wear no garments but a piece of goat-skin fastened on the right shoulder, and scarcely covering the upper portion of the body, and a heart-shaped bit of leather hanging down the back from a thin string worn round the neck. When it rains this bit of leather is turned up to protect the head. Very often even this scanty wardrobe is found oppressive, and the young men especially are fond of rolling up the mantle and wearing it as a girdle.

The women wear an apron of tanned and dressed kid-skin fastened round the waist, which comes down to the thighs or knees, whilst in

cold or rainy weather they supplement it with a second and larger leather garment, falling from the throat to the knees.

The Wakikuyu load ears, neck, arms, loins, and legs with ornaments, most of them imitations of those worn by the Masai. The rims of the upper portions of the ears are pierced and the lobes distended for the reception of slips of wood, wire, &c. ; on the left arm the men wear bracelets of ivory buffalo-horn or wood, and round their bodies row upon row of dark-blue beads,



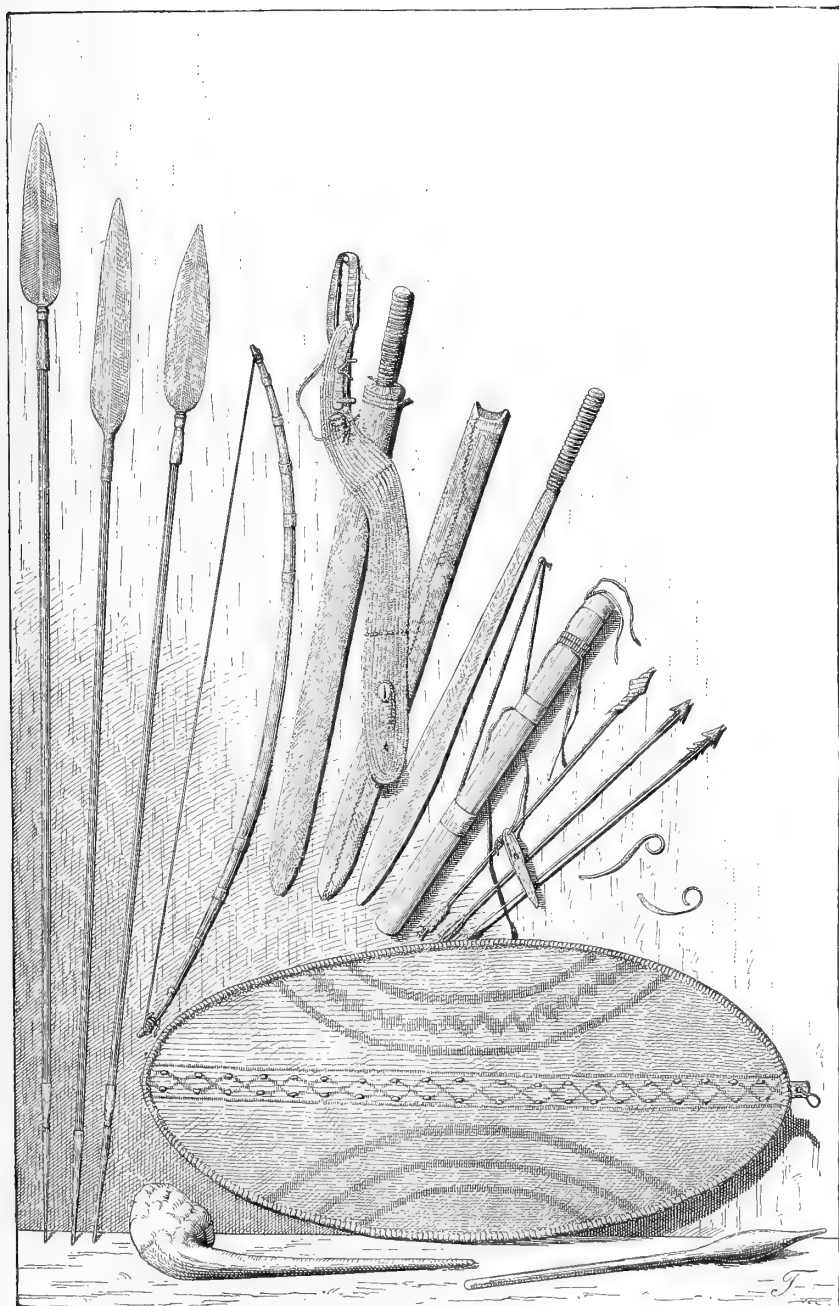
EAR ORNAMENTS OF THE WAKIKUYU.

or leather girdles stitched with beads. Beads made of gleaming black, cinnabar-red, or pale-yellow coloured grains of various cereals are also met with.

The Wakikuyu weapons are spears, bows and arrows, long swords, wooden clubs, and two kinds of shields, both made of buffalo hides, and adorned in front with black, white, and red designs. The more modern shields resemble almost exactly those of the Masai, whilst the older ones are longer and narrower. The leather quivers hold from ten to fifteen arrows, the points of which are generally of iron, more rarely of wood hardened by fire, but they are nearly all poisoned. The swords have double-edged blades, often several feet long, and are carried in a handsome sheath stuck on the right side into a leather belt some four or five inches wide. In the same belt are worn one or two prettily decorated little clubs, serving apparently as mere ornaments, for those used in battle are roughly cut in knotty wood. Nearly every Mkikuyu carries a walking-stick, thicker at the bottom than at the top, and as high, if not higher, than a man, a custom we noticed amongst the Masai, and later also amongst the Wakamba. Judging from their weapons, these people are very skilful smiths.

Both sexes chew tobacco and take snuff, keeping the latter in prettily shaped little cases made of ivory, horn, or nuts, which they wear round their necks.

There is not the same marked difference between the married and unmarried in Kikuyuland as amongst the Masai. The old men take part in war, and the warriors are allowed to marry and yet remain warriors; in other words, to gorge themselves with food and stalk about idly all day long, looking upon work as altogether beneath their dignity. The young men remain in their fathers' kraals, but in huts set apart for them, and free intercourse prevails between the sexes whilst both are still unmarried.

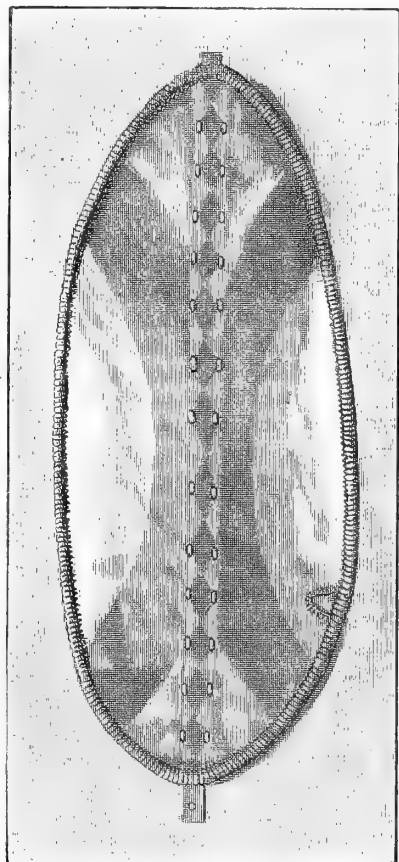


WEAPONS OF THE WAKIKUYU.



There is no one ruler of the whole of Kikuyuland, nor, indeed, of separate districts, though perhaps the two head leibons may be looked upon as representative of the entire population. Each valley is independent of every other, and has four elders of its own, namely one Samaki or chief, one deputy chief, one leibon, and one lygonani. As amongst the Masai, the last named, who is generally an old warrior, is the spokesman in council and the leader in war, but his actual power is very small according to European notions.

It is the business of the Samaki to see that punishment is administered in case of crime, and amongst the penalties inflicted are the following. If murder or manslaughter has been committed, a fine of 100 oxen must be paid, the relations of the guilty man helping if necessary. A Mkikuyu has the right of life and death over his own slaves, but if he kills one belonging to another he is fined four oxen, which is a noteworthy fact, as the price of a



AN OLD-FASHIONED KIKUYU SHIELD.

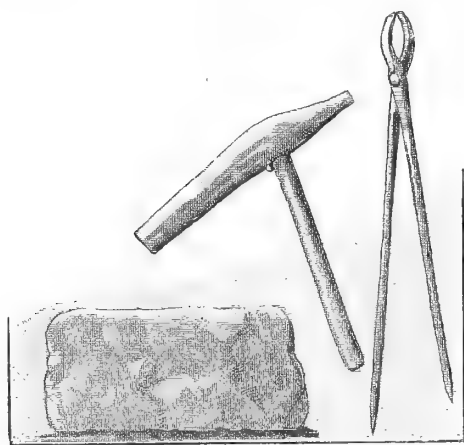
living slave is seldom more than a couple of sheep. For every sheep or oxen stolen, ten have to be given back, but if a number of men combine to carry off an ox, each one need pay one only, and if a man is detected in theft and

slain by the owner of the property, the latter is not punished at all.

The Wakikuyu marry, or rather buy, as many wives as they can afford, and there do not seem to be any special marriage ceremonies. Funerals are conducted in the simplest manner also, a feast for which an ox or sheep is sacrificed alone marking a death. The dead are buried in their own ground, but those without friends or relations are left lying

where they die. All the boys are circumcised in the Masai fashion.

Goats and sheep are killed by strangling, so that no blood may be shed; oxen are slain, as by the Masai, by a stab from a knife or spear in the nape of the neck, after the animal has been already half stifled by the tying up of the mouth and nostrils.



TOOLS OF A KIKUYU SMITH.

It is difficult to get any insight into the religious feelings of the natives, the only outer and visible sign of which are a few amulets made of little bundles of horn or wood, &c. We saw no fetiches, no sacred spots, but there is little doubt that the Wakikuyu believe in something higher than themselves. Generally speaking, this something has no corporeal form, and represents nothing more than a vague feeling after the wonderful and incomprehensible, but in the present case it has a certain personality, for it is supposed to dwell upon Kilimnara or Kenia. Whether the natives here do or do not believe in a future state, we were unable to ascertain.

We only traversed the southern portion of the land inhabited by the Wakikuyu, and, as far as we can tell from data obtained, it stretches to the eastern base of Kenia and northwards to the equator. The portion traversed by us is framed by the districts of Muimbi, Kitu, Embu, Dianyū, Daicho, and Meru, and the hitherto unexplored course of the Guaso Nagut probably forms the northern boundary, the rest of the country resembling most likely in every respect that part explored by us.

CHAPTER VI

STAY AT NDORO. ASCENT OF MOUNT KENIA. JOURNEY THROUGH
LEIKIPIA AND TRIP TO LAKE BARINGO*From October 8 to December 7, 1887*

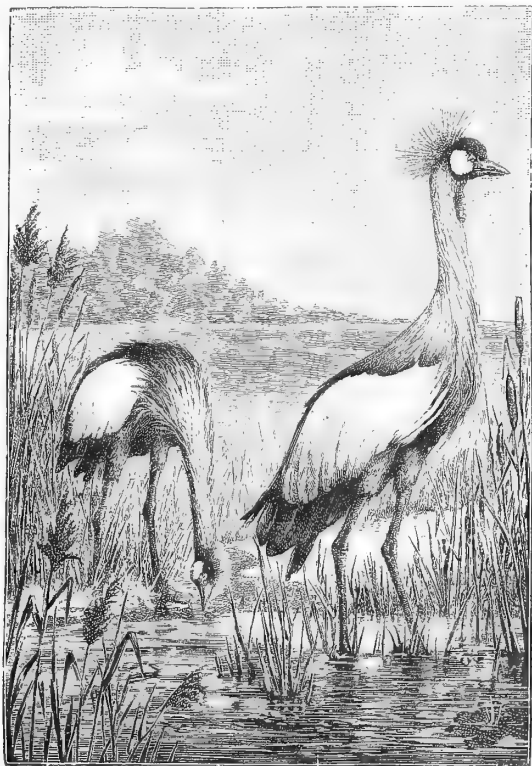
A quiet time at the foot of Mount Kenia—A Kikuyu Leibon—Purchase of food—We get more rain than we want—The Count starts for Mount Kenia—Result of rain on the appearance of the country—Count Teleki's ascent of Kenia—My trip to the bamboo thicket—Four lions—Our further plans—Count Teleki goes on in advance—A false alarm—We meet on the Guaso Nyiro—Along the Aberdare mountains—Masai on the war-path—Nomad Masai—On the Marmannett mountains—To Lare lol Morio—Lekibes, Leibon of Leikipia—Division of the Expedition—Along the Guaso Nyiro—Return to Lare—My march to Lake Baringo—First sight of the lake—Bad news

OUR lonely Ndoro camp was not in particularly beautiful scenery, for though strictly speaking at the base of Kenia, it was near the depression between that mountain and the Aberdare range, with grassy heights sloping up almost imperceptibly on the west to the broken many-peaked masses of the latter, and on the east to the single dome of the former. On the north stretched an undulating steppe, and near by on the south-east flowed a little brook, bordered on the further side by thick bush. The short rainy season was now approaching. The woods were in their autumn foliage and the dry grass of the steppes was of a greyish-yellow colour. About a hundred paces off in a shallow ravine was a little swamp overgrown with water-lilies and rushes, to which snipe and cranes (*Balearica pavonina*) came down now and then, whilst the croaking of frogs was continuous. Otherwise the

district seemed deserted alike by men and animals, so that we were at last able to enjoy that rest in the wilderness for which we had longed so often in the previous weeks.

Our arrival, of course, brought a little animation into the scene, and all were soon busily engaged in clearing a place for our camp, cutting down trees for the palisade necessary to our security, building huts for the men, stables for the numerous animals, and store-houses for the goods and the provisions we should have to collect for our further journey to Lake Baringo. We ourselves stuck to our tents, which we preferred to a hut as we suffered so much less from vermin in them. These tents we pitched facing Kenia, so that we might look at it when-

ever the cloud canopy generally shrouding it from view was lifted. When we first got to Ndoro we usually got a peep in the early morning and at sunset, but only a peep lasting a few minutes. The general appearance of the mountain was very much what it had been from Kikuyuland, except that the outlines were more defined, especially those of the steep slopes



BALEARICA PAVONINA.

of the central pyramid and the rocky culminating peak. The western side is so precipitous that snow can only remain on it here and there, and on this account the Masai call it the Oldonyo egere, or the spotted mountain.¹ Kenia, the Wakamba name, means simply the big mountain, and, as already stated, the Wakikuyu call it Kilimara.

It was not until late the next morning that the quiet of our camp, now in complete order, was broken, by the arrival of a number of Wakikuyu with food for sale; unfortunately only enough for our daily needs, and when we said we should have liked more, we were told the harvest had failed.

A daily distraction which always delighted us afresh was the return home from pasture of our flocks and herds. It was pleasant to watch the joy of the mother cows at getting back to their young, and now and then we had an addition to our family of animals. We took care to count the cattle, &c., every day when they came back, to check any disposition of our men to add a little beef to their daily rations. We had now always plenty of fresh milk, but not any too much, as so many of our people were suffering from dysentery.

The natives also brought eight grey donkeys for sale, which were as welcome as they were unexpected, for of the fifty-nine with which we had entered Kikuyuland, only twenty-three remained, and of the twenty-five we had bought on the coast, not one had survived. In spite of this terrible mortality, however, I would still advocate the use of donkeys in districts where it is difficult to get enough food for porters.

On October 13 we had yet another visitor from Kikuyu in the person of an infirm old man, who brought with him a goat and a pot of honey in the hope that we would make rain. He explained that he was the Leibon of the frontier district, and hearing of our magic power, he had not shrunk from the long

¹ The Masai also call it the Oldonyo ebor, or black mountain.—TRANS.

journey, but had come to beg us to extend to his land the boon so richly conferred on others. As a matter of course we did not fail to turn such a favourable opportunity to account. To begin with, Jumbe Kimemeta, who had grown grey in negotiations of a similar kind, replied that the great white medicine-man would have nothing to do with the matter. He had granted rain again and again, yet when the ground was saturated, the Wakikuyu behaved badly, repaying all the Leibon's trouble with ingratitude. He and his fellow medicine-men must now see what they could do. At last, after much persuasion, the white Leibon was induced to think about it, and our visitor was promised that an appeal should be made to Ngai, whose dwelling was on the cloud-capped summit of Kilimara. But that was a long way off, and meanwhile we must not be allowed to be hungry, but must be supplied with plenty of food by the Wakikuyu. Overjoyed with the result of his mission the poor old Leibon hastened back to do his best to get his people to bring us provisions.

Meanwhile Count Teleki was pressing on with his preparations for the ascent of Kenia, and started on the morning of the 17th with Maktubu, Bedue, the Somal, Mahommed Seiff, and Juma Yussuf, and forty porters, each of the latter carrying provisions for eight days. Twenty-four sheep were also driven with them, as these animals stand continuous marching better than goats can. Gladly would I have gone too, but I was not in a fit condition for such a journey.

Soon after the Count had left, a large party of Wakikuyu came into camp laden with provisions, and almost immediately heavy rain clouds darkened the sky. The rain, however, still held back, though a change in the weather was evidently imminent, and just as the old Leibon reappeared the next morning at the head of some three hundred of his people bringing food, the downpour began, which lasted for a good

hour. Grey, and trembling with the cold, but at the same time greatly delighted, the venerable medicine-man led forward a fat black cow and asked for Count Teleki. This was just what our people wanted, and Jumbe Kimemeta, Kijanja, Juma Mussa, and everyone else who could speak Kikuyu, cried with one voice, 'What ! you ask for the Count when you are wet to the knees ; where should the white Leibon be but with Ngai on Kilimara ? Who but he gave the rain ? ' and so they went on, the old Leibon listening delighted, and promising as much food as we could eat.

We bought 3,500 rations that day, and although the natives had been weeks collecting all these stores, they sold them at the very cheap rate of three or four rations for a string of beads. The next day, though it rained in torrents, fresh piles of fruit were brought in, and it was all we could do to stitch the sacks up quickly enough in which were packed the maize, beans, &c. The green bananas, yams, and potatoes were served out as rations then and there.

The rain still continued to pour down day after day, only stopping from about one to three o'clock, and noting this, it was presently my turn to try my hand at controlling the weather. On the 21st some 150 Kikuyu women came into camp, and it seemed as if the flood-gates of heaven were opened, for our camp was half under water. This was too much of a good thing, and now the old Leibon came to beg me to make it fine whilst the market was being held. As it was then nearly one o'clock, I at once ventured to promise it would soon stop raining, adding that I must just have time to communicate with the head Leibon on Kilimara. Sure enough the powers were propitious ; it cleared up at one, and the market was held without rain.

As our visitors came from a long distance, they got through their business quickly and went home again, but the old Leibon



KENIA FROM OUR CAMP AT NDORO.



stopped in camp, as he was anxious to wait till Count Teleki's return to secure his help in the concoction of certain powerful medicines. I had been careful to give him nothing, lest I should stop the supply of provisions.

Meanwhile Jumbe Kimemeta was getting anxious about his ivory trading. Ten of his men, who had been scouring the country for five days, had returned, saying they had seen neither Wandorobbo, Masai, nor Wakikuyu, although, according to their own account, they had travelled an immense distance. The next morning Kijanja, who prided himself on his knowledge of the country, went off with four men to see what he could do. Just before he left, we had been warned that the Wakikuyu of the north-western frontier were contemplating an attack on our camp. We suspected at once that our cattle were what they really wanted, and as our herds were out at pasture some distance off, we thought it best to send some twenty men out to protect them. We had already, in view of a possible attack, set up a very high palisade round the camp, but prepared as we were for eventualities, the sudden sound of firing in the afternoon in the direction of our herds took us aback. It was good to see how eagerly the order 'To arms' was responded to, and with what haste the men rushed out to take part in the fray. But it soon turned out that the alarm was caused by nothing more serious than the firing of a few shots by Kijanja and his people in their delight at finding the Wandorobbo at last. Kijanja had gone as far as Subugo, a district on the northern base of the Aberdare range, and there had met the trading caravan which had accompanied us as far as Turuka. He told us that there was plenty of ivory to be had there, and, as witnesses to the truth of what he said, he rather thoughtlessly brought back with him ten Masai moran, whose appearance in camp, of course, put an end to our amicable relations with the Wakikuyu. We begged the

unwelcome warriors to go away again and to leave our native friends in peace, but it was too late; the mischief was done; none of the Wakikuyu dared enter the camp without the escort of some of our people, and for the next few days no provisions were brought in at all.

Although we still had a good deal of rain, it was not so continuous or so heavy as it had been, and we were anxious for dry weather now, our camp being converted into a swamp, causing much suffering to our animals, especially to the goats, who are very sensitive to damp.

An incidental and fortunate result of the wet weather was that the wild animals, instead of collecting about the watering places, were now dispersed over the whole country, eagerly cropping the fresh young grass. Now and then some of them approached our camp, and one afternoon a little herd of zebras came so near that I was able to fire at them quite easily. I wounded three, one of which fell, whilst the other two went off. Of these two, one had a hind leg broken, and as I was too weak to go after it, I told the Somal to follow it and despatch it with the knife. Although the Somal were very fleet of foot, the wounded animal seemed likely to escape them, springing off with apparently renewed vigour whenever they thought they could catch it, and presently the chase was joined by three hyenas, who also followed the game, snapping at its throat and nostrils, apparently determined to wrest it from its human enemies. However, in the end it was our men who gave it its death-stroke and brought it home. Early the next morning we were woken by the unusual sound of the howling of a number of hyenas, and witnessed at a distance of some 800 paces from the camp, a struggle going on between a wounded zebra, probably the third of those I had hit the day before, and some thirty hyenas. The end of the struggle was not doubtful, but we did not actually see it.

The change brought about in our surroundings by the rain was charming. Woods and fields, which had been so dry and dreary-looking, were bursting everywhere with fresh life and clothed with vivid green. The once barren Ngoro was converted for a time into a perfect garden, and this sudden awakening of nature was one of the most beautiful things we witnessed in the course of our whole journey. The district was now a regular paradise for the botanist, and I noticed especially an immense number of bulbous plants which would have delighted the heart of a collector.

It must, however, have been different in the lofty regions of Kenia where Count Teleki now was. The mountain was continuously shrouded in heavy clouds, the peak appearing but seldom, and then only for a few moments at a time. Masses of snow, extending far down the slopes, betrayed what the state of things must be on the heights. All these made me very anxious for the Count's return, and I was indeed glad to welcome him back when he appeared at last on the afternoon of the 25th in good health and spirits. Contrary to my expectations, the trip had been perfectly successful; Kenia having been ascended to a height of 15,355 feet, and the nature of its crater and slopes ascertained. Only about two or three thousand feet still await their conqueror.

Count Teleki gave me the following account of his expedition.

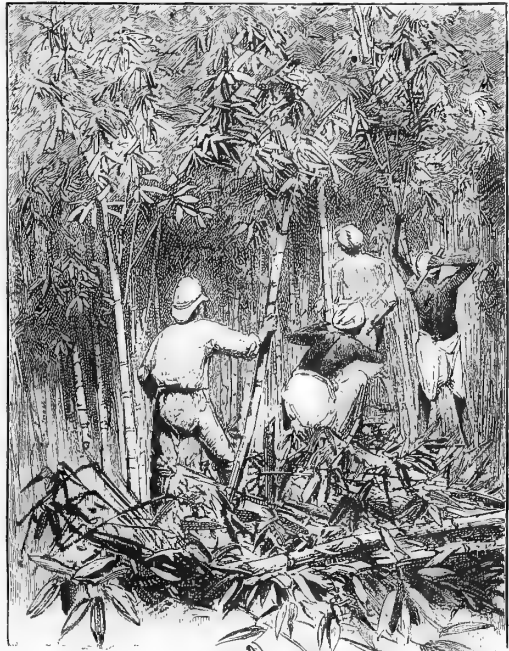
‘On October 17 we marched towards Kenia in a northeasterly direction, crossing three small brooks and camping by the last. In the ravines of the brooks grew various coniferous trees mostly resembling the *arbor vitæ* variety, but on the slopes of the mountain the only vegetation was coarse steppe grass. A good many zebras, elands, and kobus antelopes or water-bucks—we had seen none of the last since we left Lake Nyiri—were met with near the clumps of trees, and the presence even of elephants was betrayed by the noise of the cracking of branches.

‘The peak of Kenia was wrapped in heavy clouds the whole time, and in the afternoon a storm, accompanied with thunder, broke above our heads, the scattered woods seeming to draw nearer to us and to form one unbroken belt. Just before sunset the roaring of two lions lead me to go off hunting, but I did not see them after all.

‘The next day we marched alternately across little clearings and through woods denser than those lower down, but not so dense as those on Kilimanjaro, though the trunks of the trees are loftier. The undergrowth is nothing like so thick here, and the quantities of moss and interlacing creepers are also wanting, so that there were really no difficulties in this part of the march, and the forest belt was crossed in an hour. At a height of about 7,800 feet begins the bamboo thicket, at first consisting only of pliant cylinders, which, however, grow as closely together as reeds, and would be quite impassable if a path had not been trodden through them by elephants and buffaloes. And even as it was we often had to use the axe and to part the bamboo stems, dripping wet with rain, with our outstretched arms, a most arduous and exhausting task.

‘A little before noon we reached a small brook and camped. We were now at a height of about 8,600 feet, but there were still a great many wild animals, and we were surprised to see numerous long-tailed apes (? *Colobus guereza*) and a leopard which suddenly announced its presence with a growl quite close to us, only however to disappear in the thicket again immediately. The stillness of the woods was often broken by the shrill cry of whole flocks of green-feathered red-cheeked parrots, of the size of doves, with green plumage dashed with red about the head. We also noticed several gallinaceous birds about the size of a wood-grouse, with a reddish-brown white-spotted breast, rather like a tailless pheasant, but it was impossible to bring any of them down.

‘The next morning our path led through more bamboo thickets and it poured with rain all the time. The higher we got the thicker grew the stems, and the more arduous was the work of forcing a passage. Not until the last hour did little clearings here and there facilitate our progress. At the beginning of this tramp we had to cross a stream more than 18 feet wide, and towards noon we came to another little brook and camped by it for the night. We were now at an altitude of about 10,000 feet at the upper edge of the belt of bamboo, beyond which various trees appear, chiefly of the coniferous variety frequently met with on Kilimanjaro, with willow-like but stiff foliage. We did not again notice bamboos and trees growing together. The fog and rain had thus far made it quite impossible to take our bearings, and I had to depend entirely on my compass.



BAMBOO THICKET ON KENIA.

‘On the 20th the ascent became noticeably steeper. At a height of about 10,170 feet we left the bamboo thicket behind ; at 10,500 feet trees became much less numerous, and beyond that only a few isolated specimens occurred. A kind of swamp grass growing in little clumps, various *Lobeliaceæ*, one of

which bore flowers not unlike those of the European sage, ferns, and other flowerless plants covered the swampy slopes of the mountain. It rained constantly on this march; the temperature was + 8° Centigrade, and the condition of our men, who were grey and shivering with the cold, led me to decide on halting before noon. We were now at a height of 11,600 feet, and as I meant to make the rest of the ascent alone, I let the men build good huts here. There was plenty of wood, moss, &c., but everything reeked with damp, and it was a long time before we could light our first fire.

‘It cleared a little in the afternoon, and I was able to take a few observations to help me in the further climb. I found that the course we had taken had been by no means badly chosen, as we had reached the base of the loftiest peak of the mountain. Further up I came to many perpendicular precipices, but I always found room to climb between them. The slopes were, in many places, dotted with remarkable isolated column-like pieces of rocks from 60 to 160 feet high. From nearly every cleft of the mountain flowed a little brook on the swampy banks of which grew various plants, chiefly Lobeliaceæ, with others resembling the *Senecio Johnstonii*, mosses and ferns. The occurrence of numbers of a kind of *Nectarinia*,¹ ten or twelve appearing at once, was remarkable at this height. Mahommed brought me a nest with a young one in it. I put it on the grass in front of the tent in the hope of enticing the parents to it, and was rewarded by the appearance of the male in all the beauty of his bridal plumage.

‘On the 21st I tried to go further up the mountain with a few men, but fog and rain soon compelled me to return.

‘After a night during which the thermometer fell for the

¹ Dr. L. L. R. von Libeman, curator of the zoological department of the Natural History Museum in Vienna, named these birds *Nectarinia Deckeni*, after Baron von der Decken.

first time to 0° Centigrade, a moderately clear morning broke, and I started once more with Maktubu, Mahommed, and ten men. As I had no intention of spending the night higher up, we did not have to take tents, covers, &c. We were off at six minutes past four, and after an hour's stiff march halted to collect firewood, for which the dry stems of the *Senecio Johnstonii*, still plentiful here, though of rare and isolated occurrence higher up, served admirably. We then pushed steadily on up a very steep ridge clothed with moss a foot deep, having all the time on the left the bed of a somewhat important stream fed by countless little rills trickling between the ferns and under the moss and giving the slopes of the mountain quite a swampy character. At a height of 13,100 feet we saw the last examples of animal life of any size: a humming-bird, a pretty thrush-like bird, and a light-brown hairy tailless marmot. We came here, too, upon newly fallen snow which, as it thawed, still further increased the difficulties of climbing.

‘At ten o’clock we had reached an altitude of 13,600 feet. My barefooted companions were suffering terribly from cold, although the thermometer marked +7° Centigrade, so I decided to climb the rest of the way alone. After a good meal I left all the men but Mahommed Seiff, who would not be left behind, round their fires, and started at noon, reaching at half-past two the top of the ridge we had all along been climbing. For the last hour we had been passing over hardened ice, covered with a layer of fresh snow a foot deep. Different varieties of *Senecio* and luxuriant patches of moss occurred as far up as the snow line, which is at a height of about 14,750 feet. The ridge which at first had led direct for the summit had, during the last hour's march, turned off towards the south-east, and it now became clear that we ought really to have chosen the ridge on the right bank of the stream, as that leads straight up to the top. From where I stood, however, I could tell that

we could only have done so with very great difficulty, the bank on that side rising perpendicularly to a height of some 300 to 450 feet. An equally deep ravine which would, however, have been easier to scale, and part of the wall of the crater alone separated me now from the crater itself, but as that wall was lower than where I stood, my view was not interrupted.

‘The Kenia crater must be from 10,000 to 12,000 feet in circumference, and the bottom, which is pretty uniformly covered with snow and ice, is some 650 feet lower than the rim. The melted snow in the crater finds an outlet at the foot of the wall of rock and feeds the brook along which I had ascended. It would not have been difficult to climb to the crater, but I hesitated on account of the loose débris on the wall being covered with a deep layer of snow. On my left rose the rugged peak of Kenia, all that was left of the original cone. From its steep sides quantities of ice must often roll down to form the chaotic masses piled up at its base. The columnar-like phonolithic rock of the highest peak is of a light-brown colour, and the actual peak is split and rises up in two pillars. The western slopes are exceedingly abrupt, but towards the north-east and the interior of the crater the declivities are gentler. These slopes are covered with a uniform mantle of snow. On the north-east side of the crater-brim rises an unimportant snow-capped peak with apparently a steep outer slope. On the south and east certain portions of the inner crater-wall are quite perpendicular and free from ice, but elsewhere these walls slope down to the bottom of the crater at a gentle angle. On my right at the outer base of the western crater-wall was a little lake, the extent of which southwards I could not make out from where I stood, on account of the intervening walls of rock, but an outlet would only be possible on the south. According to the reading of my aneroid I was now at a height of 15,355 feet above the sea-level, and

this figure can be looked upon as the approximate height which this part, the truncated cone, of Kenia reaches. Fog very soon began to gather and the temperature varying between $+4.5^{\circ}$ and $+7^{\circ}$ Centigrade tried my companion too much, so after taking some boiling-point observations, I started at three o'clock to return to my people, passing on the way another little lake with a westerly trend which had escaped my notice going up. We did not stop anywhere again, but got back to the tent about six o'clock in the evening.

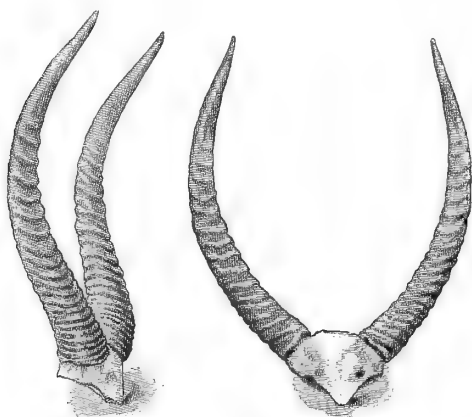
‘The next morning we returned to our old camping-place in the bamboo thicket, and on the way down I was fortunate enough to shoot a dwarf gazelle covered with greyish-brown hair. On the 24th we reached our lowest Kenia camp, and the next day started for Ndoro, finding the scenery wonderfully improved by the quantities of rain which had fallen, the previously barren steppes being now bright with fresh green grass and many-hued flowers. The wet weather had also driven the wild animals down to the plains; countless herds of buffaloes, zebras, and antelopes were roaming about them, and the lions dwelling in the numerous caves at the base of the mountain must have been having a very good time of it.’

So far Count Teleki. Of course our stay in Ndoro was now nearly at an end, the supplies of food from the Wakikuyu had almost ceased during the last few days, and it would not do to depend on any considerable increase in the stores already collected. It was time to break up our camp, and I could not resist my longing to see something of Kenia from a little nearer, so I begged for three days' delay so that I might at least get as far as the belt of forest and the bamboo thicket.

It rained unceasingly the day of the Count's return, and the morning of the 27th was dull and threatening, but I could not bear to delay, and started for Kenia with Maktubu as guide and thirty men. After a long march over grassy, gently

ascending slopes, through scattered bush haunted by kobus and other antelopes, wild boars, &c., we passed Count Teleki's first camping-place at noon, and pressing on, halted at a little clearing on the edge of a ravine overgrown with vegetation, where Count Teleki had advised us to camp, as he had heard lions roaring hard by. But the march had pretty well exhausted my newly recovered strength, and I was completely done for when we reached the spot.

I had, however, shot a kobus antelope on the way, so that the men were in capital spirits, eager to get a hedge up round the camp, so as to begin their cooking. These halts in the wilderness with a small party are really among the pleasantest of our reminiscences of the journey.



HORNS OF KOBUS ANTELOPE.

Lower and lower crept the fog from the mountain top, and soon the rain came down in one continuous torrent. But this did not damp our ardour at all, only higher and higher rose the flames from the fires, and closer

and closer gathered the groups about them, whilst the *wasumgumsu* or talk became more intimate and pathetic. But now the shades of night are falling, and the time approaches when we may expect to hear the voice of the lion or of the leopard. The voices sink to whispers, and then gradually cease. But there seems after all to be no danger, for not a sound breaks the silence of the wood, and the chattering begins again more eagerly than ever, the men talking about their wives and children, Zanzibar, and so on, till suddenly a

terrible roar from the neighbouring ravine strikes them all dumb, whilst the only answer to the challenge is the flinging of fresh fuel upon the fires, the leaping up of higher, brighter flames, but there is an end to conversation, and all is still in camp now.

After a night of continuous rain, the morning broke fairly clear, and in spite of my aching limbs I was up and off betimes with Maktubu and a few men in the hope of reaching the bamboo district. We had only been a few minutes on the way when the roar of a lion not far off brought us to a standstill. I must explain that it is extremely difficult to tell from his voice how far off the king of beasts is. One minute you think he is at your elbow, and the next, as the echoes of his roar roll through the woods beyond, you fancy he is at a considerable distance. This time he was by the brook, about 400 paces off. We hastened there to find deep footprints in the sand, with the water in them still in motion, but we saw nothing else, and another roar soon told us that the huge creature had taken flight. We heard him yet once again from a long way off, which decided us not to follow him, as it would have delayed us too much. We marched slowly upwards through a beautiful old forest, reaching, in about an hour, the edge of the bamboo thicket, entering which walking became anything but a pleasure, the stems being very close together with only here and there a little clearing. Once we were just going to step into such an opening when we saw a solitary old buffalo bull lying on the grass at about forty paces off. He gazed at us in astonishment for a moment, and then got up. But my 500 Express was already in position; a shot at the shoulder brought him down, and he lay motionless on his side. I was about to rush towards him when Maktubu urged me to fire again first, as buffaloes are so marvellously tenacious of life that it is impossible ever to be sure they are really dead. As this was the first buffalo I

had had to deal with, I took his advice, but I had scarcely raised my gun before the animal was on his legs again opposite to us. After a second shot in the shoulder he fell once more, and lay with outstretched legs. We felt sure he was dead now, but he got up, though evidently in great suffering, and went slowly off, taking no notice of us. For a few moments he was hidden by the bushes between us, but directly he reappeared I greeted him with a charge from my elephant-gun. For a third time he went down, but rallied yet again, and the next moment he had disappeared in the bamboo thicket. After these proofs of his marvellous vitality, I thought it wise not to go after him at once, so I lit a pipe and waited, whilst the men cut down the papyrus stems we meant to take with us. About half an hour later we went in search of the buffalo, but though we saw a great deal of blood, the spoor was often interrupted by pools of water, and in the end we went back to the camp without finding him.

During a short hunting excursion in the afternoon, I came upon a little family of forest antelopes, father, mother, and child, but unfortunately I was only able to bring down the mother. We saw very few forest antelopes on our journey, and this was the first we killed. When alarmed or dying, these animals give a loud cry, not unlike the bleating of a calf. The female I shot was of a much lighter colour than the male, and the characteristic white spots on the hind legs and face were very faint.

On the 29th we started to return to Ndoro. The night had been cold and clear, and the march in the early morning freshness amongst the blossoming shrubs and bushes was perfectly delightful. We saw numerous herds of buffaloes at a little distance off, and zebras roamed by hundreds on either side of our path. Wishing to give my people a good feed before we got back to camp, I left them behind and went off hunting

some zebras. I had cocked my gun and was just about to fire when I heard muffled cries of 'Bwana! Bwana!' from my people, who were some 200 paces behind me. I looked round and, noticing that the men were beckoning to me, I uncocked my weapon and hastened back to find the cause of alarm to be four lions, two males, a female, and a cub, hurrying along some few hundred paces off. They had been making for the same group of zebras as myself, but my appearance had startled them. We saw no other lions but these on this trip.

We resumed our march after this incident, and about noon reached the Ndoro camp, where all had been going on as usual, except that the supply of provisions had ceased, the natives being still afraid of the Masai they had seen with us. The old Leibon, however, still remained in camp, as he had not yet got the medicine he wanted. We told him we must have a big market before his wishes could be gratified.

He promised us one, and both sides nobly fulfilled their obligations. The market was held, and soon afterwards he was in possession of some of all our remedies for suffering. His requirements made rather a formidable list. Of course rain medicine came first, then he must have a medicine against all enemies in general, and one against the Masai in particular, one against cattle disease, one to keep the birds off the fields, and so on. But we were equal to every emergency, and produced old cocoa tins, mustard, alum, slips of paper, and so on, winding up with a bottle of effervescing water, which he put to his lips in fear and trembling, yet with eager curiosity, and emptied. To wind up in the most approved African fashion we spat in his face and on his chest and hands, and who was happier than he at that moment? Gladly would he have seen at once the working of our remedies, but we assured him that they would not take effect for eight days, as we must first communicate with the great Ngai on Kenia.

We were now ready to start, and every day we lingered at Ndoro was but lost time. Our flocks and herds had been reduced by one thing and another to some 40 oxen and 400 sheep and goats, of which it would be necessary to take the greatest care, now that we were about to pass through districts tenanted only by nomad tribes or agriculturists, themselves in want of food. The animals were of special value to us Europeans who lived almost entirely on the flesh of sheep and goats, and to our Somal whose religion required them rather to starve than to eat the flesh of any long-necked animal,¹ or of any creature killed without the ceremonies ordered by their code of ritual. So far it had been difficult to get enough small animals to meet all our requirements, but now we hoped, especially as all the sickly sheep and goats had either died or been slaughtered, that we should be able to manage to avoid losing any more.

Our stock of beans, maize, millet, &c., would, moreover, last from twenty to twenty-four days, and it would only take us fourteen or eighteen days to get to Nyemps, a Wakwafi settlement on the south of Lake Baringo, where we were told we should be able to obtain a fresh supply of provisions. We could therefore make our minds easy about this trip, only we had to keep our promise to Jumbe Kimemeta to let him have a chance of buying ivory in Leikipia, and were also anxious ourselves to explore the so far unknown course of the Guaso Nyiro, and to determine the position of a certain Lake Lorian through which it was said to flow.

According to Kimemeta, Subugo, inhabited by Masai and Wandorobbo, where he hoped to buy plenty of ivory, was situated in the highlands about half way to Lake Baringo. He would want two or three weeks for his purchases, and as

¹ The camel is an exception, but the flesh of the zebra or of any creature resembling an ass is *haram* or forbidden.

we could not stop in such a poor district so long with the whole caravan, we decided to leave a portion only there, and press on with the main body to Nyemps. Some of the men left behind at Subugo were to be sent to explore the Guaso Nyiro, whilst those who arrived first at Nyemps were to get everything ready for the further journey to the unknown districts north of Lake Baringo, so that when we were once all together again there might be no further delays.

All this sounded simple, but it is rare indeed for such programmes to be successfully carried out, and our difficulties now were greatly increased by the fact that we had no map to help us. Information obtained is generally untrustworthy, and never to be relied on at all for more than a few days' distance. Out of hundreds of rumours and contradictory assertions it is all but impossible to get a definite idea of what is really before a caravan, and woe to the expedition the food and water supply of which is uncertain. Our Expedition would without doubt have been ruined a dozen times if we had not made a point of being always prepared for the worst.

A glance at our staff was enough to convince us that we should have to proceed in detachments, as with all the extra food we had to carry we could not hope to take all the loads on at once. So Count Teleki decided to press on two days in advance with the main body, leaving me behind at Ndoro with the rest of the loads and fifty men. He started on November 1.

During my absence on Kenia, the Count had discovered that the neighbouring swamp was haunted by numerous snipe, and he had been able to vary the monotony of the daily diet with them. I now gave up my two afternoons of waiting to sport, discovering that the swamp was also extremely rich in botanical treasures, including beautiful lotuses, with wild flowers growing in quantities near the edge.

I did not expect the porters who had gone with the Count

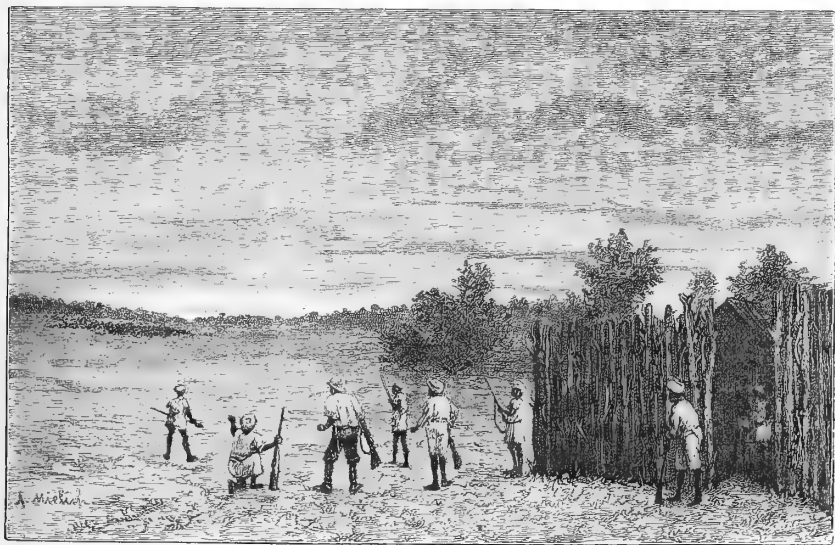
back till the third day, so I tried to turn the time to account by getting in some more food, sending ten men to the Wakikuyu to escort them to the camp if they were still afraid of the Masai. They returned late in the afternoon with the news that we might expect a market to be held the next day.

I must explain here that for some weeks we had had a guest in our camp in the person of a Masai or a Mkwafi, a so-called Neukop (it is almost impossible to distinguish between these two tribes¹), who had told us that he had been on a visit to some relations in Kikuyuland, and was waiting for his people, who would soon be coming to the pastures of Ndoro; he did not dare go alone to Angata Bus, where his brother was now staying. I had always had my suspicions of the fellow, and was very much vexed and dismayed when I found he had gone with my messengers to the Wakikuyu, and had actually remained with the latter. My own opinion was that he belonged to some of the Wakwafi settled on the borders of Kikuyuland, and was really a spy in their service. His not returning now gave colour to my suspicions.

All remained quiet until dinner-time, and I was just going to begin my lonely meal when some of my men rushed in with faces full of dismay to tell me that immense numbers of natives were coming down upon the camp from Kenia. The news was confirmed by Kharscho, whose expression showed how imminent he considered the danger. Knife and spoon were flung down, and with my Express rifle in my hand, I rushed out of the camp, as I could see nothing from it on account of the height of the palisade. A broad, black stream was certainly advancing upon us, and I had not a doubt of its being the Wakikuyu come to take the long-threatened vengeance. My little handful of men leant against the fence in breathless

¹ In the next chapter the author gives the previous history of the Wakwafi, showing that they and the Masai were originally one people.—TRANS.

expectation, gazing at the moving crowds, the numbers of which were ever on the increase. Presently they seemed to mass themselves together in a shallow ravine some 2,000 paces from us, then they divided into two parts, one making for the thicket on the south, the other surrounding us. Then the darkness hid them from our sight. I felt sure our guest had had something to do with it all; he had given notice perhaps of the division of the caravan, and it had been decided to attack the little remnant left at Ndoro.



IN ANXIOUS EXPECTATION.

Although our camp had a good fence, it was spread over too wide a surface for us to hope to be able to defend it against such overwhelming odds, I therefore hastily sent my men outside, dividing them into detachments, so as to distribute their strength until we saw where the attack was to be made, when we could concentrate them easily. I myself remained with Qualla, Kimemeta, and a few Somal at the spot from which we had first seen the approach of the enemy. Again and again

we were startled by the cry of some bird, which we took for the sound of a gun, or the croak of a frog, making us think the charge would be from the direction of the swamp. But we waited in vain; nothing happened, and we began to think it had been a false alarm after all; that the warriors were Masai about to make a raid on the Wakikuyu. Again, however, something convinced us that we were ourselves in peril; we hugged our weapons yet more closely, and peered yet more earnestly into the darkness. Heaven too, on which we had relied as our best helper, seemed about to fail us, for the full moon was hidden by clouds, and a heavy rain began to fall.

The time dragged slowly on, and I felt it was no use spending the whole night staring into the gloom, so I returned to my tent to finish up the cold remains of my interrupted repast. Then I paced slowly round the silent and deserted camp, mentally reviewing all that had occurred, now laughing at myself for being so easily alarmed, telling myself that most likely I had taken a herd of buffaloes for an armed force, now thinking that I had underrated the danger which threatened us. At midnight I decided to let half the men go to rest, whilst the other half kept watch. Tired out, I then flung myself upon my bed, and lulled by the monotonous cries of the guards and the perpetual drip, drip of the rain, I was soon sound asleep. The night had passed over quietly, and the only token of the past alarms was the reiterated cry of 'Heheu' from the sentinels. Qualla came to greet me with 'All right, not an enemy in sight,' and I, feeling sure that we had been victims of an illusion, merely replied by asking him to go out and look at the tracks left by the disturbers of our rest. Qualla, Kharscho, and Ali Mahommed shouldered their guns and went off for Kenia through the early morning fog.

November 2 passed over quietly but without the promised

market, and on the morning of the 3rd Maktubu returned with his hundred men.

As usual I received a letter from the Count, who was camped two marches off on the Guaso Nyiro. He had met on the first day a party of eighty Masai moran who were on their way to attack the Wakikuyu. As this was very much against our interests, Count Teleki tried to dissuade them from making a raid, and when they said they had eaten nothing for two days and must get oxen he promised to give them some himself. So they followed his caravan towards his first stopping-place on the most southerly tributary of the Guaso Nyiro. Just before they reached it, however, another troop of moran, this time some 150 strong, appeared, and Count Teleki had an amusing opportunity of seeing the courage of the dreaded cattle-lifters tested. Each party, taking the other for Wakikuyu, showed the greatest alarm; the new-comers withdrew into the bush, whilst the warriors with the caravan refused to advance another step, even after the Count had made them look through a telescope at the supposed Wakikuyu and proved that they were Masai like themselves. Not until Count Teleki promised to protect them in case of an attack would they budge an inch. Arrived in camp, the two parties fraternised and made up for previous terrors by wild dancing and singing. Having consumed a couple of oxen they all went off together in a north-westerly direction.

This turned out to be but a manœuvre, for on the afternoon of Maktubu's return seven Kikuyu men came into the Ngoro camp, evidently in a great state of terror, for not until they were inside the palisade did they restore their arrows to the quivers. Silently they squatted down and then begged for a shauri, in which they told us that they had come to explain the breaking of their promise about the market. Two days before some hundred of their men and women who were on the

way to us with provisions were attacked by a party of Masai, who had killed fifteen of them, including several women. Yesterday another party of moran had come down upon them, but this time they had been prepared, and the aggressors had been sent back with bloody heads. Our visitors went on to say that although we were to blame for all this, for we had set the Masai on their track, they would yet keep faith with us by supplying us with food, only we must fetch it ourselves; they could not trust even our men, as some of their women had been ill-treated by our messengers. Finally they inquired whether we had stopped the rain because they had not brought us food.

We thanked them, explained that we had to leave the next morning, and dismissed them with presents. We then summoned the unchivalrous culprits, the ten men I had sent to the Kikuyu frontier with Ali ben Omari, and chastised them well in the presence of their comrades.

We wished to reach the Count's camp in one day's march, so we started before daybreak on November 4, leaving behind us the palisade within which we had lived for a whole month, and with which I had very pleasant associations, as I had there recovered my health.

We pressed rapidly forward in the cool early morning, crossed a brook flowing from Kenia, which delayed us a little, and then marched over the grass-clad steppe towards the base of the Aberdare range, passing numerous Masai kraals, now deserted by their owners, but from which we could form a very good idea of the appearance Ndoro would present a fortnight hence, when the lords of the land were back and their herds of cattle were roaming about in the open. As we approached the highlands in the west the scenery gradually became less charming, there were fewer flowers, the grass was sparser, and bare volcanic rocks rose up here and there. The path led

us along the base of the Aberdare range and over flat-topped ridges in a north-westerly direction, the monotony broken now and then by little groves of acacias, amongst which occurred a few isolated morio trees. We met a good many parties of Masai moran who wanted us to hold shauris with them, but we had no time to lose and hastened on. They were evidently on the war-path, for the blades of their spears were smeared with red fat, or wrapped round with rags, to prevent them from catching the light and betraying their owners. At two o'clock we reached the camp, which was pitched beside a brook in the shade of a group of fine trees, including examples of the beautiful *Calodendron capense*, Thbg.

Our march through Kikuyuland had made an immense impression upon the Masai, who were convinced that we owed our safety entirely to our powerful war medicines. The 300 moran who were then raiding the Wakikuyu were so sure of this that they came back to our camp again to try and secure some of the wonder-working remedies for themselves. They deputed two moruu to negotiate the matter with us, standing quietly aloof just outside the camp themselves, without asking for any hongo. To get rid of them the Count gave them a little box of mustard, telling them that to secure its efficacy they must camp for four days on the Ngare Nyuki, a little stream rising on the north-west slope of Kenia. This condition was probably too hard for them, for, after long consideration, they gave us back the box of mustard, telling us that it would not do to consult two leibons at once, as, when the time arrived for the division of the spoil, it would be impossible to say what belonged to each. Of course, we were sorry not to be able to help our friends the Wakikuyu, but at the same time we were rather glad to be relieved of responsibility in the matter, and we were delighted to hear later that the contemplated raid had been altogether a failure.

It was impossible to do any further marches in detachments, as it would have delayed us far too long, so we had to resort to our old plan of overloading all the men and animals, which overloading would not last long, however, as five or six loads were eaten up every day.

The next two days we continued our march in a north-westerly direction over the flat spurs of the Aberdare range, the valleys and ravines of which were well wooded, whilst the exposed portions were clad with nothing but a little dry steppe grass, giving us the impression that there had been less rain and that the soil was far less fertile here than in the plains. We continued the march at an altitude of from about 6,500 to 7,000 feet above the sea, enjoying all the time an extensive panorama over the undulating highlands, which, averaging some 6,000 feet in height, and beginning at Kenia and the Settima range, stretch northwards as far as the Loroghi chain and form the plateau of Leikipia. On the north of Kenia rises the Doenyo lol Deika, the Pigtail Peak of the Masai.

The second day we camped on the most southerly of the four Nairotia brooks, which, uniting after a short easterly course, flow into the Guaso Nyiro, giving their name to the whole of the district watered by them, which is pretty constantly occupied by the Wandorobbo. A little before our arrival a party of nomad Masai had begun to prepare for habitation an old kraal quite close to the site of our camp. We could see some of them taking the ox-hide pack-saddles off the donkeys, whilst the women were hurrying about with their household goods or covering in the old huts with skins. It was not long before some of the quarrelsome young warriors came to us, dancing and singing, to ask for their hongo.

During our march of November 7, which brought us to the Guaso Songoroi, we enjoyed the very interesting spectacle of a troop of nomad Masai on their way down from the western

slopes of the Aberdare mountains to the pastures of Ndoro. Their herds of cattle were especially picturesque as they streamed down in different groups from the highlands, preceded and followed by the men and women who had charge of them, the former carrying the baby calves in their arms, whilst the latter were encumbered with all manner of odds and ends, and had, moreover, to look after the oxen and donkeys laden with hides, milk cans, the materials of the huts, &c.

A march of many hours brought us the next day to the northern limit of the Aberdare range, which is divided from, or rather connected with the Marmanett range by a lofty tableland inhabited almost permanently by the Masai, and frequently by the Wandorobbo, on account of its good pastures. The Masai call this tableland Angata Bus.

We proceeded at a height varying from about 6,500 to 7,000 above the sea-level, the vegetation on the slopes and in the ravines increasing as we advanced, the northern portion of the Aberdare range being much better wooded than the southern. The principal trees resembled the cypress, with numerous examples of the willow-like leaved conifers, with a few acacias, branched euphorbias, and isolated specimens of the morio tree and leleshwa shrub.¹

We halted by the almost dried-up bed of a brook, and a careful observation taken at mid-day gave N. lat. $0^{\circ} 0' 11''$, so that for the first time on our travels we had passed the equator. We therefore called our camp here Equator Camp. We had now passed through Lashau, which with Page, Ndoro, Nairotia, &c., make up the province of Leikipia.

On November 9 we camped in a pretty clearing overgrown with soft sward on the left bank of the Guaso Narok, which is

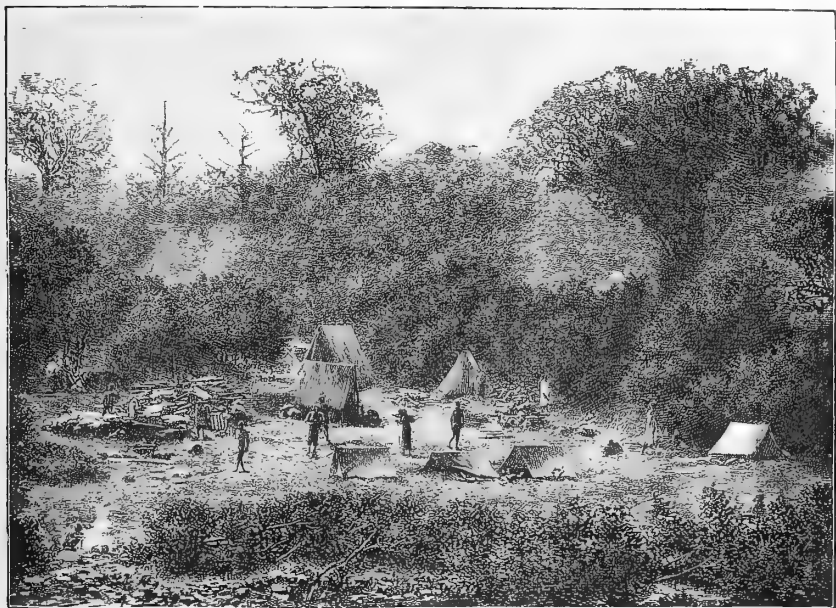
¹ We met with this plant, one of the Compositæ (*Tarchonanthus camphoratus*, L.), so characteristic of certain districts of East Africa, for the first time between the northern frontier of Kikuyuland and Ndoro, but we had not seen it again until now.

the northern outlet of the so-called Kope-kope swamps situated somewhere on the north-west base of the Aberdare range. Its upper course is broken by a waterfall, which the English traveller Thomson named after himself, but the natives call it the Ururo, or the roar of the water, and the river only becomes the Guaso Narok, or black stream, below the falls.

On the 10th we entered the district of Subugo in the Marmanett highlands, where Jumbe Kimemeta intended to purchase ivory. A fine continuous rain had harassed our march through the well-wooded and thickly populated neighbourhood. We passed one very large Masai kraal, consisting of several hundred huts on a little grassy hill, which had looked from the distance like a regular circular fort. From this kraal the inhabitants came out in crowds to watch us pass, laughing merrily the while. I noticed that new kraals, before they become bleached by rain and sun, look quite black.

We pitched our camp in a pretty valley through which flowed a little swampy brook. The neighbouring heights were draped in mist; a fine cold rain was falling, and the appearance of the district with its green grass and beautiful oak-like trees was quite European. We were now at a height of 7,287 feet, and the thermometer registered $+13^{\circ}$ Centigrade. The rain prevented the natives from visiting us in great numbers, and those who did come crowded into the shelter of our tents. To our surprise there were immense numbers of flies here. It was cold enough for us to be glad to get out our winter clothes, and we were quite comfortable in them. Our men did not fare so well, but gathered about the fires with chattering teeth, whilst the shivering donkeys and goats, instead of feeding, squeezed themselves in between the men to try and share the warmth. We remained where we were the next day, as, so far, we had not been able to open negotiations with the Wandorobbo.

Before sunrise the day after, the appearance of a herd of buffaloes on the neighbouring height brought us a little distraction. We had done no hunting for a long time, and the cries of *Niamma wale!* and *Boge wale!* ('There is meat! there go buffaloes!') with which our men greeted the sight of the animals exercised as great a charm as ever. Count Teleki sprang out of bed immediately and was soon dressed, but the herd had



EQUATOR CAMP.

already begun to disperse. The Count, however, came up with some stragglers and got a shot at a cow. The wounded animal retired into the bush and Count Teleki followed her. Presently he heard her heavy breathing, and, approaching carefully, he could make out that she had got wind of him and was on her feet again. A minute later she dashed past him, but some forty paces further on she fell again. He could only see her head now, but he fired again and fortunately hit. She sprang

up, got a second bullet in the shoulder, staggered forward a few steps and rolled over, dead.

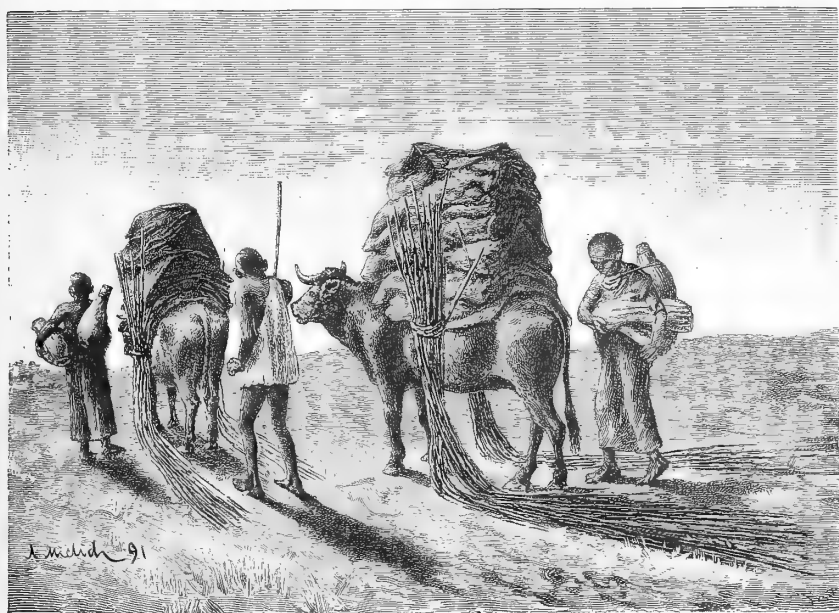
There was a path near our camp much used by the Masai, and almost every hour numbers passed along it, driving before them heavily laden donkeys and oxen. They were on their way to the treeless pastures of Angata Bus, and were taking with them the materials for making their huts. The effect of the loads was very remarkable, the hides being piled up high above the backs of the animals, whilst the bundles of long bent laths fastened to the sides of the saddles trailed behind their bearers like sledges. The use of oxen as pack-animals is rare amongst the Masai, and this was the first time we had seen them with their loads.

Towards noon we were surprised by a visit from seven Wangwana, a fresh proof to us that travelling in the districts inhabited by the much-dreaded Masai was really without any special danger. They brought the news that an ivory caravan, some 170 strong, under the leadership of Mpujui, had reached the Guaso Narok, and were about to search the neighbourhood for Wandorobbo. We were astonished at finding that Mpujui, whom we had met at Little Arusha, was back again in Leikipia already. He deserves special mention on account of the ready intelligence, courage, and thorough knowledge of the Masai language which distinguish him amongst the caravan leaders of the day, who have degenerated sadly from their enterprising predecessors of some twenty years ago, who would boldly penetrate into absolutely unknown districts in search of ivory. Of course we except from these strictures our faithful friend and comrade Jumbe Kimemeta, who is still a most worthy representative of his class. Mpujui has visited Leikipia nearly every year for a long time now, and knows the whole district very well.

During the afternoon a heavy storm broke over the valley,

and during it, of course, all the natives slunk away, a moran and his doje turning it to account by carrying off several hundred strings of beads. They were both caught and their booty taken from them. The moran was well flogged by our Somal and turned out of camp in the midst of universal mockery, but his disappointed lady-love was allowed to go off scot free.

On the morning of November 12 we left the foggy Subugo



NOMAD MASAL.

valley, rounded the northern group of heights on the east, and after a short march along their north-eastern base, camped near a swampy reed-grown ravine. We were still some 6,500 feet above the sea-level, but there was a noticeable difference in the temperature. The district we were now in was known as the Lare lol Morio. Lare signifies generally a small swamp fed from springs, so that Lare lol Morio means the swamp with the morio trees. We were to make acquaintance with many

another Lare. I may here remark that the Masai dialect is marvellously rich in descriptive terms, different words indicating the nature of vegetation, the characteristics of rivers, brooks, springs, pools, the colour, size, and age of their cattle, and, as has already been commented on, of members of their tribe.

Here was to take place the contemplated division of the caravan, and we at once set to work to put up a small but very strong palisade to protect the men who were to be left behind. Count Teleki had decided to go on himself with the main body of the caravan to Lake Baringo, and to leave me, Qualla, Jumbe Kimemeta, and the rest of the porters behind. Whilst Kimemeta was busy with his ivory buying, I was to explore the course of the Guaso Nyiro as far as was possible in the twenty days which were all I could have for the purpose.

We pressed the work of lading the oxen, &c., forward so rapidly that we finished everything three days sooner than we had expected. The natives disturbed us very little; most of the Masai had already left for fresh pastures, and the Wandorobbo, who also avoided the camp, told us with evident relief that the rest were soon to follow. To make up for the absence of visitors we were dreadfully worried with the indescribable numbers of flies, which left us not one moment's peace and drove us to take refuge as soon as possible in a little wood a hundred paces further up on the mountain.

After dark on the first evening here, we were honoured by a visit from Lekibes, the Masai Leibon of Leikipia, who, strange to say, is not a thorough-bred Masai, but a Mkwafi from Guaso Ngishu, a former Wakwafi settlement in the highlands west of Lake Baringo. Tall and strongly built, Lekibes' dignified and self-reliant manner accords well with his imposing appearance, and testify to the great esteem in which men of his stamp are held in East Africa. Doubtless he owes something of his position also to his shrewd intellect. He accounted for his arrival alone

at this time of night by saying that a man of his importance would have to bring a big following, if any, and as difficulties might have arisen through the thoughtlessness of his men he had come unattended in the darkness. The Count answered quietly that he would have known how to deal with those thoughtless men, and that if they had misbehaved themselves they might have gone home with broken heads. Lekibes, however, received some handsome presents, as we were not only anxious that all should go peaceably and well with the men left behind in camp, but also to get guides for ourselves, and an elkonono, or smith, to make some Masai spears for us in our own camp. Lekibes promised us everything we asked, as well as two cows he had forgotten to bring with him in his hurry, and sure enough he appeared in camp the next morning with a big train, including twenty-one women, all, he told us, his own property, the guides, and the elkonono. The cows were not there even now, but the Leibon said they would come later. He proved himself a very cute fellow in the negotiations which followed. He wanted to be paid in advance for the guides he had brought with him, and said we were quite safe in giving him their wages now, for 'Lekibes, the great Leibon, vouched for them.' Of course we would not agree to this, and replied that he could not expect us to trust him, as he evidently felt very little confidence in us. It was just the same with the elkonono, who, he said, could make the spears in Lekibes' bumba, which of course meant that he would take the material for them away, and that we should never set eyes on it again. We were determined that the spears should be made in our camp and under our supervision, to which Lekibes finally appeared to agree, but he and his smith went off and we never saw guides or elkonono again.

I must add a few words here about the native smiths or elkonono, whom Joseph Thomson and H. H. Johnston both

think to belong to a separate tribe. My own opinion is that the word *elkonono* means simply smith or handicraftsman. There are very few *elkonono* in Masailand, which accounts for the difficulty of getting spears there. These smiths are only met with in very large kraals and densely populated districts; indeed, in all our travels we only saw the one mentioned above, and, according to Lekibes, there are but two in the whole of Leikipia. Of course it is impossible to judge of characteristics of race if you have only seen one individual, but our one man had not 'crooked legs,' nor did he look 'degraded' or 'half starved,' and even Mpujui could not have distinguished him from any other Masai moruo.

The man who was to have been my guide was far more remarkable looking. Small and thin, he reminded me of the Bushmen type, and when I got to know him better the resemblance struck me yet more. His skin was of a dark, dirty yellow, and his hair not so frizzy as that of most negroes. His name was Kandile, and according to his own account he belonged to the Mumonyott tribe, which, some ten years ago, had dwelt near Lake Lorian, and bred cattle, but had been decimated in various wars, and the little remnant were now dispersed amongst the Masai and other people of Leikipia. Like the former rulers of that district, the Leukops, they are now held in but little esteem.

At noon thirty-five of the men belonging to Mpujui's caravan came and pitched their tents quite close to our camp. They too were in search of ivory, and their arrival must have been anything but pleasant to Jumbe Kimemeta, but did not affect the rest of us at all. The great trading caravans from Mombasa generally keep together till they reach Lakes Naivasha or Baringo, when scouring parties are sent in every direction, the 150 or 300 men for Leikipia branching off at Lake Naivasha, and forming a head-quarters camp somewhere on the eastern

base of the Aberdare range, from which in its turn small parties are despatched to different portions of the highlands in quest of ivory. The various detachments of the Leikipia portion of the caravan generally meet again at Miansini to wait for their comrades, or, if they are strong enough, they march back to Taveta or Little Arusha, never leaving these harbour refuges till the whole force is reassembled and the final division of the ivory can take place, this division corresponding with the amount of goods for barter contributed by each sharer in the venture.

We had very little intercourse with the natives here, as they were all on the move. They brought nothing for sale, but were willing to exchange oxen and barren cows for our healthy young heifers and calves. The oxen we had brought with us were such splendid fellows that I am afraid any description of them would appear exaggerated. They were covered with greyish-black hair, had short, massive horns, and must, I think, have been originally brought from far away in the north in some raid. We were unwilling to part with a moderately large one even for six female goats or ewes.

Late in the evening of November 13 a number of Wando-robbo came into camp for the first time to get their hongo. The ivory traders are always very glad to give this, and Jumbe Kimemeta at once took the visitors into the store tent, where the secret dealings in tusks are always carried on.

On the morning of November 14 Count Teleki and his party started in a westerly direction for Lake Baringo without a guide, for, as already stated, the one promised him had disappeared. As we should probably be separated for about four weeks, I went a little way with him to talk over certain possible eventualities, and then returned to camp to prepare for my own trip to the Guaso Nyiro. I selected forty men to go with me, which left behind twenty of our party and forty of Jumbe

Kimemeta's, quite enough for all purposes. I left rations for nineteen, and for my party took a number of healthy sheep and goats and one grey donkey, in case it should be necessary for any of us to ride. As guides I took Ali Schaongwe and Juma Mussa. The latter was, it is true, an arch-liar, but he was the only one of our men who knew anything about eastern Leikipia. Of course my promised guide had not turned up either, but this, according to Juma Mussa, mattered little, as we had secured the services of a Leukop by presenting him with a *dawd*, the nature of which cannot be described here. This Leukop led us to the river, and once there we could not fail to find Lake Lorian.

I did not know our Juma well enough then, and started the next morning quite easy on the point of the right road to take. The reader, however, who looks at the map accompanying these volumes will wonder why we went so far south to get to the Guaso Nyiro, but he must not forget that at this time that map had no existence, and that we were, so to speak, wandering in the dark, our difficulties being increased by the fact that Thomson, the only traveller before us who had reached the river in question, had wrongly supposed it to flow in an easterly direction between Kenia and the Doenyo lol Deika. Anyhow, our guide said he knew the way, and we followed him without hesitation.

We bore eastwards round the group of heights at the base of which we had camped, and then southwards, as our guide said we must go first to the Guaso Narok. But lightly loaded we stepped briskly on, and in about three hours came to the big kraal we had passed on our way to Subugo, where we halted for a short time. The warriors had just returned from a raid on the Wameru living on the north-east of Kikuyuland, and were now most of them still overcome with fatigue. They gathered about us, however, wrapped in their naiberes, and were not at all aggressive; indeed they seemed delighted to be

able to relate their deeds of valour to the Lagomba. One moran had killed three, another five Wakikuyu, and so on. But we were in a hurry, and so resumed our march. We crossed the Guaso Narok close to where we had camped with the whole caravan a few days before, and then, with a M'ndorobbo to guide us, pushed on under rather heavy rain to Mpujui's camp, which we reached about three o'clock in the afternoon.

A week ago this had been a deserted wilderness, but now the camp was the centre of a scene of the greatest liveliness and activity. Mpujui, or, as the Masai call him, Sukuta, did not join me quite so soon as the other traders, for he had felt it necessary to don in my honour his gala attire—a fine green silk embroidered shirt. He was quite in his element here as the leader of a big caravan, and seemed to be on the very best of terms with the Masai. He told me at once that there were a good many of them in the neighbourhood, that I could do as I liked about giving a hongo, but his advice was that I should make the moran a present of about a hundred strings of beads just to ensure their goodwill. I replied that I was quite ready to do so, and he at once summoned the warriors with a commanding '*Totona!*' told them to squat down, and a shauri began in which he held forth in fluent Masai at considerable length. The beads were duly given, and the assembly was broken up. Mpujui remained with me for a short time afterwards till business called him away, and told me amongst other things that he had managed on this trip to reach Leikipia without paying a single hongo.

The next morning the Leukop led us first southwards through wooded ravines and then in a north-easterly direction chiefly across dry and often rugged steppes. We met a good many parties of Masai, who delayed us again and again till we managed to outstrip the last of them. We had to be very careful in these encounters as our appearance startled their

cattle, and we got a good many threatening looks on that account. The laden oxen became specially restive, and some of them managed to shake off their heavy clumsily piled-up loads, turning over the milk cans and spilling their valuable contents, or scattering the fodder in every direction, amidst terrible cries of distress from the women in whose charge they were.

Towards noon we reached a small but rather deep brook, a tributary of the Guaso Narok, and the northern outlet of the Pes swamp, a small lake-like expansion of the Guaso Songoroi, by which we had camped on our march to Subugo on November 7. We could see the reed-grown lake a few miles off in the south. Its shores and the banks of the brook, by which we decided to camp, were lined with acacias.

The district was inhabited by a great many Masai, but the only kraals near us were those of moruu, and the afternoon passed over quietly. Juma Mussa, who had proved himself a very clever manager, not only got us off paying any hongo but astonished me with the present of a goat. He also secured another guide, as the first turned out quite useless.

The next morning we followed our new leader in an easterly direction across a flat steppe, reaching in three hours two ravines, evidently, from the swamp-grass growing in them, the beds of intermittent streams. They were now quite dry, of which we were glad, as our guide, who was a stubborn fellow, insisted on our camping here, although we wished to push on. We quietly waited whilst he went off to try and find water, determined to start again if he was not successful. He failed to discover even so much as a little mud, and presently, with much grumbling he himself led us further. In oppressive heat we hastened on for another three hours across a sandy dreary steppe with here and there clumps of quite young acacias, coming at last to an avenue of trees which we thought must lead to water. We were wrong, and the disappointment



MASAI ON THE MARCH.



was the more bitter as the luxuriant vegetation had made us certain we should soon be able to quench our thirst. We had just decided to push on for the Guaso Nyiro at once, when most fortunately two natives came up who told us there was a water hole twenty minutes' walk off on the north. We soon found it, much to our delight, though it was no gurgling spring, but a little pool of muddy water covered with a green film as thick as a finger. We camped beside it.

We were now at a height of about 5,900 feet, nearly equidistant from Kenia and the Aberdare chain, and able for the first time to enjoy a really good view of both. From the top of one of the little hills hard by the two mountain masses appeared doubly grand and lofty, contrasting with the apparently immeasurable undulating plain of Leikipia, which just now looked its best, bathed as it was in gleaming sunshine. Round us lay the barren sunburnt steppe, whilst far away in the distance rose up the two giant forms, their slopes clothed with woods, their peaks capped with ice. Especially fascinating looked the snow-filled crater of Kenia, and I was sorely tempted to leave the Guaso Nyiro to pursue its unknown course alone and to desert it for the mysterious heights of the unscaled volcano.

I spent the afternoon at a short distance from the camp at my cartographical work, which I generally preferred doing in the open air, taking with me in addition to the necessary instruments a small table and chair so that I might be as comfortable as possible. My two Swahili, Chuma and Baraka, knew all my requirements exactly, and really surprised me by their care and intelligence in the matter. I generally had Chuma with me on these occasions. He was a native of Nyassa, only twenty years old, and really quite a remarkable character. Earnest and quiet, he was rarely known to talk to anybody, and he maintained the same self-possession in face of danger. He had taken great pains to study all my ways, knew how to set up the

various instruments, &c., and even how to manipulate them, so that I could say quite shortly *pima dschua* (measure the sun), *pima milima* (measure the mountain), or *piga pitscha* (photograph), and walk off empty-handed, quite sure that Chuma would bring all I needed. He always thought of everything, and never once so much as asked me at an inconvenient time if I had matches enough with me. He generally stopped beside me whilst I was at work, either to help me or to keep guard against my being disturbed, but if I was very near the camp or in an open plain, I sometimes sent him home.

He was not with me on this occasion, and I was so absorbed in my contemplation of Kenia that a herd of zebras came quite close to me before I observed them. The district was as flat as a mown field, and I was myself quite taken aback when I saw them all slowly wending their way to the pool in sleepy fashion, with drooping heads. They did not see me at first, and I had already seized my gun before they looked up; too late! for their leader paid for his carelessness with his life.

It was evident that our pool was the only water in the neighbourhood, as vast herds of antelopes and zebras came here to try and quench their thirst. They could not, however, get through our camp, which was between them and the water, and the zebras expressed their distress by loud neighing. They and the antelopes did not disperse until, as night fell, beasts of prey came forth from their lairs. One lion remained a long time the other side of our pond, evidently with an eye to our donkeys, and our men were in a great state of alarm nearly all night, holding their guns in readiness to fire a salvo if necessary. I heard nothing about it all till the morning, as I slept very soundly after my hard day's work, and all negroes have a kind of religious dread of disturbing anyone's sleep, a fact to which I owed many a good rest. My man Chuma, who

was the very type of an obedient slave, would not dream, whatever the emergency, of waking me roughly, and sometimes when half asleep I had heard him trying to rouse me by whispering quite softly 'Bwana, Bwana,' again and again. I now gave Schaongwe the strictest orders to call me, if necessary, at any hour of the night, and to keep me informed of everything that occurred.

The first hour of the next day's march was along the upper edge of a small but deep valley with an occasional slight trend westwards. We then went down into the valley and followed its winding course till we came to its junction with that of the Guaso Nyiro. So far the soil had been volcanic and strewn with lava, ashes, and other débris, but as we went down this valley we began to crunch white quartz-sand under our feet, and presently came to masses of the primary rock. As before on the Dariama, we noted a corresponding change in the flora, marking the transition from the one geological formation to the other.

A little winding stream flows into the valley from the north, and we were soon walking on soft sward beneath the shade of wide-spreading trees, and thick evergreen bush. In the course of a single hour we had left the barren steppes behind, and as in some transformation scene, found ourselves in a kind of park, enlivened by the twittering of numerous birds with plumage of every hue.

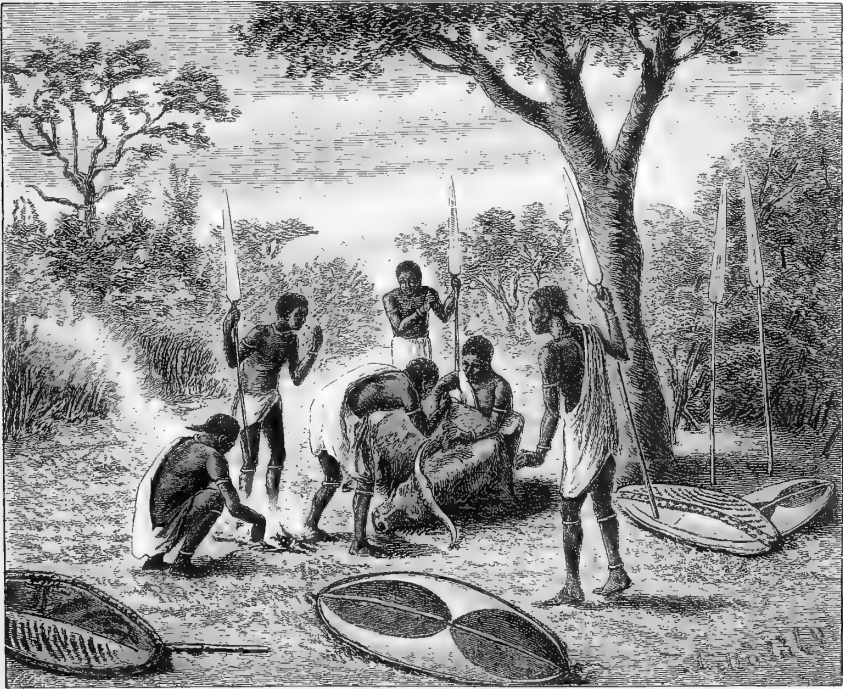
We met many Masai with their herds in the valley, and passed one already inhabited kraal. Halting for a short rest near it, we were welcomed by a perfect choir of girls, who, like the gipsies of home memories, took up the song one after the other. But our hearts were not to be softened now, we must press on. Just as we were entering a valley a little later, we came upon a group of Masai moran at a meal. They all looked up and seemed startled at the sudden appearance of a

caravan, and Juma Mussa, who was in front, swerved aside as if he had seen a viper in the path and was going to run off, when a loud 'Forward! straight on!' from me made him resume his course, but it was with pale cheeks and shaking limbs, for it is well-known and has been remarked on by Joseph Thomson that Masai warriors object strongly to being seen to eat. Juma Mussa was a strange mixture of courage and cowardice; a Hercules in strength, he was yet terribly afraid of us Europeans and of wild animals. He would tremble like an aspen leaf if he had to go first through thick bush or was summoned to appear before either of us. Probably his evil conscience—he was a terrible rascal—was the cause, and he had a perfect horror of the corporal punishment he knew he deserved. In the present instance his terrors were unfounded, for the warriors, who had just cut up and divided an ox, were too busy to honour us with more than a glance.

Towards ten o'clock we at last reached the Guaso Nyiro, and camped on its banks at a height of about 5,558 feet. It was here a rapid stream some three and a half to six feet deep and from ten to twenty yards wide, so that we could not have crossed it had we wished to do so. As we might expect a great many natives to visit us here, we at once began setting up our fence, and thanks probably to the heavy rain which soon began, we had finished it before any one appeared. When at last forty or fifty warriors came to see us, Juma Mussa showed that he knew the Masai language as well as the country, and made a great impression on our visitors by the long dignified speech with which he received them. He then told their Lygonani to come into camp as the representative of the party, handed him the tribute, and managed to bribe him on the quiet by saying, 'If these hundred strings of beads are accepted as hongo enough, you shall have two strings of beautiful ukuta beads and a naibere for yourself.' This was

too much for the Lygonani to resist, and we got off very cheaply in consequence.

Another advantage of Juma's tactics was that the Lygonani sent his comrades off soon afterwards, so as to get his bribe unobserved. A few hours later, however, another warrior came into camp alone and said he was the real Lygonani of the district



MASAI MORAN PAINTING THEIR SHIELDS.

and must have his present. He was very self-possessed, and he may have been right, but we knew better than to be made to pay twice over, so we settled him with the reply that fifty Masai had combined to call the other man their Lygonani, and how could he expect us to believe the word of one against so many.

We had heard that the loam-coloured waters of the Guaso

Nyiro were rich in fish, and we soon found it to be true, for with three rods only we landed some twenty big fellows in a very short time.

A Neukop, who claimed to know the district well, offered himself here as a guide, and we engaged him the more readily as we could now send the two first guides home. A little difficulty arose about our doing so, however, as no native ever likes to go with a caravan alone, being always afraid lest he should some day be deserted. When our Leukop found his predecessors were going he wanted to back out of his bargain, but we took his weapon away, threatened him with various penalties, and so brought him round. Later we had cause to regret our eagerness to push forward, but the scarcity of our provisions gave us no choice.

Our new guide led us no further by the river, but across the plateau, along the eastern edge of which the Guaso Nyiro flows in a northerly direction. He was a sensible fellow, and seemed to know the whole neighbourhood by heart, for he told us the names of the various mountain chains and peaks in sight. Throughout the whole of this march we enjoyed a grand view of the Doenyo lol Deika and the landscape between it and us. The Pigtail Peak appeared really to consist of a row of rugged heights running nearly north and south, with no connection with Mount Kenia, although from our position they seemed to start from its northern base. Very dreary and forbidding looked Gadormurtu, as the district between us and them is called; steep cliff-like hills and hillocks rising up abruptly from the barren slopes which run down westwards from the Doenyo lol Deika to the river; the shadows cast from these rigid corpse-like forms giving the whole scene a most weird and melancholy appearance, not unlike that of the surface of the moon when seen through a telescope, but without the craters so numerous on it. The smaller heights evidently consist of gneiss, which

is very probably also the material of the main range. Vegetation was entirely absent except in the ravine through which flowed the Ngare Nyuki, the course of which, from its rise half-way from Kenia to its mouth in the Ngare Nyiro, we could trace quite distinctly.

The Guaso Nyiro forms the eastern boundary of the district inhabited by the Masai, and beyond it the landscape appears to be deserted alike by wild animals and man. True, we saw several Masai kraals on the left bank of the river, but they had evidently not been occupied for years.

By a little half-dried-up brook, which we reached after many hours' tramp, we came upon a few elands, gazelle Thomsonii, and ostriches. We also added to our entomological collection. So far the insects we had noticed in Leikipia had been merely common house-flies and a large kind of dragon-fly, but on the isolated acacia bushes by this stream we found numerous examples of the Buprestis beetle, more than two inches long, and we caught a tree-frog spotted with black and white.¹ Towards midday our obliging guide suggested a halt, and led us towards the river. As soon as we had left the volcanic plateau we again noticed the gleaming quartzzy sand, and the somewhat varied flora resembled that of the now almost forgotten Nyika districts, including two kinds of Sansevieria, the *Sansevieria cylindrica* and another probably new species, thorny acacias, with isolated morio trees, cactus-like euphorbias, small aloes, the red flowers of which were just coming out, and by the river itself a beautiful lily with large sword-shaped leaves and small blossoms. We also noticed the spoors of numerous rhinoceroses. The Guaso Nyiro tumbled rapidly along over its bed of coarse-grained pink gneiss, and we knew we were not likely to get any fish here. We threw out our lines, but in vain.

¹ Recognised by Dr. G. Steindachner as a new species, and named *Megalixalus pantherinus*.

We saw the tusk of a hippopotamus on the bank, and we therefore hoped to get a shot at one, but no such creatures appeared.

The next morning I received the unwelcome news that our guide, who shared Juma Mussa's hut, had gone off, leaving all his belongings behind him. This loss was most inconvenient to us, but there was a deserted kraal not far off in which he might have taken refuge, and I had it searched at once. He was not there, and we had to push on without him, which was anything but easy ; we had the river before us, it is true, but we did not know which way it flowed, and I had no wish to follow it in all its windings. It would be enough for me to get a general notion of its course. Its banks were, moreover, encumbered with an impenetrable thicket, consisting chiefly of branched euphorbias, aloes with red flowers, and a leafless bush yielding a milky sap, with light green cylindrical branches terminating in two or three little red balls forming the fruit, the whole vegetation welded into a compact mass by countless creepers, &c., so that we were obliged to be content with marching outside the belt, and found ourselves getting farther and farther away from the water. Presently, however, we reached a little gneiss hill, from the top of which we spied a good path leading down to the river, of which we at once availed ourselves. An hour later we were back at the Nyiro, near a clump of beautiful trees, chiefly acacias and sycamores, from which hung many beehives—we counted seventy—of the usual cylindrical form, made out of pieces of the stem of the branched euphorbia. The hives were empty, but their presence proved not only that there were Wandorobbo somewhere near, but also that there must be paths along the river leading to and from the hives. And presently Juma Mussa brought the news that he had found a path, a good clear one, along the side of the river, which had, as proved by the ashes, &c., with which it was strewn, but recently been used by natives. I must add

that the Wandorobbo always carry smouldering wood with them in their travels for smoking out their bees, or getting a fire for cooking their food.

We followed this path, but as it led between banks from thirty to forty feet high we saw nothing of our surroundings, and might have passed quite lofty mountains without noticing them. Now and then we fired in the air in the hope of attracting the attention of the Wandorobbo, but we saw none of them till we had camped, which we did at mid-day. Soon after that two natives appeared, but though we made them presents they would not stop long, only telling us before they left that we should reach the junction of the Guaso Narok with the Guaso Nyiro the next day, and that there was a Wandorobbo village near to it.

In the afternoon I set off to try and find some point from which I could get a view, and to my great surprise discovered that a number of paths led through the thicket, winding backwards and forwards in such a confusing manner, however, that soon I really hardly knew which way I had come myself. As I was still in the labyrinth after an hour's march, I gave up the attempt to penetrate through it, and made for a deserted Wandorobbo village which I had noted earlier, but the approach to it was so barricaded with euphorbias and creepers that I was baulked again. I was able to note, however, that the still well-preserved huts were placed just where the vegetation allowed, and that they resembled in general form those of the Masai, but that they were much more carefully put together and neatly finished off with a thin layer of grass instead of with cow-dung.

On November 21 we pushed on along the river, reaching the mouth of the Guaso Narok in two hours. Not a sign was to be seen of the Wandorobbo village we had heard of, so I had a few signal shots fired. For some time no one came, but presently two figures timidly approached from the other side

of the river. They gave satisfactory replies to our questions about the position of the village, but would not show us the way to it or even tell us where we could ford the stream, which appeared almost impassable here.

I thought it best to go myself to the village with Juma Mussa, whom I did not care to trust alone, and a rapid march of three-quarters of an hour brought us to it, the ashes on the ground guiding us as far as the thicket, where some natives, who were collecting fuel, directed us further. They did not seem either surprised or alarmed at our appearance. The village, which was protected by a strong thorn hedge, was so hidden by the thicket that it could scarcely be seen at all from outside. The huts were set down without any attempt at regularity. Near the entrance sat an old man mending a beehive, and some children who were playing near him ran away at our approach. Perfect stillness reigned in the village, a few women and girls peeped shyly at us from between the huts, but drew back if we looked towards them. They resembled the Masai women in every respect. But for these timid glances not the slightest notice was taken of us, the old man even going on with his mending with perfect unconcern. As we wanted to have a shauri to get information about the further course of the Guaso Nyiro I begged the old fellow to call out some of the men of the place, and slowly, one by one, a few at last appeared and squatted down, but they did not so much as look at us or utter a word of greeting. They really seemed to be all half asleep. When eight men were assembled Juma Mussa seized his orator's club and, brandishing it, explained who we were, whence we came, what we wanted, &c. Silently his audience listened, not answering a word till the name Lorian struck upon their ears; then they observed that it was a long way off, twenty days' journey perhaps. On that point they were agreed, but whether this Lorian was a swamp or a lake they could not

say. Some thought, however, that it was the end of the Guaso Nyiro, but all spoke by hearsay only ; not one of them had ever seen the Lorian, and we could not induce any of them to act as guides even for one day.

We returned to our people, crossed the Guaso Narok at its junction with the Guaso Nyiro, and pushed on along the river-bank by paths well trodden by the Wandorobbo. The vegetation was much the same as before, thorny euphorbias preponderating, but just by the edge of the water were some fine trees, including a few feather palms. For a distance of about a mile and a quarter in the latter part of this march the bed of the river assumed a very interesting form. Thus far it had consisted of a rocky channel, varying in width from about eleven to sixteen yards, but now it narrowed to a rift from eight to ten feet wide between perpendicular walls of gneiss from six to fifteen feet high.

We camped on the northern opening of this fissure on the very edge of the rock, in spite of the deafening roar of the seething water below, and just as I looked over, a crocodile, the first I had seen, plunged into the stream.

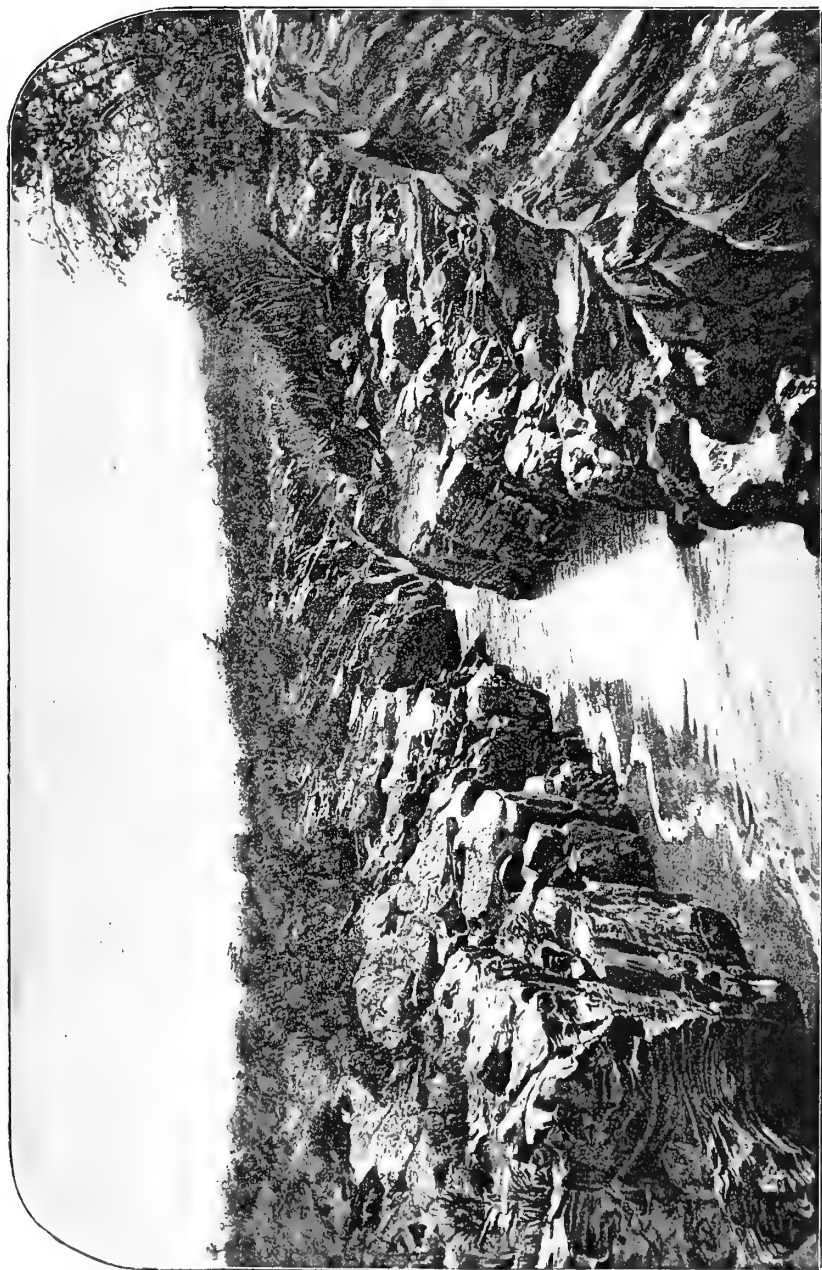
We were now at a height of about 5,000 feet, and in the thirty-one miles of the Guaso Nyiro so far explored its waters had a fall of some 550 feet. The coarse-grained pink gneiss of which so far its bed had been formed, now alternated with a greyish-black and a very fine-grained variety of the same material. We noticed numerous grey lizards with red or green heads disporting themselves on the rocks.

We had been told that we should meet with no more Wandorobbo, and there were not any bee-hives in the trees, but the ground was still strewn with ashes. The path led away from the river, but we trusted to luck and followed it. To my great disappointment it landed us presently amongst a confusion of gneiss hillocks and hills, amidst which it was impossible

to find a way back to the Nyiro. The edge of the volcanic plateau, which had been previously quite near the river bank, now stretched far away from it in a westerly direction, and, judging from the occurrence of metamorphic rocks in the deep watercourses, there is little room for doubt that beneath the layers of lava on the Leikipia plateau are formations similar to those we had now to cross. In our march up hill and down dale we never once caught sight of the river, though from many a summit we got a splendid view of a wide-stretching landscape.

After a tramp of many hours we came upon a deserted Wandorobbo village romantically situated in a thicket between huge rocks of gneiss, reminding us very much of some robber haunt in the Abruzzi. We examined the place with very great interest, and found several huts in good preservation. The discovery of this village was rather disheartening, as it made us fear that we were a long way from the river. There were plenty of animal tracks about, but no ash-strewn paths, so there was nothing for it but to make a way eastwards for ourselves as best we could. We pressed on through thick and thin till we reached a height, from the top of which we were able to take our bearings, finding to our delight that the river valley was just behind the next ridge. We went straight down to it at once, and found the stream broad and rapid, though shallow.

It was some time before we decided on a suitable camping-place, and more careful examination showed us that the widening of the valley was purely local, the river above and below this spot flowing in a narrow channel between steep walls of rock, so that it was hopeless to attempt to follow its course further. The barometer gave us some assistance in determining the probable nature of this portion of the course of the river, which during our mountain march had escaped our notice. It now registered only 4,250, which represents a fall of some 770 feet, so that for this stretch of about 18 miles



PART OF THE COURSE OF THE GUASO NYIRO



its course must be almost uninterruptedly broken by cascades and rapids.

As we should have to make our way further over the mountains, and I had no wish to travel in the dark, I went off in the afternoon with a few men to try and find a path. Beneath the scorching rays of the sun we tramped about till we found a height from which I could look down on the river, but I failed to obtain any indications as to whether its further course was eastward or westward. We had always made it a rule never to consult anyone but Jumbe Kimemeta or Qualla, but as any advice now could be but guesswork, I turned to Juma Mussa and asked him, half in fun, which way he would go if he had to lead the caravan, and he replied without a moment's hesitation that he was quite sure the Guaso Nyiro flowed westward behind a hill on the north to which he pointed, and that we should soon come upon the river if we went in that direction. Not believing a word he said, I yet decided to do as he suggested, for at least he knew as much about it as I did myself!

So the next day we shouldered our packs and tramped over stock and stone to the ridge behind which we hoped to find our river again, passing by the way the spoors of numerous rhinoceroses, and several elands and kobus antelopes, with an antelope of an unknown species, very like the female of the bush antelope. We did not however get a single shot. On the mountain were a good many tree euphorbias and several specimens of a very handsome dragon-tree bearing at the top of stems from 2 to 4 inches thick, and from 9 to 18 feet high, a crown of light green leaves resembling a big bunch of stiff grass stems. After a march of several hours we reached the ridge, and eagerly climbed it, hoping to look down from the top on to the river, but alas! we found ourselves on a dreary volcanic plateau stretching far away on the north to the base of the Loroghi chain, and on the west and north-west further than

the eye could reach. A dreary scene, in which we sought in vain for any trace of the river, which must, it seemed, flow eastward after all. Annoyed with myself for having listened to Juma Mussa, I now decided to take a northerly direction, thinking that perhaps we should find the river again at the base of the plateau. So off we hurried over the sandy steppe, I much troubled in my mind as to whether we should find any water in this dreary wilderness. Presently, however, a well-trodden animal track cut across our path leading in an easterly direction. Guessing that it would take us to water we turned into it, passing a quite fresh lion-spoor, which stopped at a thicket through which we had to pass. Much to Juma Mussa's relief I led the way now, hoping to get a shot at the lion, but I did not see it after all. We came to the skeleton of a young male elephant with the tusks still in the head, but Juma was so upset by his terror of the unseen lion that he would have passed the tusks if I had not called to him to take them out. 'What tusks?' was his only answer when I spoke to him.

The path got worse and worse, bending very soon in an easterly, then in a south-easterly direction, maintaining the latter till, to our great delight, after we had struggled over ground torn up by big herds of buffaloes and elephants, it led to the much longed-for river.

We were all very tired and out of heart at having made so little progress after such strenuous efforts. We had nearly exhausted our food, having only brought enough with us for seven days, and as we could not rely on getting game in the unknown districts between us and Lake Lorian, we were obliged after all to give up hope of finding that sheet of water on this trip. So I made up my mind to camp here, give the men a well-earned day's rest, and then go back. I thought I could go alone to some point of vantage and get a notion of the further course of the stream.

On July 24 I started with just enough men to carry the instruments and the photographic apparatus, and followed the bed of the river, which widened here and there, but was, as a rule, squeezed in between such perpendicular walls of rock that we had to troop along in single file close to the edge of the foaming water. At a bend of the stream, round a jutting-out prominence, we climbed up the bank in the hope of discovering a short cut, only to find our labour in vain as the bend was quite unimportant. We made the pleasant discovery, however, that there remained now only one gneiss hill, some 760 feet high, of the range of heights which had given us so much trouble, and from the top of it we should certainly be able to get an extended view. So we went back to the river just to quench our thirst, and then started on our climb. At the foot of the hill we startled a quantity of game, beginning with a solitary buffalo bull taking his noonday siesta, but who escaped, as I did not notice him in time. I wounded several antelopes with dark brown hair, probably kobus antelopes in their winter clothing, but was prevented from following them by a rhinoceros dashing right across my path. I brought the latter down, made my men cover the body with bushes to keep off the vultures, and pressed on.

The climb in the great heat was very exhausting, but I was fully rewarded when I got to the top, for I was able to look down upon a vast stretch of country, which I had hitherto only seen piecemeal, and the general character of which I had therefore not been able to ascertain. Round about us stretched the highlands in which we had wandered the day before. Far away in the south rose up Mount Kenia, and in close proximity to it the low Doenyo lol Deika hill region. On the east and north-east the horizon was bounded at a distance of from twenty-five to thirty miles by a closely-packed row of mountains and hills varying in height from about 3,300 to 3,700 feet. Not

very far from us, on the north, we could see the rugged edge of the volcanic plateau, stretching away eastward and enclosing at a depth of some 600 feet a flat landscape, from which rose, here and there, little isolated hills, many of them with steep sides and table-like summits. The mountain on which we stood rose abruptly from the river, and was bounded on the east by the gneiss highlands already so often mentioned. We could see the Guaso Nyiro flowing along in an easterly direction and maintaining an equal breadth for about seven and a half miles across the plain, but we could not make out where it went after that, so I was unable to take the desired observations, and we retraced our steps down the mountain. The men loaded themselves with the flesh of the rhinoceros, and at four o'clock we were back in camp, where we had long been impatiently expected.

It had been a very hot and tiring day, and I was so tired that I should have been glad of a rest myself. I decided to try and return by the river-path, and so avoid all the circuitous climbing. If this path were practicable, we should do the march back in two or two and a half hours, and I could get a rest that same day. So we started the next morning, hoping to carry out this programme. All went well at first; the morning was cool and fresh, the sun not penetrating into the valley with its lofty protecting walls till later in the day, and walking over the soft grass at the edge of the water under the shade of mighty sycamores and acacias in full leaf was simply delightful. On our left tumbled the loam-coloured waters of the Guaso Nyiro, now in rapids, now in waterfalls and cascades, the foam dashing up far above our heads. But soon the valley grew narrower and more winding, whilst the sides became steeper and more densely covered with thorny euphorbias, aloes, acacias, and parasites. The beautiful trees which had lined the banks disappeared; perpendicular walls and

huge isolated blocks of rock were of more and more frequent occurrence, and the river raged even more wildly in its encumbered bed, the spray from the foaming flood often dashing over our heads.

Ever hoping each obstacle to be the last, we patiently shoved and dragged the loads over the rocks, crept on all fours, squeezed ourselves through cracks, cut paths in the bush, or scaled some steep ridge to avoid absolutely insuperable obstructions, till we were all simply exhausted. To advance or to go back were equally impossible, and we envied Schaongwe and another man, who had gone round by the mountains with the donkey, which had been in no fit state for the route we had taken.

We halted to take breath, and tried to put new heart into our men, then struggled on again, arriving at last, after eleven hours of strenuous effort, at the longed-for camp just as the sun was setting. As each man went in he flung himself down and slept till far on in the next day. Not one of us thought of eating, though nothing had passed our lips since we started in the morning.

With me the over-fatigue brought on an eruption accompanied by fever, and for a long time I could not sleep, one incident or another of the terrible march haunting me. At last I fell into a death-like slumber, from which I did not wake till the afternoon of the next day. Perfect stillness reigned in camp; most of the men were still asleep. I was scarcely able to take any food even now, and the next morning I was still anything but fit for travelling. I decided to ride, and ordered the donkey to be brought for me, only to find that another man needed it worse than I did, so I crept along on foot with my caravan to the mouth of the Guaso Narok, where we camped again. On the march symptoms of a return of my old complaint, dysentery, showed themselves, so I went straight to

bed, and made up my mind to rest the next day. I knew we could reach Lare lol Morio in three marches, and thought we had food enough for them, so that I could well spare the time to recruit. But I was reckoning without my host, for Schaongwe presently came to tell me that my men had not so much as a bean amongst them. There remained intact but one day's reserve provisions. Already uneasy at the return of my illness, I now became really anxious, and sent the men down to the river to fish. They caught nothing, but I had meanwhile become a little better, so I gave orders for a start the next morning.

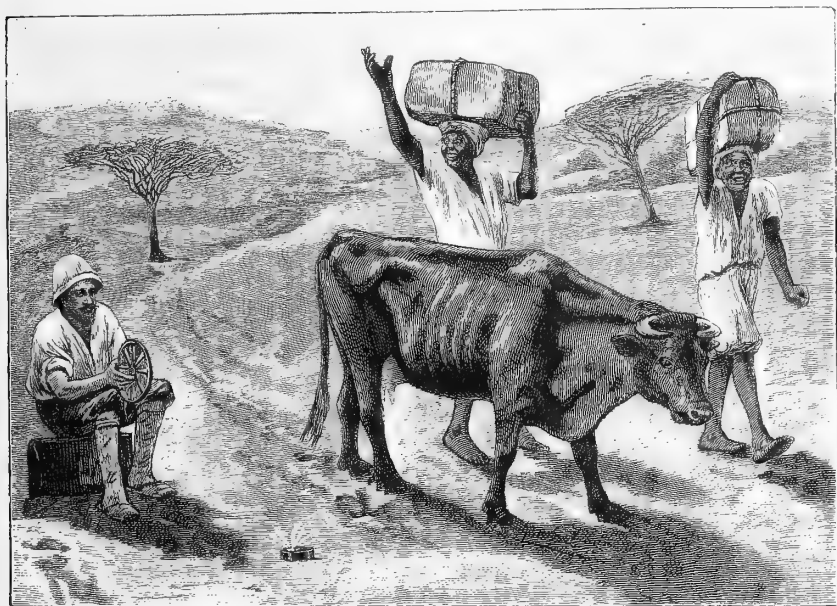
Led by two Masai moran, who had fortunately turned up in the nick of time on their way to put the screw on some Wandorobbo who were in their debt, we went along the Guaso Narok to their kraal, near to which we camped. The district was well inhabited, but few natives visited us.

With no suitable food, for milk was all I could take when my troubles were upon me, I soon retired to bed, whilst the men tried to still the pangs of hunger with some tiny fish they managed to catch, using their turbans and shirts as nets. I fortunately managed to shoot a little green marmoset from my bed, which gave them something rather more substantial to eat. Juma Mussa bestirred himself to try and get me some milk, and actually succeeded, how goodness only knows, in persuading a moruo to bring me a big bowl of the precious fluid, and I was ready enough to oblige the donor, who was afraid I might boil it, by drinking it off in his presence.

Juma Mussa managed to secure a guide as well as the milk, and the next day we were off again, leaving the stream on one side and pressing on first round a chain of rugged gneiss hills, and then across the undulating volcanic plateau in a south-westerly direction by a fairly good path leading to the Guaso Narok, which we reached again at noon.

I halted a little before the end of this march to take our

bearings quietly, and what was my surprise at two stragglers coming up presently driving a cow before them. To my astonished question '*Mepatta wapi?*' ('Wherever did you get her?') they shouted back '*Mambo kwa Muungu*' ('The Lord sent her'). It turned out that the animal really was a runaway, and as it had now begun to rain fast and no one was likely to appear to claim her, I allowed her to be killed, duly paying for her later, however.



'MAMBO KWA MUUNGU, BWANA.'

There was still a hot march between us and the Lare lol Morio camp. We had long had the Marmanett range in sight, and eagerly longed for the cosy little palisade-protected camp at the base of one of its spurs, but we did not reach it till five o'clock in the afternoon. Jumbe Kimemeta, Qualla, and the rest of our men came out some little distance to meet us, and I heartily wrung their outstretched hands, but I still had a

suffering time before me, and was glad indeed to receive from Qualla a big bowl of fresh, sweet milk, which he had thoughtfully secured for me. As soon as I could get away, I shut myself up in my tent to enjoy it in peace.

The next morning Jumbe Kimemeta and Qualla entertained me with a long account of what had happened during my absence. All had gone on well on the whole. Soon after we left, the last Masai had withdrawn, and the ivory business had begun. Kimemeta was not altogether satisfied with the results, as he had had to share what was brought with the little caravan settled near ours. In his share, however, which amounted to some 1,100 pounds, there were some tusks weighing from 90 to 110 pounds. One night a herd of elephants had come down to drink, but had got off uninjured. As the neighbourhood became more and more deserted by the natives, the game had increased.

I was also told of the death of two of our men from dysentery, and a raid made by some 800 or 1,000 Masai, who had started intending to fall upon the people of Suk on the north of Lake Baringo, in revenge for the carrying off by them of a quantity of cattle from Leikipia six weeks before. Unfortunately for the Masai, they could not agree as to the direction to be taken, and separated into two parties, one turning back, the other going to attack the Kamasia living on the west of Lake Baringo, as they did not wish to have all their trouble for nothing. But they got a warm reception there, and had been seen hastening back in small detachments. According to their own account, they had met with a well-organised resistance, and had left behind some fifty dead.

Owing to the scarcity of our provisions it was absolutely necessary that we should soon start again. True, we still had a good many sheep and goats, but they must be reserved for an emergency, and we had but two days' rations of vegetable diet.

It would take at least a week to reach Lake Baringo, so I fixed December 3 for the start, and to every one's delight we were off on that day in the direction of Nyemps, the name of which is to the ears of the Zanzibaris as sweet as that of Taveta, and means peace, rest, and, so at least we were told, fish, dhurra, eleusine, gourds, and last, not least, warm nights—no little boon to our poor men, who had been wandering for many months on short rations in the cold, foggy highlands.

Before we leave Leikipia, however, I must add a few words of description, such as it is difficult to embody in the account of the actual march. My little trip to the Guaso Nyiro had not been without geographical importance, but neither it nor the previous excursions are of much use considered alone; they must be taken in connection with the experiences of our later journey from Lake Baringo to the Loroghi chain.

We have already seen that the plateau of Leikipia is a monotonous undulating tableland, broken on the south by Mount Kenia and the Aberdare chain, which rise up like giants in spite of the great altitude of the plain itself. The plateau narrows between the two mountain masses to widen out again towards the north, where it, more strictly speaking, merits the name of a plateau, as the mountains on the frontier, which are considerably lower than those mentioned above, interfere less with its general uniformity. On the whole the northern and southern portions are loftier than those on the east and west. The average height of the plain, or rather of the two plains, for the Guaso Narok cuts the plateau in two, is about 6,550 feet, sinking in certain portions to some 5,250 and 4,250 feet. The trend of the southern portion is north-easterly, whilst that of the northern is south-westerly, the former running up into the Aberdare range, whilst the latter becomes merged in the northern spurs of the Loroghi chain.

I have already more than once referred to Leikipia as of

volcanic formation, but, strictly speaking, I should have said of volcanic origin, since it was evidently formed by the upheaval of a metamorphic substratum mixed with lava and ashes. To the inquiry whence came all this volcanic débris we must reply, not, as would be supposed, from Kenia, the apparent volcanic storehouse of the district, but from the declivities referred to above, though it is at present impossible to say exactly where the craters are, or were, from which issued the all-levelling streams. Kenia can only have affected the southern portion of the plateau, and that in an altogether minor degree; it was gradually built up, and thus assumed its beautiful conical form. The trend of the two portions of the plateau betrays the fact that the sources of all the débris with which it is covered were somewhere in the south-west and north-west of Leikipia, exactly where, however, still remains to be discovered. The Aberdare, Subugia, and Marmanett mountains are all of volcanic formation, the base of the Loroghi chain alone consisting of primitive rock. Although not one of these groups has a single peak of the crater form, the eruptive force must have originated in them, and we can only suppose that the distinctive volcanic forms must have been destroyed in some terrific convulsion. The thorough examination of this mountain world, which was temporarily forced into the background by the further exploration of Kenia, should be the ultimate goal of the next expedition to Africa.

After this digression we will return to the caravan and relate our march to Lake Baringo. The first day we climbed over a low spur of the Marmanett mountains, entering a wide valley overgrown with steppe grass, and camped for the night inside the fence of Count Teleki's old halting-place on the edge of the bed of a brook, which had apparently quite recently contained water. We found a few pools in a wood some hundred paces further up.

I stopped here for the same reason probably as the Count had done before me, namely, because I could not get a guide and shrank from pressing on into the unknown with a heavily laden caravan. There were no natives about now, but two large deserted moran kraals proved the valley to have been at one time an important frontier district. I sent Juma Mussa and some of Jumbe Kimemeta's men on to explore, and they came back in the evening with the news that they had reached the Count's second camp. Juma Mussa was in such wonderfully good spirits that one would have thought he had been indulging in too much pombe. He declared that his delight was merely at having caught sight of the gleaming surface of Lake Baringo, and, though I did not believe him, I could not help looking eagerly westward throughout our next day's march, in vain, of course, as the sides of the valley completely obstructed the view.

The hills, which at first appeared to us mere inequalities of the plain, often rose suddenly to a height of from 650 to 1,000 feet, with almost perpendicular precipices overhanging deep ravines. Our way now led through a rugged rocky pass with only a narrow outlet on the north, and deep down below us in the midst of a wood the remains of Count Teleki's camp were pointed out to me. It seemed simply impossible to get to it, but presently we discovered quite a good, if rough, zig-zag path, and the descent was made without accident. The ravine was thickly wooded, and in it rose a little brook which escaped through the pass on the north. The spot was most romantically beautiful, the walls of rock all but meeting overhead, so that only a strip of the sky could be seen, and we were tempted to wonder at anyone choosing this almost subterranean passage. In the afternoon the breaking of a storm above us added yet more to the charm of our camping-place, the thunder echoing like a salvo of artillery from rock to rock.

It was all very charming, but presently came the question how we were going to get out again. I had explored a bit of the course of the brook and had come upon a pretty good path which I thought was probably the one taken by Count Teleki, but Juma Mussa was quite sure that another narrower one, winding up the western side of the pass, was the right one to take, and, remembering our experience in the ravines by the Guaso Nyiro, I elected for the latter.

We began the same day by carrying the donkeys' loads up part of the way separately, and the next morning the men went on in single file, for we could not hope to meet all together again till we got to the top of the pass. We pressed for a long time through tall grass saturated with rain, but not a sign of a path could we see. Wet to the skin and shivering with cold we paused to consult, and then made for a path we could see on the next height to the north. Gasping for breath we struggled up the steep mountain side till we gained the ridge, where a splendid view rewarded us, moving even the usually indifferent negroes to admiration. At a little distance off in the north-west, in the midst of a yellowish-green steppe, lay the glittering expanse of Lake Baringo with its bays and coves, its low-lying outlines defined as on a map, its one long island and its many little islets. From where we stood, looking down upon the sheet of water at our feet, the highlands sloped down in a series of terraces of which we counted three; beyond the lake on the plain on the south, dark green patches indicated forest, whilst stretches of paler green told of reed-grown swamps, the whole shut in by a dark wall of mountains, apparently of about the same height as those on which we were.

Loud shouts greeted this cheering sight, which told us that the end of our troubles was at hand. There lay Baringo, and in the woods on its shores was Nyemps Mkubwa, the larger of the two Wakwafi villages of that name. That green out there



LAKE BARINGO FROM THE HIGHLANDS OF LEIKIPIA.



on the south was a swamp, and near to its northern edge was Nyemps Mdogo, or the smaller settlement. All this was pointed out by Juma Mussa as eagerly as if the very promised land were before us, and he wound up every statement with the words 'Kescho Samaki, kescho ugali, kescho maboga, kescho taschibba!' ('To-morrow there'll be fish, to-morrow there'll be panada, to-morrow there'll be gourds, to-morrow our stomachs will be full!')

When we had gazed our fill, we proceeded on our way, chiefly close to the edge of a ravine some 1,000 feet deep, following a well-trodden game track not unlike an Alpine path, leading for a considerable distance at a uniform height to the edge of the slope, where a cleft with a gentle trend led down into a wide valley. On our way down we had been able to search the districts below us for water, and had noted a little fresh green patch, probably a spring, looking like an oasis amongst its dreary surroundings, at which we decided to camp. We thought it very likely that Count Teleki, though he had come by a different route, had been here before us, but we found no traces of his caravan.

We started again the next morning in the best of spirits, cut across the valley, coming to another one on the west, separated from the first by a low ridge, and found ourselves at the edge of the last terrace some 1,000 feet above the plain of Nyemps. This last stage of our mountain journey was so very steep that the greatest caution was needed, and we carefully sought for the best place at which to make the descent. Presently we had but one long mass, stretching away for several miles and rising up perpendicularly to a height of over 90 feet, between us and the plain. We safely surmounted this last obstruction, and pressed on over a barren sandy steppe to a little inviting-looking acacia with fresh green foliage in the distance. The sun was oppressively hot, and we paused for

a time at two o'clock by a little reed-grown brook with turbid slimy water to refresh ourselves with a bite and a sup, intending to press on again directly afterwards for the full flesh-pots awaiting us but a short march away.

As we were resting an old native appeared, whom Juma Mussa engaged as guide. News was, of course, first exchanged; we had to say whence we came, and whither we were going; he to tell us where the camp of the Mzungu or white man was, and what chance there might be of provisions. And when Jumbe Kimemeta came up to me and hesitatingly whispered 'Have you heard?' I guessed at once that there was no good news. It turned out that there was no food to be had in either of the villages, as there had been a famine in Kamasia, generally the granary of the whole neighbourhood, and all the corn had been long since consumed. The next crops would not be ready for six or eight weeks. We learnt further that the Count's camp was at Nyemps Mdogo, but that he himself was absent somewhere on the east of Lake Baringo hunting, to get food for his men.

Our hopes were all dashed to the ground now, and there was no longer any need to hurry on to Nyemps, especially as the Count was away, so instead of the expected 'Haya safari!' ('Forwards!') came the order 'Tua misigo na fanga kambi,' or 'Pitch the camp.'

Goodness only knew how long we might have to remain in this dreary dusty neighbourhood, and the only thing to be thankful for was that we had been so careful of our cattle in spite of all our men had said against our sparing it so long. Even when Jumbe Kimemeta had wanted me to yield, I had stood firm and not an animal had been killed. Owing to the bad news received, one ox less than I should otherwise have allowed was slaughtered, but to make up for this I brought down a kobus antelope and a bustard towards sunset by some

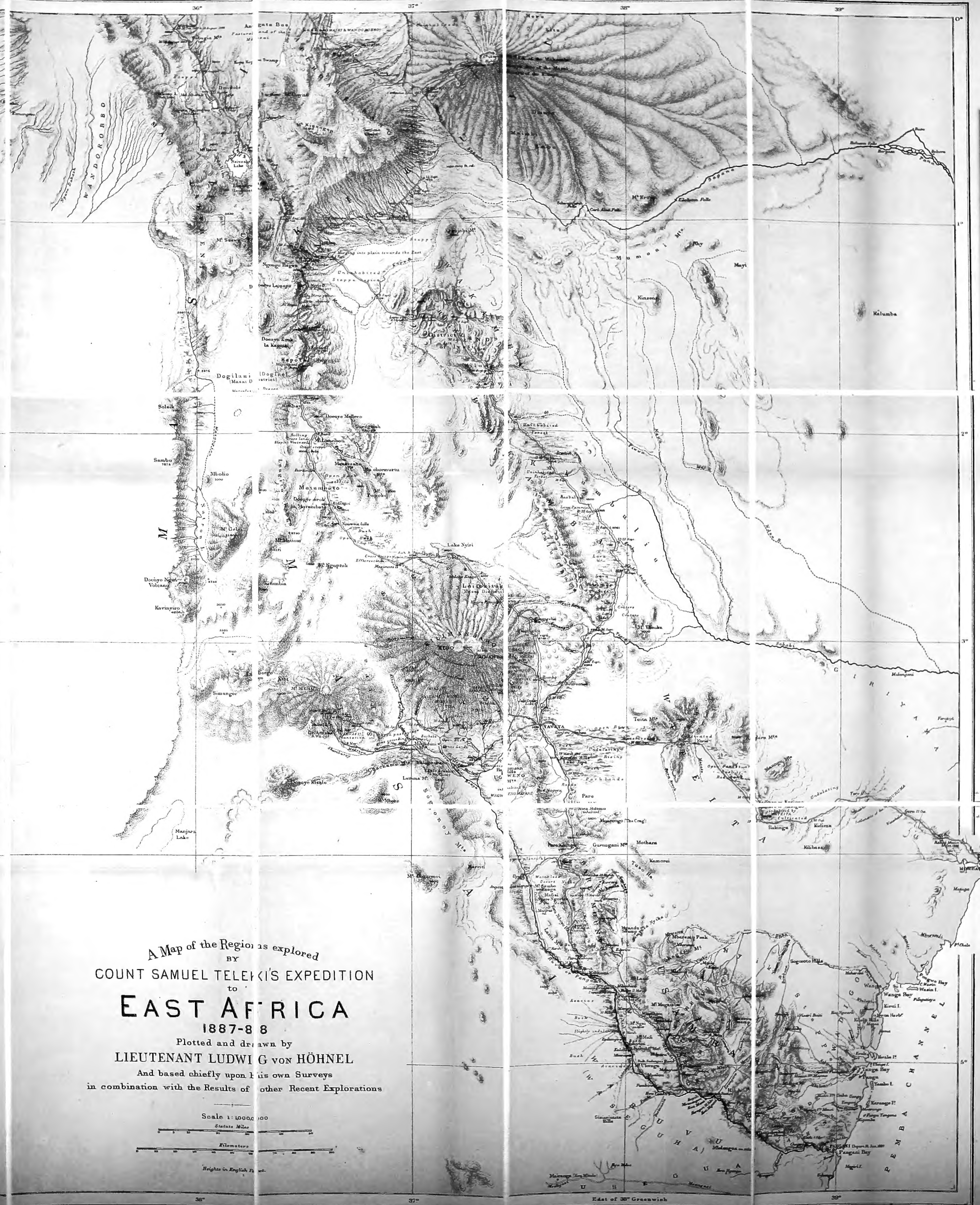
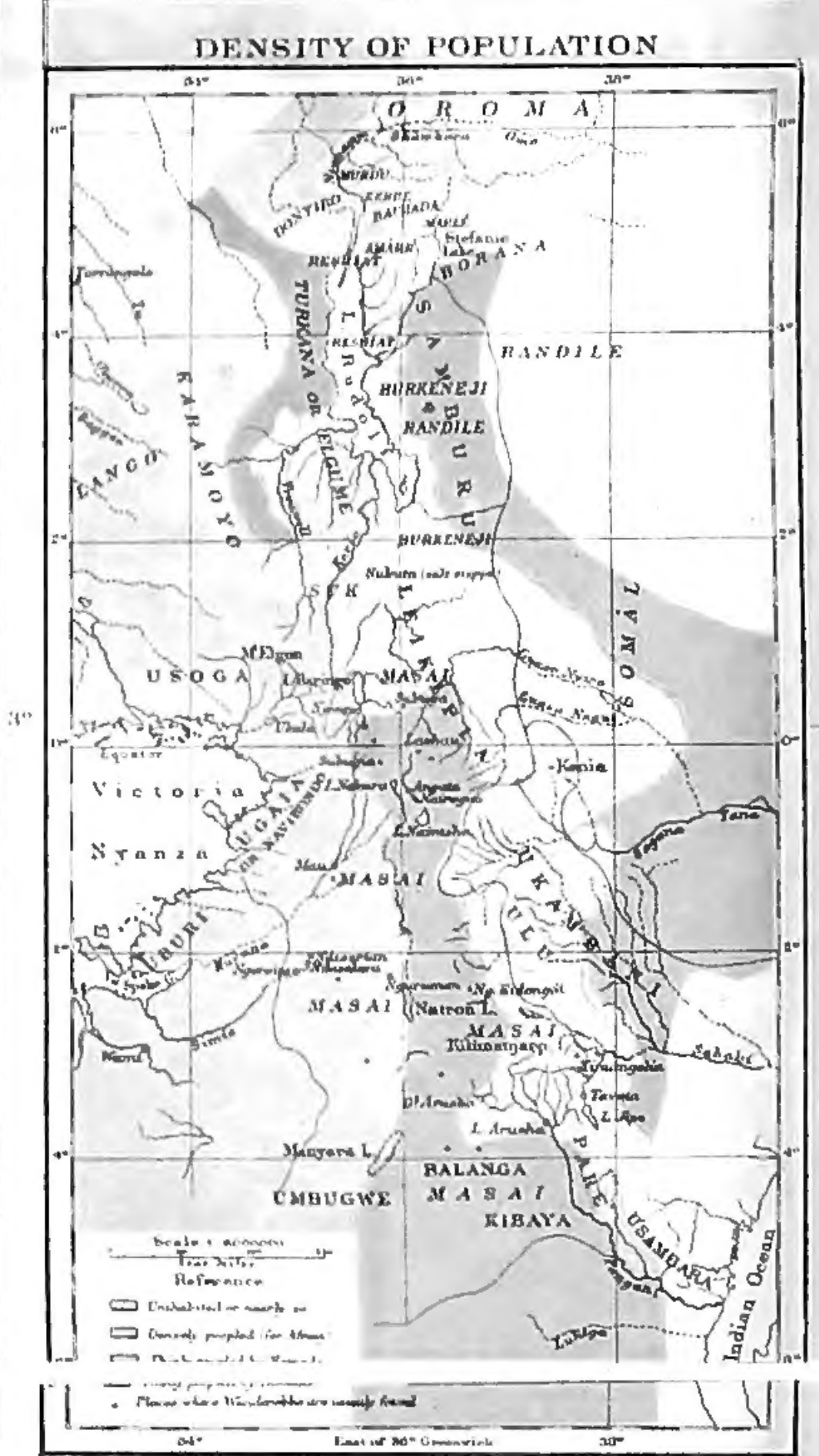
lucky shots near the camp, it being too wet for me to go far away to hunt.

There was a good deal more noise in the camp the next day than I cared for, partly because it had poured all night and our men were delighted to welcome the dawn, and partly because a number of young natives from Nyemps Mkubwa had come in, hearing of the arrival of a caravan with cattle. They wanted to exchange their ivory for our cattle, and treated the latter as if it were already their own, stroking and patting the animals, and even quarrelling about them. We laughed at them in our sleeves, but did not destroy their dreams, only telling them to have patience and lead us to Nyemps Mdogo, where we could discuss the matter further.

A distressing march of a couple of hours over a tract devoid of grass and evidently generally sandy, though now a mere sea of mud, with a few isolated acacias here and there, brought us to our camping-place near Nyemps Mdogo.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME





A Map of the Region explored
BY
COUNT SAMUEL TELEKI'S EXPEDITION
to
EAST AFRICA
1887-88
Plotted and drawn by
LIEUTENANT LUDWIG VON HÖHNEL
And based chiefly upon his own Surveys
in combination with the Results of other Recent Explorations



